

He was as healthy as usual when he bade our catechist good-bye last fall, and promised to come into the Mission to see him during the winter if God should spare him. His work was, however, soon to be finished. He was taken ill shortly after he started with his friends for their hunting ground, and continued to get weaker and weaker until Jesus said, "It is enough, come up higher." His end was very triumphant. While he had strength he often sung hymns of praise to Jesus. When death was near he said he wanted those of the band who were not yet converted to turn from their evil ways soon, as life was very short and uncertain. "Our lives," said he, "as when we put out a lamp, are soon ended, and that is why I urge them to become Christians at once." He said to his

mother and sister and brother-in-law, who were present with him, not to weep for him, as he was going to leave this dark and troublesome world, full of tears and sorrows, and go to that bright and happy world where Jesus is, where there is no pain, want, or grief, but all is joy and peace for ever. He exhorted them to be faithful followers of Jesus, to pray hard (meaning earnestly), and be sure and meet him in yonder bright world where he was going.

Another death occurred near Christmas, very far away, the particulars of which have not been heard. The catechist, Edward Papanekis, was up shortly after Christmas, and gave an interesting and encouraging account of the good work at Nelson River.

BEREN'S RIVER.

From the Rev. J. SEMMENS, dated November 25th, 1877.

The anticipated arrival of the early winter packet prompts me to jot down for your information such items relative to this Mission as may seem interesting and important.

Our services are regularly sustained and well attended. Thrice on the Lord's day we seek to echo Heaven's offers of salvation in Jesus' name. The most marked attention is paid to the divine message, and a bright-eyed interest is manifested in things pertaining to godliness. A weekly class-meeting follows the Sabbath services. On Wednesdays we meet for prayer and fellowship, on Thursdays for biblical research and devotion. Occasional sickness affords me opportunities of inculcating spiritual lessons in the camp and at the fireside. Here, as everywhere, sinking times are praying times, and in the hour when the heart is softened we hasten to impress the claims of God. Breaches of discipline there have been, but, on the whole, there has been little to complain of and much to commend considering what these people were

and who they are. To judge them from our standpoint would be to expect an abundant harvest where little has been sown. I find them open to correction, thankful for reproof, ready to promise amendment, and where these signs exist may we not rightly be hopeful.

The Pagans have not and will not yet give up all to follow Christ. They are convinced of the hollowness of their creed, they are ashamed of their heathenish practices, they feel that they are astray in their attachments, but they shrink from the light and abide in the darkness, lest their deeds become manifest to themselves and to the world. I have little confidence in their speedy conversion but am entirely confident of truth's final victory. The gospel day is but dawning here. As the sun rises every dell and cave and jungle shall be flooded with its light, and icy hearts shall be transformed into gardens of the Lord.

Sowinas, an old man of fifty, to whom I made reference last spring, is steadily drawing nearer to us.