

room occupied our attention. In the meantime the rest of the party were not idle, and we had quite an establishment.

For protection's sake we built our houses in a square, the doors and windows all opening into the square, and the back walls forming the outside of the enclosure.

Tuesday, 9th December. Our provisions were nearly spent, and we had to bestir ourselves, and start out to the plains for meat.

25th, Christmas-day. Service in our little shanty this morning. Scarcely two months since we came here without a home, now we have one. The Blackfeet have been to see us three times, and are favorable towards us and our mission. Fine weather, good health, plenty of buffalo and deer meat, the Indians peaceful around us. Provi-

dence opening our way and smiling upon our efforts. These are blessings for which we ought to be, and we trust we are, grateful.

To-morrow (p.v.) my brother and myself are to start for Edmonton, two hundred miles distant. My object in going there, is to attend the District Meeting, and also to catch the out-going packet, the only one through the winter. If spared to reach that place, I shall have travelled with horses over four thousand miles since last April. In perils by water, in perils by land, in perils from the hands of violent men, through all the Lord has led and brought me safe.

Dear Christian friends, pray for us, act for us in this as yet comparatively heathen land, and the Lord will reward and bless you.

*From the Rev. Henry Steinhaur, dated January 8th, 1874.*

That I have not written you oftener must not be attributed to a want of courtesy or to a wilful neglect of duty, but to circumstances over which I have had no control. Last winter my family suffered greatly from fever; *one is not*, and I only escaped death through the mercy of God.

Last spring, in company with our good people, I had to leave for the Plains in search of provisions. I deeply regretted not seeing Dr. Taylor, but in this great country it is not easy to know what is going on. Neither the Chairman's letters, nor intelligence of Dr. Taylor's arrival, reached us. So after spending some months with the Blackfeet and Crees I started for my appointment at Woodville, where I have been actively engaged both in secular and spiritual interests as connected with the Mission.

I am returning from a visit to my old friends of White Fish Lake. They deeply feel for a want of a Missionary, but I have counselled them to be pa-

tient,—telling them that our fathers in Canada will not forget them. Our Chairman has engaged my old friend Benjamin Sinclair to take charge of them,—the best thing under these circumstances that we could do.

Do not be angry with me for not having sent you before this time my Missionary Subscription List for 1873. I could not attend District Meeting; hence, I had no opportunity of communicating either with you or my Chairman.

Thanks to our Heavenly Father, I am now somewhat strong to labor; and thanks be to God my labor has not been in vain. Happy deaths and godly lives testify the power of the Gospel among my poor Indian brethren.

Before closing, permit me to make further application for my old station of White Fish Lake. They are anxiously looking for the Missionary and school-mistress promised them by Dr. Taylor. I trust there will be no delay in sending them out.

OF DR. TAYLOR'S VISIT AND THE WOODVILLE MISSION, MR. STEINHAUR SAYS:—

His visit along the great Saskatchewan and across the great plains of the North-west, will long be remembered. You know my Indian brethren are very

close observers; and by many a camp-fire they measured and weighed and described to each other the great chief that passed through our country.