

pagan Indians, that they fancied they saw in these magnificent northern lights the spirits of their forefathers going out to battle.

No doubt Brother G. Young has informed you of the famine prices of almost everything in the shape of food at Red River. Everything we use, except fish, comes from that place to this. Our flour, and it is a very bad article, costs us \$20 a barrel; and when it is remembered that we are in a place where there is hardly anything else but white fish, and they not to be obtained without much expense, it is very evident that the missionary, interpreter, and school-master, and their families for the present, at least, will require a much larger sum than any of us anticipated. There is a great deal of poverty; and although we have been sent to minister to the souls of the people, we cannot see them starve and not help them as long as there is a little flour in the bottom of the barrel. The sweet old Bible story often comes up before us in memory's vision, when we fancy we hear reproofs from the Missionary Committee, and would steel our hearts against their cries and turn them away to famish.

We have just buried a young Indian who died in the triumphs of faith; but

he was very poor, and lived with a widowed mother. He had been her support, but when consumption seized him as its victim they were left in the deepest poverty. For over two months we supplied him with nourishing food. We were with him when his triumphant spirit burst the bonds of his emaciated body and passed away like Lazarus, to "where they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto the living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Still can we, with the great William Arthur, thank God that our people die well. Not only in burning India, but in these icy regions is it the same. This pious young Indian, five minutes before his death, as he laid on a bed of fir branches, wrapped up in a rabbit skin blanket, was urging his aged mother and his associates, who crowded round him, to meet him in heaven. Then lifting up his wasted arms, and gazing with the consumptive's brilliant eye, rendered more brilliant by the sights that met his enraptured vision, he exclaimed, in his native language,—"There is the land of pure delight," and then fell asleep in Jesus.

*From the same, dated February 2nd, 1869.*

VISIT TO NELSON RIVER—HEARTY WELCOME GIVEN TO THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO THAT LONELY POST.

Through the good providence of God I have been permitted to make my contemplated visit to the Nelson River Post, and to the Indians living there. In company with two gentlemen and two Indians, we left this place on Monday morning, January 12th. The cold was so intense that I was unable to keep a journal. I tried it for a while, but had to give it up before the power of "Jack Frost," who seized me with such an icy grasp that I was obliged to drop the pencil.

Our course was almost due north all the way. The road was an unbroken rugged forest-path. The only sign of its ever having been used before, was an occasional hunter's trail. We passed over twenty-three lakes, averaging from

one to thirty miles in diameter. Over these our dogs drew us very fast; but in the portages, or wood-roads, our progress was very slow. Sometimes we found the trees so thickly clustered together, that it was almost impossible to get our sleighs through them. At times we were clambering over fallen trees, and then on our hands and knees were crawling under reclining ones. Our faces were often bleeding and our feet bruised. Our faithful dogs were so lacerated that our trail was well marked with blood. Some days I walked or ran over thirty miles. When night came, with our snow-shoes for shovels, we dug down through the snow to the ground, on it we spread a layer of fir-boughs; and here, with a rabbit-