

picture of health and youthful energy, that before I fully recovered myself I should lay her in her grave! Last night she was taken very ill, and to-day it was distressing to witness the change that has taken place in her appearance.

24th.—Last night I resolved to sit up and not allow myself to sleep. Most earnestly I prayed that I might retain my senses, and, blessed be God, he has heard my prayer; and to-day, though the disease has developed, I am enabled to wait upon others.

25th.—This morning a Cree woman came to me and begged that I would baptize her infant grandchild, who had been taken with the small-pox. I walked to the tent and attended the duty, and though the day was stormy I have felt no evil consequences.

26th.—This morning I heard a person crying at the garden gate, and on going out found a worthy Cree, whose family were all suffering from the sickness. The poor fellow said that his only son had just died in his arms and he wanted me to help to bury him. I went and dug the grave, and assisted the afflicted father in burying his child. In less than a week he himself was in his grave.

28th.—This morning I buried our Anna. My son-in-law, Mr. Hardistie, dug her grave at the foot of Flora's. They were warm friends in life, and in death they have been but a few days parted. Anna was fourteen years old. She was the daughter of the late O-gemah-wah-shis. He gave her to us a few hours before his happy death. She was the best looking native girl in this part of the country; of a docile, tractable disposition. We were all much attached to Anna.

Nov. 1st.—At five o'clock this afternoon our Georgiana breathed her last. The last intelligible words she uttered were prayer. A few days before she was taken ill she told her sister that during one of the services in the church her soul was greatly blessed, and we all observed a marked change in her conduct. The great Master was evidently preparing her for a better life. Georgiana died at her post. For months she has laboured incessantly for the good of this suffering people. Conversant with their language and modes of thought, she proved herself a judicious

counsellor. My kind neighbours, Messrs. Hardistie and Lait, brought the coffin and placed it at the gate, and my son and self carried her mortal remains to the grave. When we were filling in the earth, he uttered an expression which found an echo in my poor heart, "Father, I find it hard to bury our own dead;" but just then the words of the Apostle were applied with such force to my mind that I could not restrain myself from shouting them aloud, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

13th Nov.—This morning I returned from my sixth visit to a miner, who lives about ten miles north of Victoria. The poor fellow has been very ill with inflammation of the lungs, and I trust the Lord is sanctifying his affliction. About twelve o'clock last night I noticed that he was very much excited, and throwing up his hands he exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am! The son of a pious mother, often have I laid these hands upon her knee and repeated prayer, and many a time has she led me by that hand to the class-meeting—and yet, for twenty years, I have forsaken my mother's counsel. Oh, my God, I will return!"—and my afflicted neighbor has returned, and found peace in believing. And here let me say, take courage, ye praying mothers. This is the third case I have met with among these wild adventurers who, in the time of extremity, have turned their thoughts to their pious mothers. The mother may never know it, but a covenant-keeping God has answered her prayers.

18th November.—*Quarterly Meeting.*—After an intermission of two months we have again ventured to hold a public service. Our meeting was deeply affecting: there were vacant seats to remind us of the past. There could be little done in the way of preaching. Both Missionaries and people wept before the Lord. I could not refrain from reviewing the past. Since my connection with this Mission more than one hundred adults, natives, have passed away. Some of these were marked men and women, earnest Christians, who were a credit to the Church of Christ. Then the multitude of dear