

for our lovefeast and sacrament, and so trusting in Providence and three pagan Indians, I made the attempt, and in due time reached home, alive and well. Only once did we seem to be in imminent danger of being swamped. Then we were far from land, paddling hard against a strong head wind. As we went down into the trough of the sea, from the crest of an enormous wave, the canoe struck with such force upon the waters, as to cause an opening in the bottom about eighteen inches long. We gently pressed a blanket over it, and made for shore as fast as possible. The water was ankle deep in our canoe, ere a place of safety was reached.

At one place, although many welcomed me, yet my presence excited the ire of some of Satan's servants, and for about four hours I had to listen to, and answer some very strange things uttered by fierce-looking old conjurers, whose habiliments consisted of a dirty shirt, a pair of leggings, and an old blanket. Their black hair hung in heavy braids half way down to their feet. In revenge for being worsted, or to soothe their troubled spirits, they resorted to their conjuring tents, and kept up a monotonous drumming, which lasted, so I was informed the next day, all night. Their design was to keep me awake with the noise, but instead of doing so, it only acted as a lullaby to induce "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," even if my bed was a hard one.

October 10th.

SACRAMENTAL SERVICE.

Over two hundred men and women came to the Lord's table last Sabbath. We had an exceedingly interesting day. Never did I see an Indian congregation so visibly wrought upon by the Spirit's influence.

COMING WINTER.

The winter is already sending us some sharp premonitions of his speedy approach. I think we are all now well prepared for the reign of this terrible ice king. Our people have thoroughly re-mudded their little houses with a tenacious kind of white clay. This

makes them very warm, and saves them from the constant currents of cold air which make the very best wooden houses, in this cold and dry atmosphere, so uncomfortable. As the rocks of this part of the country are all of the gneiss or granite formation, lime for building purposes cannot be obtained.

A NORTHERN HARVEST.

The people have gathered in an immense crop of potatoes, some families having over two hundred bushels. The few bushels of barley and wheat, which I brought from Red River, and distributed among the people for seed, turned out well. The wheat yielded twenty-fold, and is perfectly ripe—in spite of the prognostications of a few. The Indians are so delighted about it, that they have been at work, in a band of about fifty, preparing the land this fall, for sowing about six bushels of wheat, and thirty bushels of barley, next spring. There is no flour mill within three hundred miles of us; the consequence is, all the grain raised has to be used in soups, or made into porridge.

CREE HYMN BOOKS.

With great thankfulness we acknowledge the safe arrival of four hundred hymn books, printed in the syllabic characters in the Cree language, from the English Wesleyan Missionary Society. A disastrous fire had consumed all the types, &c., previously used, the result was new type had to be cast at much expense, before these hymn books could be printed. The people prize them very much, and are thankful.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

We have lately consigned to the tomb, all that was mortal of a venerable old Christian Indian. My predecessors will learn with sorrow of the death of William Papanekis. His age was unknown, but it must have been much over a hundred years, as many men now verging on to fifty say that he was called the old man when they were little children. We all dearly loved the venerable old man, and were always delighted to see him at our home. He dined with us every Lord's