

HUDSON'S BAY.

Our space is too scanty for the present insertion of all the matter on hand from Hudson's Bay, and we must leave till another date, the remainder of the Journal and Notes we now commence. The active Chairman of the Bay District, has done well to send his intelligence in the Journal form, and the new Superintendent of Edmonton, has done the same very much. To do this, is to continue a practice useful as a mode of communication, and necessary as an example to other brethren. In the "Instructions to Missionaries," given by the Parent Wesleyan Society, this is the fixed rule: "It is *peremptorily required* of every Missionary in our Connexion, to keep a Journal, and to send home frequently such copious abstracts of it, as may give a full and particular account of his labours, success and prospects," especially of religious details and conversions, the facts not highly coloured. Attention to this established regulation here, would more frequently supply the general Superintendent, at the Wesleyan Mission Rooms, in Toronto, with expected information—too often withheld from him, and greatly contribute to the importance and acceptability of this publication, in the estimation of the fast-growing friends of the Society.

Extracts from the Journal of the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt, Chairman.

Rossville, December 29, 1854—For several days I have kept no journal as we were in the midst of the holiday ceremonies and also getting ready for the Lacuine packet. Our holiday ceremonies are a great burden to us. In the first place, the whole cost to the Mission and to ourselves is about £5; besides the drudgery. We had a grand feast, graced with mose meat, reindeer, beaver, rabbits, partridges, &c., with bread, rice and plumb puddings. All sat down regularly and decently to the tables. But this season of festivity is attended with its dangers. A good brother has just left me; he said: "I am very sorry for what I have done. I have drunk three glasses of rum. I did not come to the feast yesterday, I felt so bad, &c." We formerly had a local preacher here, but after several falls through strong drink, he was finally dropped altogether. I must try and form a Temperance Society soon, for I see plainly that there is nothing but the scarcity of the article that prevents the utter ruin of many of our members, and how long it may be scarce who can tell?

We are trying to get up a Branch Missionary Society. Last night, after the speaking, no one offered to subscribe, and so I dismissed the meeting. This morning Thomas Mistakwun, one of Dr. Rae's men, wrote me a note in the syl-

labic character, stating that he wanted to say something. So we appointed a meeting for this evening, and Brother Mistakwun made a capital speech. He told in feeling tones how he felt for the poor who were living in *Wunitipiskaug*—lost or bewildered night. He ended his speech by putting down 15s., and his wife sent word that she would give 5s.

One poor old woman told how poor she was, and that she had nothing, so she would give ten rabbits. Many allusions were made to the poor Pagans still in darkness. Towards the close Thomas Murdock got up and came to the stand withing the railing—they mostly did this—he said: "You know what a poor appearance my mind presents, and then he told that while living at Churchill, far north on Hudson's Bay, he heard there was religion at this place, and how he resolved at all bazards to come and see for himself: at length he made his way here; and he told what religion had done for him. Although poor, and without a house or garden, and with a large family, he put down 10s. God bless him and the rest!

January first, 1855—yesterday was Sabbath, and as our Indians were mostly at home we had the Sacrament administered. We had a good day. In the evening Thomas Mistakwun exhorted. He might make a useful man for us if