

the young men's evening school), I must put upon paper the mention of God's great mercy to us, in the manifestation of *His Spirit* among us during the present week. Yes, though He has long tried our little faith, He is now rebuking it with a blessing which, in its precious value, infinitely outmeasures everything of effort, toil and endurance.

This afternoon, for the first time, an anxious inquirer has come to talk on the concerns of salvation; and he, a strong man, whom least of all we should have expected, from his past character and position, to become a seeker of Jesus. A silent, gradual work has, we have hoped, been going on in the minds of the people during the winter already past; but not till this week have we plainly felt the presence of the Holy Spirit in our midst. During the day, while Miss Brodie and myself are in the school, Mrs. Carpenter has visited some of the people; and, in the evenings, I have been among them, and everywhere we find the Spirit's work. Last Sabbath was particularly blessed, in that many, for our small congregation, went away pricked in their hearts. The simple Gospel message—Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved—was made an arrow—"a pin," said one, "that went right into my heart." Two men have, it is hoped, come into the light and peace of Jesus; one is already saying "Come," to his neighbours, and has erected 'in his little hut' the altar of family prayer. We hope that this is but the beginning of good things, and that Christ will yet be glorified in the salvation of many souls here. We feel to some extent the solemnity of the time, and are uniting our petitions with yours to-night, for grace and guidance. Oh! what a joy, that God hears prayer, and will reveal Himself unto all that cry unto Him.

Here I must stop. I have written this to-night with the feeling that, while you are yet speaking, God hath heard, and will record it with humility and gratitude to Him.

How sweet an instance this is of the communion of believers in prayer—their spiritual sympathies flowing to a common centre, and being together there, while the material nature is far separate.

ESQUIMAUX RIVER, LABRADOR, May 27, 1883.

To the Committee of the Canada Foreign Missionary Society, Montreal.

Although the ice still keeps us prisoners at our winter station in the river settlement, the Straits (of Belle Isle) are open, and we hope in a few days to have communication with you. As we begin to see evidences that the long "winter is past," we have one feeling of earnest thankfulness to God for His goodness and mercy to us in lives preserved, in a comfortable measure of health, and in protection from danger and suffering. Especially are we grateful for spiritual blessings graciously vouchsafed to us in our work during the past season. Of this season, its work and its blessing, I go on briefly to speak. We came into winter quarters from the Caribou Island Station, as my list dates, informed you, on the second of October. Although the boat travelling was not stopped for three or four weeks, the weather became rough and cold. Twice we of the mission, while making excursions in our little row-boat, were caught out in sudden and heavy gales of wind. In the first case, we were carried over the breakers into a little cove, where we were found, just at nightfall, by a crew of strong men, who had come out in search of us. In the other instance, we landed upon some desolate rocks, and were rescued by a boatman, who, turned homeward by the same gale, had espied us there. We counted this deliverance from peril and suffering the providence of God, for the storm increased to a fearful gale, and was accompanied by snow. We arrived safely at our friend's house, and remained there till fine weather, when we boarded another boat—ours being broken—and pursued our way.