

forts was so inadequate, that success was not so uniform, and thorough, and universal, as his sanguine heart could have desired. There is great need for labour, faith, and prayer ere many of these people will have attained to, even comparative, maturity in things spiritual and divine. But there's a sound of an abundance of rain. A prayer-meeting has been organized to fill up the week's gap, and a class-meeting has been added to the services of the Sabbath. All the meetings are well attended. One more has joined the Church. The members are feeling in earnest.

Already we have heard the cry, "God be merciful to me," and we are trying to look up for a great blessing.

"O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!"

Am delighted with my new field of labour. I think it as fine a post as there is in our Mission domain, and I hope I may be enabled, to some extent at least, to fill the place of my beloved brother, the Rev. E. R. Young.

From the Rev. J. H. RUTTAN, dated Rossville, 14th November, 1876.

I am just getting over a violent attack of rheumatic fever, which was at its worst last week; the pains in my bones were sometimes excruciating. This was brought on by the violent storms, cold, and damp weather which we encountered on our return trip, with our interpreter, this fall, bringing him out from Red River.

We had a long and dreadfully stormy passage, coming out: being four weeks from Red River here. The autumn gales caught us when only about a quarter of the way home, and the snow, and rain, and cold made it a miserable trip indeed. I caught a severe cold at Cat-Fish Creek, which turned into a violent fever at the Lobstic Island, when my cough ceased and the cold settled in my bones. I spent one night in agony at the Lobstic Island, and have not had a day free from pain till last Saturday afternoon; since which I have been comparatively free, though weak from the fever. However, I will not burden you with my aches and pains.

The Lord has been gracious unto us since I wrote you last, and our labours have not been in vain, though we earnestly desire to see greater spiritual life and activity manifest among our people than there is.

Death has again been in our midst, and two have fallen, since I wrote

you last; both were old and faithful members of the Church. The first who died was a widow, said to be over an hundred years old. She had been for some time in her second childhood, and quietly fell asleep—"the weary wheels of life stood still." The other only died last week. He was, for a long time, an assistant leader, and his consistent life ever made his influence for good powerful. He was looked up to as a sort of patriarch among us.

He was too feeble to get to our last sacramental service, so I gave him the sacrament the following Sunday.

He was then very feeble, scarce able to speak, not able to say what he wished, but his actions showed that the Spirit was working in his heart.

He earnestly longed to be with Jesus; there to behold His glory, and receive the crown of life. A few months ago, he saw a vision of the glorious ones who surround the throne. His description of what he saw was full of interest, and I regret that I cannot now reproduce it. The description of the crown he saw was something like this: "The lower band was of gold, and full of stars, bright stars; and they were constantly moving through each other in all directions. Then above this was a band of silver, full of bright stars moving in various directions, similar to the lower band; then the top was