

home to their hearts. Yet the teacher learns the most from the child like mind and simple faith of unlettered saints, which set them far above, and makes him ever think, "Comest thou to me?" while he fears often that he is darkening counsel by words without knowledge, rather than enlightening ignorance.

The foundation of all John Adams' teaching was the Bible and Prayer Book, which, followed up as it has been by the instruction of an ordained minister, has hitherto kept them free from any dissenting bias. They use, indeed, an American hymn book left to them, as nearly all their treasures have been, by some whaling captain; but this, however it may have impaired their taste in sacred poetry and music, has not weakened their own addition to the Church. Certainly it is not to be expected that taste will improve upon very solemn words set to very cheerful tunes, with such names as "Bethesda," "Orion," "Kentucky," "The old ship of Zion," and the like. But though it is very much to be wished that they should have a little guidance and help in these ways, there was nothing in their way of singing them at all painful, it was done with no irreverent spirit at all, and with the simplicity of those who did not perceive the incongruity. Two of the principal singers, the teacher, and a man with a splendid tenor voice, came in two or three times of an evening to sing; it was really a great pleasure to listen to them; and not having any thing better to substitute for what they had, I did not care to put them out of conceit with it.

PRINCE RUPERT'S LAND.

The Rev. E. G. Gear sends to the *Weekly Messenger* a letter lately received from the Bishop of Rupert's Land, introducing it as follows:—

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—The mail, this morning, brought me a letter from Bishop Anderson, which I enclose to you for insertion in the *Messenger*. It contains an interesting account of his recent visit to Fairford, one of the missionary stations of his Diocese, at no inconsiderable distance from his residence. The rather novel mode of travelling in Rupert's Land, during the winter and early spring, and the difficulties that sometimes attend it, and the amusing manner in which they are described, I doubt not, will prove acceptable to some of your readers.

I also send you for the same purpose, a quarterly paper of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, relating to the mission of our good brother, the Rev. W. H. Taylor.

"This paper," as Mr. Taylor remarks in his letter, likewise received this morning, "was the only copy that came out last year, and has been the rounds, so you will kindly excuse its soiled and crumpled appearance."

It gives me great pleasure to mention in this connection, that I met last Sunday our own missionary Bishop at Minneapolis, who is now on his visitation of this territory. He is still vigorous and active, though twenty-four years of hard labour in the west begin to tell upon him. I know not that he has ever travelled in a "dog cariole," but I can bear witness that he has been obliged to use almost every other kind of conveyance, and to seek repose sometimes at night, with the luxury of a buffalo robe and blanket, which befriended the good Bishop of Rupert's Land, on his late journey, and with the exception of the season of the year, under similar circumstances.

The church at Minneapolis, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Knickerbacker, is in a very flourishing condition, and on the occasion to which I refer, the congregation was large and interesting.

Eloven persons were confirmed, and most of them recently baptised, and I judged there were fifty or sixty who received the Holy Communion. This is the third or fourth time the Bishop has administered Confirmation in this parish, within a little more than a year. In the afternoon the Bishop preached and confirmed three persons in my own chapel at Fort Snelling, and returned to fulfil his appointment at St. Anthony in the evening. This town is on the opposite side of the river from Minneapolis, and the church there is under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Woodward, who had quite a large class for Confirmation.

Most truly yours,

E. G. GEAR.

Fort Snelling, May 4th, 1858.

BISHOP'S COURT, March 25, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It was a very great relief to us to find that our boxes were safe at St. Paul's, as, once at St. Paul's, we almost reckon them at home. It was very pleasing intelligence to greet me on my return from Fairford, after a not very pleasant expedition.

I left home on the 2nd of March, and had a very pleasant journey out in a dog cariole over Lake Maritoba. I reached my destination on Saturday, the 6th, and found that a very neat chapel had been completed only the day before. Of this I had received no previous hint, as it was intended to be an agreeable surprise for me. I spent with good Mr. and Mrs. Stagg a Bishop's week, officiating two Sundays: on the first, opening the new building; on the second, administering the Lord's Supper. On the different days of the week I held meetings of the heathen, the candidates for confirmation, the communicants and the children. On Thursday, the 11th, I confirmed thirty-nine; all, except some three or four, pure Indians. A fortieth was examined, but was unable to be present, having been confined during my stay. Had she been with us we should have had exactly forty in all. I forgot to state that on Sunday afternoon I had baptized three adults and two sweet little boys. The mother of these children (baptized with them) is the daughter of the old chief Papamas, of whom I have written the short account. All seem now gathered into the Redeemer's fold except two leading heathen families, the heads of which are still obstinate. If all these old men give way, the young will join us at once.

On the evening of our Communion day (the 14th), came the sudden change of weather with thunder and lightning. The following day we had a down-pour of rain all day—a sufficiently gloomy prospect, with the lake yet to recross. The next morning was still soft, but I felt I must go and attempt. I started, but the lake was covered with water and soft snow. I could only make a half day's journey with the dogs. The first night I slept out; but the night being mild I enjoyed it much. The men scraped away the snow and covered the ground with dry grass, on which I reposed luxuriously, with a buffalo robe beneath and a blanket over me. Next night I slept at a small fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, on the lake. A frost having set in, we made a comfortable run to the end of the lake the following day. Now came the difficulty by land. The road over which I travelled with the dogs was here almost bare and covered with water. It was now "a kingdom for a horse." The only one on the spot was lent me by a Frenchman. My own cariole was left behind, and my robe box, and I came on horseback with a train of dogs by my side. It was slippery and splashy all the way through deep mire and water. I had another night to sleep out with more unfavorable weather, but my faithful attendant set all right.

My second man had turned his ankle, which was beginning to pain him. And a French youth, who was to attend to my horse and take it back, had also taken fright, so it was really true, as I told my good guide, that "only Luke is with me." But he was a treasure in himself—the first baptized by me in Fairford, in 1851, and then, as you may remember, named Luko Caldwell.

I had hoped to reach here on the Saturday evening, and for this end pressed on for Mr. Corbett's, with a borrowed horse and cart. But, unfortunately, the force of the water had driven in a mill-dam, and carried away a bridge. This we just perceived in time, or we should have gone right into it in the dark. I had, in consequence, to go round some distance, and did not arrive until the congregation were just quitting church after the morning prayer.

Very glad was I to be once more under my own roof. One determination I have certainly come to, which is to be a Canon of our Church, that no Bishop hereafter visit Fairford in the month of March. January, as I mentioned to you at St. Paul, had been my own plan, but owing to the wish that the school chapel might be finished, Mr. Stagg had proposed the later period. And now it is all over, I can but think on it as ordered for the best, and the review of the very difficulties becomes pleasant. It was delightful to meet thirty-four there at the table of the Lord, and to trace undoubted signs of growth in that infant church.

I found the very good tidings of my boys, to the date of January 29th; a still later mail by cariole, last night brought letters of February 2d. I notice the death of our senior Colonial Bishop—good Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, on January 3d. Bishop Mountain, of Quebec, becomes now the senior Bishop, and I myself begin to rise in the list almost fearfully. I was very sorry to hear the account of Bishop Alonzo Potter, having hoped to see him among us some summer. May that be yet, if it be God's will.

Messrs. Taylor and Corbett are both well. To-day, we were all to have met at a clerical meeting at the Indian settlement, when the infant daughter of the Rev. A. C. Oatley was to have been baptized, but the weather has tied us all by the leg. Three, or at most, four may meet. The others are too distant. We had not dreamt of this in March.

There is a little political intelligence, but that must wait until next time. It may then be of a more certain character, as we only hear rumours from afar of some distant changes. At present, with highest christian regards to all your circle, believe me ever, yours affectionately.

DAVID RUPEAT'S LAND.

Rev. E. G. Gear.

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Rev. J. C., Garden River; W. E., Prescott, Rev. F. J. S. G., Sterling.

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