

Sunday, yet lives and works a little, although in "age and feebleness extreme." He has lost none of his love to Christ, he has lost none of his affectionate interest in the Methodism of England. Hearing that I was coming to England, John entrusted me with a letter to the Conference, which perhaps the President will kindly allow me now to read.

[The letter was then read.]

The missions to the Red River have had to go through a year of trouble and peril. Nearly one-third of the Indians have been swept off by the small-pox, and although the missionary's family have not altogether escaped, the missionary has been sustained by indomitable faith, and rejoices in the fidelity of the native converts and in their triumph in danger and death. There are many difficulties, as you may imagine, in the way of the conversion of the Indians. The Indian was once monarch of the plains, and he cannot be expected to cherish a very friendly feeling towards those who have superseded him. He is fast fading away, and being helped to his decay by the worst of the worst white man's habits, and he cannot be expected to be very friendly towards those by whom he has been corrupted and ruined. Besides, there are among the Indians many dissensions—some of them hereditary—which are mischievously fostered by the advocates of a cunning policy of extermination. Between the two opposing parties the missionary can scarcely escape blame or injury. The Indian prefers the life of Nimrod the hunter to that of Noah the vine-dresser, and lately the buffalo has seemingly almost vanished from the prairies, and many of them connect this threatened famine with the presence of the missionaries in their midst. Thus the missionaries have to be wise as serpents, harmless as doves, only, as a coloured preacher said, in commenting upon that passage, they must take care to mix the ingredients right—say in the proportion of a pound of the dove to an ounce of the serpent. (A laugh.) The missions in British Columbia, which I have recently been privileged to visit, were established some sixteen years ago. They were started by the Canadian Conference, sustained by the moral and financial support—only a little of the latter, however—(laughter)—of the Conference at home. The first batch of missionaries was headed by the Rev. Dr. Evans, ex-co-delegate of the Canadian Conference, of whom such respectful mention was made in your last year's address, and who is worthy of all that you can say in his favour, for as a Western presiding elder remarked of the late Dr. Newton, "He is a happily put up man." (Laughter, and "hear, hear.") I have been privileged in connection with the Indian work—the needs of which specially impressed me—to ordain a minister for that special ministry, the first Methodist ordination, but not the last, I hope, by hundreds, in that part of the Pacific Coast which is under the British flag. The man I ordained was a noble specimen of what God can make of a Yorkshireman when He has work for him to do, how He can deaden him to love of home, and friends, and ease, and culture, and fill his heart with one consuming and holy passion to save the Indians; how, with his own language not perfectly mastered, He can make him powerful and even eloquent in the utterance of another; how, with no native superiority of position, He can raise him to an influence over those far-off pagans which the most ambitious statesman