

very great age, he never recovered. I saw at once, on going to the house, that the time of his departure was at hand, and questioned him as to his feelings and hopes in the immediate prospect of death; his speech, however, had nearly failed, and nothing intelligible could be gathered, but on my asking him if he felt happy under his present circumstances, he, at once, with surprising strength, answered in the affirmative. Indeed, I had no doubt, whatever, of his safety, as, during my frequent visits, his experience was very satisfactory. This morning early, news was brought of his death. Poor old Ben! thou hast long been a great sufferer, but now thy sufferings are passed away forever, and thou art gathered to thy eternal rest.

Saturday 24th.—Very busy during the week, working about the study. This evening, we committed to the earth, the mortal remains of old Ben, we trust, in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection.

Sabbath 25th.—Small congregation to-day, consisting mostly of women and children.

Friday 30th.—This is the coldest day we have had for the season; the thermometer fell last night to 46° below zero. This morning when the school children were assembling, one of the boys, about 9 years of age, foolishly put his tongue to the stove, and altho' the fire had been lighted some time, yet the poor boy's tongue instantly froze fast to it, and it was at least 10 minutes before it could be released, which was done by pouring warm water over and around it. A large piece of skin the size of a shilling was left behind. He will, no doubt, remember this feat as long as he lives.

Saturday 31st.—Went to Oxford House this afternoon to spend the Sabbath, and was greatly grieved to learn that the Red River free traders had got among the Oxford Indians, and I am greatly distressed lest they should introduce the accursed *fire-water* among them.

EDMONTON AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Henry B. Steinhaur, dated Lac La Biche, May 12th, 1857.

Once more I avail myself of the opportunity of addressing a few lines to you, knowing that amid the multiplicity of your business, and many calls for your attention, we at this remote and isolated Station are not forgotten by you, nor by the many friends of Missions in Canada, who pray for the prosperity of the work, as well as for our personal welfare. I am thankful, therefore, that God, in His good providence, has, through another year, preserved and sustained me and mine, and that we, at the present time, enjoy good health.

In reporting the state of the work at this Station, I am sorry that I shall not be able to send you any thing very encouraging which may gladden and cheer the hearts of those who pray for the conversion of the heathen. However, amid the gloominess of our prospects, there are a few bright spots; so that there is cause to thank God and take courage.

At the Station the attendance of our people upon the means of grace has so

far been very encouraging. They appear to appreciate the privilege they now have of obtaining religious instruction. Our prayer and class-meetings are always well attended; and I am happy to know that in some degree we have not altogether laboured in vain. Here are some souls who once were ignorant, dark, and blind; but now have experienced the converting power of the Gospel, and are rejoicing in God their Saviour. Though few in number,—but who shall despise the day of small things? So Methodism was despised and sneered at by the men of the world, when it arose small as a human hand from amid the flood of ungodliness and iniquity; it stemmed the torrent, spread, and spread wider and wider, till the influence of its doctrines are even now felt by some of the once degraded and benighted heathen of the Saskatchewan. So, too, are we sneered at and ridiculed by those who look for pomp, and think that worldly ceremony forms part of the religion of the lowly Nazarene.