

and his pulse scarcely perceptible. I called to his bedside those boys who had made the Lake Superior trip with me last summer, and we stood watching him. Then, as his end drew near, we knelt and offered up the beautiful commendatory prayer for sick people on the point of departure, and we joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer. As we rose from our knees the dear boy gave one more faint gasp for breath and expired.

How wonderful are the ways of God! How little can we understand His dealings! But the very essence of faith is the trusting in God when we do not understand His dispensations. Yet a little while and all will be made clear. We yield up this dear boy to his Heavenly Father, humbly, willingly, thankfully, persuaded that his soul was washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and that he is now with Jesus; persuaded, also, that this ordering of God's all-wise providence will tend, in some way we see not yet, to the glory of His name and the furtherance of His cause.

I have written to the father and sent money for him to come on the steamboat. We think that he will be at Red Rock, having come out from the interior to dispose of his furs at the Hudson Bay Company's Post, and to meet his son returning, as he will no doubt expect, for his holidays. In ten days, it is just possible, that the father may be here, and