

charge for a holiday for the Romanists; but did not succeed. Really, if all the festivals of the Romish church were to be kept at the different establishments belonging to the Hon. H. B. Company, a suspension of business for a considerable part of the year would be the result. I have intimated to W. Sinclair, Esq., that whenever he grants a holiday to the Romanists, I shall be led respectfully to solicit a like privilege for the Protestants, which, I have no doubt he will readily grant, as was the case on *All Saints Day*.

Dec. 14.—Three services. One baptism. About mid-day several half-Crees were desirous of transacting business with the gentleman in charge, and on being informed that this is the Lord's Day, they said they were told that they might do as they pleased after morning mass. The tendency of such a religion must be to produce "ignorance, irreligion, and infidelity."

16.—The influenza has prevailed in the fort for about a fortnight, completely prostrating some, and greatly enfeebling others. Through mercy I have hitherto escaped. The past night has been spent in attending upon a young person, formerly of Rosville, who is greatly afflicted. I was also present on the death of an infant, when the friends wished me to pray for them, although their own priest was in the fort.

I am holding regular preaching services every night, and am pleased to find Romanists present occasionally. May "such as have erred and are deceived" be brought "into the way of truth." Protestantism, I am informed, has more influence here than it formerly had. Some three or four years ago, an Orkeyman said, in the presence of a Romanist, that he did not believe in the Catholic religion, and the result was a knock-down argument, for the poor fellow was immediately struck to the earth.

Dec. 17.—Called up at midnight to administer words of consolation to the parents of the child baptized a few days ago, this epidemic having carried it off; so that it had a very short stay in this trying world, being only eleven days old:

"When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Thousands will wish their stay below.
Had been as short as thine."

The child was buried this morning, when the occasion was improved by a suitable address. Some Romanists present.

Jan. 3d, 1857.—"Methodism itself," said the late Bishop Emory, "is a Missionary system." And can any one, at all acquainted with its vast machinery, come to any other conclusion? Assuredly not. The information already furnished, from this and other fields of Missionary toil, more than confirms it. "The world is my parish," was the boast of the apostolic Wesley; but I am led to imagine that no one can fully enter into the feelings of the solitary labourer whilst engaged in his "work of faith and labour of love," unless similarly positioned. He feels most strangely at times, in not having the privilege of speaking "the language of a soul with soul." Such were my emotions, when a letter recently arrived; from my colleague, from which I make a few extracts. Under the date of Dec. 6th, he observes:—

"On the 28th of Sept. last we had our first love-feast and sacramental occasion. Though few in number, we all experienced that the best of all was that God was with us. What the Indians said, led me to conclude that most of them earnestly desired to flee from the wrath to come; and three, I rejoice to learn, had experienced the converting power of the Gospel. According to Methodistic rule, during the week previous to our sacramental service, I gave out the tickets. Some of our number, for the first time in their lives, commemorated the dying love of a crucified Saviour. I hope (*Deo volente*) to administer the sacrament again on the 28th inst."

But, though thus revived and blest, Brother Steinhauer refers to the past in language of a humiliating character, observing:—

"A year has passed away, and not many manifest trophies of the Gospel are as yet brought in to cheer the heart of the lone Missionary in this waste-howling wilderness. Still we must go on—go forth, though weeping, 'bearing precious seed, and shall doubtless,' by the blessing of God upon *unwearied* efforts, 'come again with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us.'"

The parsonage at Lac la Biche, I am happy to learn, has become quite meta-