

Missionary Intelligence.

LETTER FROM REV. R. JAMIESON.

NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA,
March 24th, 1862.

Rev. R. F. BURNS, Convener:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I cannot write down the words "New Westminster, British Columbia," without at the same time giving expression to my feelings of joy and gratitude, that God in His good providence has spared me thus far, and that I have had such honour conferred upon me as to be permitted to "stand up for Jesus" in this distant but interesting land. Though the work assigned me is arduous, and the prosecution of it may require much self-denial, yet it is an honour I little anticipated and as little deserved. To appear on the mighty Pacific coast as the representative of such a noble church as ours is, for the one grand purpose of pointing sinners to the cross of that Jesus whose blessed name is so awfully, so incessantly, and so unblushingly profaned, is a position any minister might covet. Far away from friends dear and highly esteemed among the ministry and membership of our beloved church, and doubtless many trials peculiar to such a difficult and responsible position and work to encounter, still I rejoice that I am here, and am counted worthy to be at such a post as a herald of the Gospel of Christ, of which even here I am not ashamed, and willing, God helping me, to spend and be spent for Christ's sake.

After my last letter to you I spent one Sabbath in Victoria, preaching in the for Mr. Hall, and in the evening in the Wesleyan Church for Dr. Evans, who was absent. Mr. Hall preached for the Doctor in the forenoon. While in Victoria I met with a considerable number of people from many parts of Canada. As might be expected from such a mixed population, and many other things taken into consideration, the church goes there are sadly in the minority—all the congregations are exceedingly small. As far as I could see and learn the average attendance upon each is nearly about equal—say *fifty* the year through, and that where the population is reckoned at four thousand! Hundreds on the Sabbath are parading the streets, or standing at corners discussing "claims" and "prospectings," and "shares" and "yields." Many are spending the day drinking and gambling and frequenting the tobacco stores, which are numerous and all open.

Drinking and gambling and cohabiting with the natives are the ruin of hundreds of successful miners. I had pointed out to me more than one who came to Victoria in the fall with from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, and now, with their gambling and drinking and licentiousness, they have not as much as would pay their way back to the mines. Just think of one man spending ten thousand dollars in such a way while on his journey from Cariboo to Victoria, while many a poor fellow wrought hard and had nothing for it!

Many turn out to be infidels or Universalists when they are out in these mining countries for a time—many, too, are quite indifferent to the interests of the church to which they even profess to belong. I could give already a few very striking examples of this which came under my own observation while in Victoria, but of course for obvious reasons I forbear. I may state that the smallest congregation to which I preached was *twenty-one*—the largest *eighty*.

I am very sorry that the state of the weather and the means of communication did not permit me to see more of the Island than the city. On the 13th instant I came on to New Westminster by the first steamer that was able to get through the ice up the Frazer River for two months, leaving my family on the Island in the meantime. The time occupied in crossing the Sound, the Gulf of Georgia, and coming up the river, is from ten to twelve hours. As