

preached for Brother White, in New Westminster, on the 25th ult., and was glad to see that his congregation and society were doing well. Very large numbers of Canadians, and some of them good Methodists, are arriving in the country. None of them come to Nanaimo, however. So we do not make progress as the other places do.

I have been called upon to point a dying sinner to the Saviour lately. Poor man! he had suffered much in California, and came home to his parents in this place to die. His mind seemed to be turning in the right direction before his death. I saw him often, and did all I could to lead him to the only source of help, and I hope it was not in vain, though there was not that clear evidence of pardon

which is so desirable. His death seems to have produced a change for the better in some of his friends. This is the first adult that I have laid in the grave in Nanaimo.

I am thankful to say that my wife is well enough to attend to church and preside at the melodeon, almost every Sabbath. By the way, we have obtained a new melodeon, price \$94, from San Francisco, which has been paid by special subscriptions for that purpose. It is a good instrument and material helps in our services. The regular attendance on our Sabbath service remains about the same. Our prayer meeting last Tuesday evening was better attended than usual and more interesting.

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*Letter from Rev. A. Browning, dated Hope, British Columbia,  
May 25th, 1862.*

For months we were on the verge of famine, but I can truly say that God mercifully kept us from actual want. Of animal food, we could not boast, but we had bread, and that enough. Often did it seem as if our supply would fail, but Elijah's God replenished the barrel. In this respect we were better off than many around us, and I fancy a Missiopy has no more right to complain than the rest of mankind,—rather would I adore the marked goodness of our gracious God.

Twice during the winter did I experience gracious deliverance from death. The ice had so formed on the Fraser River that travel from Hope to Yale was of necessity on it. I had walked to Yale and was returning, when a severe snow storm came on. The trail became indistinct and locomotion painful and dangerous. A fellow traveller fell behind, but I pushed on, only to become exhausted from exertion and want of food. My clothes were frozen about me, my breath hurried and painful, and I felt a desire to lie down and sleep. Providentially, however, some Indians were near me and helped me to a miner's cabin, where I found the most anxious attention and required comforts. The poor fellow who occupied the house was sadly afraid, as he looked upon me, that I was too far gone to recover, but

I felt none of such anxiety, nor do I think it was warranted in him. All sorts of rumors preceded me to Hope, but the next day, after a most perilous and fatiguing journey, I falsified them all. Just as the winter was closing duty called me to Yale once again. The ice, long rotten, was fast breaking up, but if the miners ventured, why a Missionary should not retreat, so I went. We were crossing an open river in a canoe, when I saw on the bank an old Canadian friend, and hailed him. He and a friend of his, I presume, will not soon forget that journey—over ice, across rapids, now ascending, now all-fours, then creeping on afraid almost to speak, and anon wading to the knees in water, dubious of the security of our unseen footing, we were all glad to reach our destination. That was Saturday; on the Monday I returned in a canoe, the trail on which we came up being now water many fathoms deep. I had with me in the canoe, Mr. Barnard, a Canadian friend, two Chinamen, and two Indians. We were making our second portage over the ice, and I had just, at Mr. Barnard's suggestion, moved away from somewhat of our footing. A Chinaman, (Mr. Whitesole's pupil) followed me, and went through I heard the cry "He is gone," and an instant attempted to enter the canoe. The poor Chinaman, however,