

MANY things are here related, only remotely connected with the flood itself. The object is to give a picture of life—the outer life as affected by that visitation, and the inner current of daily thought, emotion, and feeling. I make no apology for the prominence of self, as I trust that the best interests of those committed to me, their advancement, temporal and spiritual, are the one subject around which my waking thoughts revolve. All was hastily compiled from the rough notes taken at the time, during the few days which preceded my departure for Moose. The manuscript was then committed to a sister's hand, to mature and complete. But as the diocese stands already so much indebted to a female pen for the interest excited in its favour at home, I need not hesitate to acknowledge a similar obligation now. As one has already become our historian, why should not another carry on the record? To these two must I not add a third, of whom we must ever think with gratitude—the benefactress who has so munificently founded the Mission of Islington, for which I am about to start?

D. R.

ST. ANDREW'S, RED RIVER,

*June 14, 1852.*