

As we review now *from our stand point*, the whole work, with its "short and simple annals" (which I do not reproduce here), we find ample reason to praise God for his gracious blessing in the past, and ample incentive to labour on in our humble field,—sowing beside all waters, and expecting, in reliance upon the Lord of the harvest, that "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Yours, very truly,

C. C. CARPENTER."

CARIBOU ISLAND, May 27th, 1864.

I am glad to be able to add a postscript from our summer station, to which we removed on the 24th inst. The days between that date and the preceding one at Esquimaux River, were full of work and care. We were protected there from a serious danger by the good hand of our God. We had been clearing the bush around the chapel, and had built a bonfire in the afternoon. Before retiring we carefully extinguished it. But a spark had previously kindled the turf on the chapel roof and eaten its way to the birch-bark beneath, and to the shingles of the adjacent dwelling roof. Through these the fire slowly burned and dropped down upon the dry clothing and papers in "the loft" directly over our heads. Just at this moment, we chanced to notice the reflection of the fire through the loose ceiling boards of the other room. We were able soon to put it out, but were very thankful for the preservation of our winter home, and the property contained therein. A moment more, seemingly, and the whole roof would have been in a blaze and the fire been beyond control—for there were no men in the settlement.—The ice had broken up so much that we were able to make escape from our winter quarters. In this removal, God answered prayer, and blessed us. Two strong young men helped us, and taking the off-shore breeze of the earliest morning, we sailed out speedily and smoothly. Our harbour was still unbroken, and, getting as near the shore as possible on the opposite side of the island, we disembarked on pans of ice, and walked over the barrens and the snowfilled gulches to the Mission-house. The breeze increased to a gale, and we were unable to get our boat out of the ice; at last, after long watching and working, it was hauled upon a pan of shore ice.—And here I have to record another instance of the "very present help" in time of great trouble. At midnight, after the weary labours of our first day here, we were suddenly aroused by fire bursting into our chambers. I cannot well describe that awful hour of danger and deliverance. We were quite alone—the wind was blowing fearfully—and there seemed to be no possibility of saving the Mission-house from speedy destruction. Providentially, the wind had opened a little place in the ice of the cove nearest us, and the *tide being high*, there was a plentiful supply of water. Without waiting to dress, and with bare feet we ran over the snow and waded into the water, carrying bucket after bucket to the second story. When this was applied, the smoke arose so dense and suffocating that we could scarcely breathe or see. Matches were found, but they were musty—candles were lighted, but they would not burn—axes were gotten, but we could not see to use them well. Burning soot at the base of the chimney had, at a place supposed to be secure, caught a fire-board, and thence ran up the partitions on all sides of the chimney. The staircase had begun to burn when my wife, with her infant child, passed down it through the cloud of smoke. We however succeeded in quenching it. We cannot too fervently recognize and adore the goodness and power of God in our behalf. If its discovery had been delayed a very few moments longer—if the tide had not been at its height—if other circumstances had not favoured, we should soon have been houseless on our lonely island in a stormy night (for the harbour between us and Salmon Bay settlement was not yet navigable), and our Mission-house, built with so much difficulty and expense, would have been a heap of ashes. But the Lord was our Refuge, and the Most High our Habitation—so was our dwelling safe. We hope