

by our noble chairman, who is welcome at all times and in all places in this western world. He preached two memorable, masterly and effective sermons on Sabbath, the 6th of December last. The name of the church, which is above the door, on a nice board, executed in the same manner as the former, is "*Ryerson's Church, A.D. 1874.*"

You will at once observe that although some of your brethren are far away, enduring a winter 30 and 40 degrees below zero, we have not forgotten the noble brethren that we left behind. Our affections and brotherly love are not frozen, as the above names will indicate. I wish I could say that there were no debts on any of those churches, or on the well built parsonage, now nearly finished, and occupied for more than one year, built, as well as the churches, since my appointment to this mission. I have formed four new classes, and have received more than one hundred members into the church, but cannot say they all remain faithful until this day. I, in connection with my colleagues, have taken up ten new appointments, which are filled regularly, and two or three others which are filled occasionally.

Money is very scarce here this season. On account of the grasshoppers last summer the people have very little to sell, and many of the farmers who expected to have one thousand bushels or more, have seed to buy for next spring. The people

just coming in here have rather hard times, and will have for a time.

We are much behind in the payment of the young preacher's board. I am afraid that the Missionary Meetings on this mission will be a comparative failure. We hope for the best, and will continue to live in the discharge of every known duty.

Bro. Mearing, my colleague, and myself, have been engaged of late in protracted services in Ryerson's Church. Some have professed faith in Christ, but our success has not been as great as we hoped at first. What a splendid Missionary Report your last one is! Dr. Taylor's graphic and very elaborate description of this new world was pleasing to me. One part of it made me feel deeply, and the tears started from my eyes. The four deaths in Bro. G. McDougall's family. The father and son, unhelped, putting the daughter and sister into the coffin, digging and covering the grave with their own hands. But when I read a little farther, and found the once fine lady-like Miss Elizabeth Chantler, now the almost worn-out Mrs. G. McDougall, the true missionary's wife, overcome with toil and care, and but a step between her and the grave, I felt deeper still. I had not seen her for thirty years until she, with her husband, called upon us at the Portage. So changed was she that I would never have recognised her. Men suffer on the mission field, women often more.

ONTARIO.

From the Rev. WM. ANDREWS, dated Alderville, January 18th, 1875.

Our congregations, composed of Indians and whites, still continue good. Both the Sabbath and day-schools are progressing successfully. I am just commencing special services in the Indian church. I hope the

good Lord will pour out his Spirit, and that many will be brought to God. Bro. John Sunday, sen., assists me to the utmost of his ability. We work together with the greatest harmony—but he is becoming very feeble.