

for Sabbath once only, and no Sabbath-school or prayer-meeting, and none of our friends here have rooms suitable. I expect to rent a place for winter if it should be ready, but the rent will be high. If I could be directed to get out timber this winter, and assured of the funds, it would facilitate and cheapen it greatly. I have suggested a lecture for the starting of a fund in Richmond St. Church. I am sure it would be successful. Please counsel with him and do what you can.

In my last, which I hope you received in due time, I promised soon to attempt a description of "the field" I am now occupying and trying to cultivate for the Great Proprietor. The Red River Mission, in the Wesleyan sense of the term, actually exists, and both the missionary and his horse know it to be a somewhat extensive affair. The *Centre*, of which I have taken possession, and from whence I go forth to work for Christ in different directions, is "Fort Garry." This is a real fort, with strong stone walls around the principal part of it, and with bastions or round towers at the corners which contain cannon and small arms for the defence of the place. Within the walls the H. B. Company have their stores and offices, and Governor McTavish, with his staff, have their places of residence. Everything in here bears the appearance of safety, cleanliness, and comfort. The amount of business transacted here must be immense, as the exports and imports of the land, so far as the Co. is concerned, mostly pass through this great depot. The value of the furs alone which are brought to and sent from this place would greatly astonish the uninitiated. The Fort is pleasantly situated on the northern bank of the Assinaboine River, just at its confluence with the Red River. The great thoroughfare from Pembina, and, of course, from the great outer world of civilization, crosses the Assinaboine River hard by Fort Garry. On this floating bridge or

large scow, worked conjointly by ropes and the current, all the immense trains of carts and oxen or horses with their loads of goods from St. Cloud, or of furs from St. Cloud, are wont to cross. It is said that more than 1000 of these carts have left for St. Cloud this fall. Within about half-a-mile of the Fort, and north of it, stands and grows the little town of Winnepeg, consisting now or several stores, one good hotel, a steam grist mill, a waggon shop, a shoe shop, harness shop, tin shop, two butchers' stores, two saloons, the post office, and, best of all, two churches in course of erection, to which I much desire to add another before one year from date. Were I rich I would do it with or without aid, but, as it is, I must ask, and do earnestly ask, the friends of Methodism, any where and every where, to do themselves the honor, and me and many souls here, the favor of helping on a "consummation devoutly to be wished." The buildings throughout the country are mostly of square logs and thatched with straw or long grass, but in this ambitious little town nearly every house has a shingle roof, and an outside of clapboards, generally painted white. The first brick house in the place is now going up. A good brick-yard is a great desideratum as clay is more plentiful than timber. Rents are fearfully high, and fortunate is the new comer who can get a roof over his head at any price. A little more enterprize, or, at any rate, of Yankee go-aheadativeness would prove a great benefit here; then, I opine, we should have more tasty buildings, a few side-walks, and wells for water. As to "wells," I believe the whole town has managed to have three dug; all the other families get water from the river in ways decidedly uncomfortable, especially after a rain or in cold weather. In this growing village a good blacksmith who could shoe horses well and keep at his post and not become a *rummy*, would do well, and, equally so, an energetic carpenter or two.