

For want of money we have only Sunday-school, at which about fifteen children attend during the winter, there being more than double that number during the short time they spend on the Reserve in the summer. There are several houses built on the Reserve. We have twenty who join us in the Holy Sacrament, although, as yet, they are not sufficiently settled or homed to organize classes among them, but will try and do so as soon as we can.

The Reserve lies a little west of north from here; and the Hon. Hudson Bay Co. have a trading post there, and also Stobart, Eden & Co. have one.

NELSON RIVER.

When the Nelson River brigade, numbering about thirty men, were here last August they made the following urgent requests, which I told them the intention of the Missionary Committee was to fulfil, as I understood. They asked, first, That in case their present catechist, Edward Papanekis, should leave another year, some one else be sent in his place. Second. If an ordained man was not sent, that I would come down again early next June to give them the ordinances of our holy religion. Third. That I would try and get some Cree Bibles and Testaments and hymn books. They have learned something of religion, and are consistently walking in the light they have.

The following circumstance will illustrate this:—I was at the Fort while their brigade was here, and a half-breed, who is very fond of playing cards, had a lot of boys about him gambling. I spoke to him about it, but only received abuse; but this is what pleased me, there was not one of the Nelson River brigade so much as looking at the game. I then went over to them and said I was sorry that they should see such things here at Norway House, though only boys were gambling. They said that they had given up all such things now, and were trying to fol-

low the way of the true religion; and that they had been strongly pressed to join, if only for one little game, but they steadfastly, to a man, and earnestly, said no.

Now when we think that these very Nelson River Indians were notorious gamblers before the Mission was established among them, and that they overcame *such* a temptation, we have good evidence of the genuineness and stability of the work being done amongst them.

On their way back, while running one of those fearful rapids, the guide of the brigade and the chief pillar in our Mission was called suddenly to his reward. He was thrown out of the boat by the sweep, a long oar used behind for steering in difficult places where the rudder is useless. Being in the middle of a vehement, rushing rapid it was impossible to rescue him, though every effort that could be put forth was made to do so. He was last heard singing a beautiful Indian hymn on death and salvation. His death cast a gloom over the Mission, which was but recently darkened by another precious worker being called away.

HAPPY DEATH.

A short time before Christmas a young lad, fourteen or fifteen years old, who had been baptized by Bro. Semmens when he first began his labour there, passed through death triumphant home. He very soon learned the ways of our holy religion, and very consistently walked therein. He learned a good many of our hymns, and was one of the best singers among the converts. He was not ashamed of Jesus, but, like a good and faithful servant, bore his cross as he walked in the good way. His voice was heard in every prayer-meeting pleading earnestly at the mercy seat for his friends and companions, that they might all become Christians; and also for the whole band his pleading voice ascended the holy hill of Zion. His catechist and the ministers of the Church were not forgotten in his prayers.