

river, we found quite a number of persons on both sides, waiting to get over, and the only means of transport was a hand-barrow on the shoulders of coolies. The barrow was constructed of two pieces of bamboo, about four inches in diameter, and over six feet in length. To these slats about thirty inches long were fastened, making a firm but light platform, upon which three or four persons bestowed themselves in a crouching position. The whole was then lifted on the shoulders of eight coolies, four on each side, who entered the river singing a kind of chant, so as to keep step together. Part way the water was shallow and easily crossed, but beyond, for a distance of sixty feet or so, it was a different matter. By the time the deepest part was reached the water was rushing like a mill-race, and broke in foam around the necks of the coolies. A stumble or loss of footing on the part of the bearers would have made the writing of these notes quite unnecessary, or, at least, impracticable. At the second river we found a scow, which made crossing easy. Then followed a walk of a couple of miles to the nearest station, which made us late for the train.

In Memoriam.

THE HON. JOHN MACDONALD.

At a meeting of the Committee of Consultation and Finance held recently, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved—That this Committee of Consultation and Finance, met in special session to consider the steps to be taken in view of the death of the Hon. John Macdonald, Lay-Treasurer of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, desires to place on record its high appreciation of the eminent services which he has rendered to the cause of Missions, and its sense of the great loss which the Methodist Church has sustained in this dispensation of Providence. An honored leader in the Christian community, and an ornament to the laity of the Church, he was always ready with an unselfish spirit of devotion to the interests of the Board and to the cause of Missions, to contribute of his means, his time and his influence to the furtherance of the Redeemer's Kingdom in the world. He took a leading part in the organization of our Foreign Mission in Japan, as well as in the establishment of our work in the North-West, and his provision for the contemplated Mission to Martinique and Guadeloupe, and manifested to the last his interest in the extension of our missionary bounds.

The Missionary Society has lost in Senator Macdonald a trusted officer for twenty-four years; and one of the most conspicuous names that has appeared for half a century among the list of our largest contributors, will appear no more, except as the spirit of the father will live in the children, and thus perpetuate its work.

The members of this Committee desire to express their deep sympathy with the sorrowing widow and bereaved household, and earnestly pray that the richest consolation may be ministered to them in this hour of their greatest bereavement.

A DYING INDIAN'S TESTIMONY.

RECENTLY a Nanaimo Indian—John Wesley by name—who, for years has been a consistent and faithful member of the Mission Church there, was called to his everlasting rest. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Joseph Hall, President of Conference, who preached from John xiv. 23, the sermon being interpreted by Solomon Sewell. Miss Lawrence read a short account of Wesley's last words, which deeply affected the congregation. His request that the white ladies who used to sing and pray with him, would sing from the church to the graveyard at his burial, was complied with. Shortly before his death, he spoke to Miss Lawrence and a few of his friends, who were present, as follows:

"My dear friends, I want to say a few words to you. When I came into this world I brought nothing with me, and now I am going to leave this world, and I cannot take anything with me." Then, addressing himself to his family, he said, "I do not want to be buried in the old heathen way; I want to be buried like the Christian people. When I die I want the white ladies who used to visit me when I was well, and used to sing and pray in my house, to come to my funeral and to sing all the way from the church to the graveyard. I want ten ladies to come. Ladies, do not make my heart sorry by not coming; and I want Mr. Hall to come and bury me. My dear family, I do not want you to cry at my funeral, either in the house or at the graveyard. But when you come back to the house, after I am laid in the grave, then you can cry. I send my love to Mr. Tate; he is my good brother; I send my love also to Captain John, Big Jim, and all the Chilliwack people.

"And now I want to say a few words to my Nanaimo friends. I have not forgotten the time when I was baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and I remember well the first time I went to the Chilliwack camp-meeting. I have never forgotten what I heard then from God's word. There was a Sumas Indian at the meeting who was called 'Captain.' The last day of the meeting the people all went round and shook hands. I was standing by myself, and this Captain came and took my arm, and said, 'I would like to go around with you. This is the last day of the camp-meeting and we will part, and, perhaps, we may never see each other again in this world.' That was the last time I saw him. While we were going around we sang, 'Hallelujah! Thine the Glory; Hallelujah, Amen!'" (Here Wesley, with what strength of voice still remained, sang these words over as he went on), "and the Captain said, 'We are happy while we are singing here; but how much happier will we be when we meet in heaven and sing together around God's throne.'" Then he held up both hands and said, "Thank God; thank Jesus; thank the Holy Ghost, Amen!" To his wife, who was sitting near, he said, "I want you to go to church every Sunday and get your heart full of the love of God." To Solomon he said, "I want you to be a friend to my son; when you meet him on the street, tell him what I have said and talk to him about Jesus." To his son, who wanted him to eat something, he said, "I do not want to eat any more here; but when I get home to heaven I shall have better food, and I will never hunger again." Then he sang, as best he could, "There are angels hovering round," and exhausted nature fell into sleep, which soon became the sleep that knows no waking till the last trump shall sound.