

We had no letters whatever by the packet that came in the end of March, so I am still at a loss to know your opinion on our progress and plans. I must wait patiently for about two months longer.

My Dear Brother,

yours most sincerely,

JAMES NISBET.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, &C.

May 7th, 1867.

DEAR MR. BURNS,—I must send a postscript to my letter. I expect A. Polson to leave this to-morrow morning and that will be my last opportunity for a while.

Last Sabbath the character of our meetings was changed—the In an element prevailing instead of the English as formerly. In the absence of Mr. Flett, Mr. McKay interprets at every exercise of domestic or public worship we have, for the Cree is now required at every such exercise.

I have talked with the lame man referred to in my letter. I find that although he was brought up among papists, neither he nor his wife has been baptised, he was taught to read the syllabic characters by a priest, and he has a popish prayer book and hymns, and a rosary. He has been about Carleton the most of the winter. He says he does not think he will live long, but he leaves it to God to do as he pleases with his body, but he is anxious to learn how his soul may be saved, and ever since I saw him in the plains he has had a wish to come here believing he would learn something here that would do him good.

I have lent him a New Testament and a Hymn Book, and requested him to read for himself,—and if after sufficient enquiry he is convinced of the truth of our religion, I may then baptise him as he desires, and also his wife if she too should be convinced and then their child would have a right to be baptised also. I have requested our Indian lad to read with him in the evenings.

A young man who has lost his left hand—and is a baptized Indian—is tired of the ways of the Indian camp, and wishes to live at the mission and hunt for us—for he hunts well though having but one hand.—Yesterday he brought home nine ducks, and to-day he is off on the track of deer and moose.

Yesterday a poor man came to us from the plains. He says it was his misfortune to get a very bad woman for a wife—she is not with him now. He has two girls, twins, and is very poor. He heard of this place and that we were charitable people here; and he thought he would try to find us out hoping we would have compassion on him and take care of his girls—that he would do anything he could for any one about the mission. Our old friend *George Squirrel* has known him since he was a boy, and corroborates his story. He carried his girls all the way on his back—and left them at a sugar camp a few miles above us.

After consulting on the case we told the man that we were not sent here to provide for the bodily support of any Indians who might come to us—that our business is to teach them the true religion,—that we will help the poor and sick as far as it is in our power—and we will take charge of the children of the poor that are left with us, and we will teach them what things we know ourselves and that will be for their good.

We told him that we would do what we can for his girls—but if he lives here himself he must hunt for his living as he would do anywhere else—