

From the Rev. J. SEMMENS, dated Nelson River, November 21st, 1874.

The hours have passed somewhat wearily since I last wrote you, for the simple reason that I have so little to do. More than two months have passed since the Indians moved away, and it is probable that three more may pass before they return. In the meantime, although

"My heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare,"

I must of necessity, *not from choice*, remain a silent witness for Jesus. The light shines over a well-nigh untravelled sea, but, by the help of grace, shall not lose its lustre for all that.

I ought not to overlook the fact that I have three services every Sabbath, and that some twelve or fifteen persons of mature age are regular attendants. Rather would I pray and hope that He, at whose command the Word of Life I sow, would make His truth powerful to the salvation of those few.

Physically, I have not been idle. Though alone, I have with my own hands cleared a spot for a Mission House, and I now await your word of command to begin operations forthwith.

The spot selected is beautiful for situation, within a hundred yards of good fishing, both in summer and winter, and near to both wood and hay. It is the spot where the Indians spend their summers. It is the place where, for generations past, the poor pagans have worshipped blocks and bones, birds and beasts, images and creeping things. Many a feast, and dances without number, have been held here in honour of gods that were

made with hands. Many a heathen sacrifice has been consumed on this hill. Many a midnight has been made horrible by the monotonous thumping of the conjurer's drum; and morning has a thousand times dawned upon idolatrous suppliants for help divine, still lingering in the place of prayer.

Here and there, among the tribes, still abound the carved gods of Nelson River, and over these, suspended on poles, still hang the freewill offerings dedicated to senseless objects by these deluded people. Knives, combs, rings, awls, twine, printed cotton and tobacco, all hang loosely in the wind, unnoticed and unappropriated by the lifeless statues to whom they have been reverently presented.

Such is the spot where it seems fit that a temple should be built to Jehovah. One would like to see idolatry overturned, and Christianity built upon its ruins. It would be delightful if, in the very place where they have sung the praises of wood or stone, and have offered their prayers for help and comfort to blind and lifeless idols, these dark-minded ones should one day sing the praises of our common Saviour, and make their humble appeals for mercy to Heaven's King. We would wish that in this place, where Satan has so long held sway, the Wonder-worker of Galilee should display his regenerating, saving power, so that those to whom death is a terror, and eternity a veiled mystery, from which the soul recoils, may be delivered from fear of the former and be enabled to live in hope of the glory which the latter shall reveal.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

FROM the President of this Conference we have the following summary of Mission work now carried on in this Island, with a promise of further communications illustrative of the work of God as it is at the present time, with its pressing calls for extension in places where