

about five miles higher up the river. At both churches Mr. Jones had services on the Lord's-day and during the week, passing from one to the other over these trackless wastes—frequently toiling through melting snow—to carry on his work and labour of love. This continued for two long years.

Mr. West and Mr. Jones were sustained in their work by the promises of a faithful God that His word shall not return to Him void—and this promise was graciously fulfilled by the decided conversion of several Indians. Of the four baptized boys, one has lived to be successively a schoolmaster, a catechist, an ordained Missionary, and a translator of God's holy word into his native language, the Cree. His Christian name is Henry Budd, and we shall have occasion to mention him frequently as we proceed in our account of this mission. Some of the other boys, and converted Indians, finished their course with joy, and entered into the presence of their Lord.

In the year 1825, Mr. Jones had the joy of welcoming to Red River the Rev. William Cockran and his wife: and none but those who know it by experience, can comprehend the comfort of having a fellow-labourer in a field so desolate, so extensive, and so full of interest. In the winter of 1825, the people suffered very much; first from famine, as from some cause not known, the buffalo hunting failed, so that the hunters returned to the settlement without the usual supplies. They were reduced to great misery from want of food, and indeed had eaten their dogs, and coats, and leather coverings. In the following spring, so great a flood followed the breaking up of the ice on the river, from the