

Missionary Department.

LETTERS TO THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF MISSIONS.

Letter from the Rev. Dr. Evans, dated Victoria, V. I., June 7th, 1862.

I am just preparing for my tour to, and I hope, through the Cariboo country, for which I hope to start about three days hence. Many kind friends tell me the toil will be too much for me. True, I am not as young as when I commenced my ministry, *thirty five* years ago; but I trust to my travelling propensities, my past knowledge of life in the bush, a little prudence, and a long-^{tried} protection and blessing of God, for a safe and successful journey. It is not improbable that I shall take Brother Browning on my way up, and separating at some suitable point, leave him to travel a few weeks among the miners. I have an opportunity to get his place at Hope and Yale temporarily supplied by a young local preacher, who comes with high recommendations from California, to which land he emigrated from Canada.

The expenditure for our outfit will be heavier than I could wish, in view of the state of your funds. But you may rely upon my using all practicable economy. The price of horses, which are indispensable is very high, on account of the severity of the past winter, and the great demand this Spring. I trust, however, that the miners whom we may visit will be in circumstances to render us material aid in support of our Mission among them. I have great hope for the religious future of the country from the number of pious persons who have arrived this summer. It will be one of my principal objects to organize classes, and get our local preachers and exhorters to work in the respective places at which they are in search of earthly treasure. I have availed myself of every opportunity, in my intercourse with the emigrants passing through this port, to impress them with the paramount importance of maintaining their communion with God, and their reverence for the institutions of religion. The arrival of my much esteemed colleague, Brother Lucas, was very opportune, just as the large tide of emigration was setting in.

Hundreds have called on us, and my time has been much occupied in counselling them on the interests of both time and eternity.

A goodly number have been encamped in the vicinity of Victoria awaiting the proper time for proceeding to British Columbia. On three Sabbaths past I have preached to them in the woods, as they could not safely leave their camps and effects unprotected. In these services I have been reminded of my early years of itinerant labour among new settlers in Canada, and have almost cherished the vain wish for the return of the vigour and buoyancy of those days. But as that cannot be, I pray that the experience of age may somewhat make up for the absence of those qualifications. Thank God, others possess and are here willing to exercise them.

I have increasing confidence in the resources of these colonies, and in the greatness in store for them. To newcomers their rugged features present a somewhat forbidding and discouraging aspect, and men who seldom look beyond the present, croak and fold their arms, and write all manner of disparaging statements to their friends at home. Yet steady, industrious and persevering men succeed in their temporal enterprizes, and will bring the country up to its Divinely-appointed destination among the nations. Many have been the trials of our faith and patience, but the prospect brightens day by day.

I have seen with regret, on many accounts, a report of a lecture on these colonies, delivered at Galt, in Canada, and I suppose elsewhere, by a person who professedly in quest of health spent a few months in Victoria. The lecture abounds in the most gross misrepresentations of the country, which I doubt not will be corrected by others more than mine. Suffice to say that the person who so confidently descant upon the unfitness of this Island for settlement, never saw the interior of it, and although he talks so fluently about the gold fields of Cariboo, and