

erosity. This the Society feels, but hopes ere long to multiply its labourers in the Territory.

*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. T. Woolsey, dated Chicago, Illinois, June 18, 1855.*

As we are now in "journeyings oft," I purpose availing myself of every favorable opportunity of communicating with you. Our feelings can be better imagined than described in parting with yourself, the Co-Delegate, and other brethren, on Friday last; but being satisfied that we, who were about to leave you, were in the path of duty, we girt ourselves for the great and important duties assigned us, in the providence of God, and on the following morning left London for the field of future labour in the North-west. The route to Detroit presented one vast level, as though designed to be the platform for some astounding exploit in times to come. As we neared Lake St. Clair we passed a very extensive morass, where the musk-rat had reared many a lowly cot, whose right there was, apparently none to dispute. The lake presented a pleasing contrast to the land scene, as the stately vessels glided majestically and noiselessly through its mighty waters. After some four hours' ride we reached Windsor, where we prepared to pass across to Detroit. All being ready, we were soon on board the fine vessel that bore us from the Canadian shore. A long, and probably a last look, was taken of our beloved Canada, and many a friend rose before us in our imaginings, from whom we were now separated by distance, but still one in heart. Our stay in Detroit did not extend to more than a few minutes, consequently we had no time to make observations relative to what appeared to be a large and populous city.

We now started for Chicago, some 282 miles from Detroit, passing through rural scenery the most enchanting, intersected by streams or rivulets, whose meanderings through the dense forest of shrubs, trees, &c., formed a fine subject for the painter's skill or the poet's imagination. The rain and hail came down tremendously, accompanied with a thunder-storm. The vivid lightning, and the thunder's deep-toned voice added to the grandeur and sublimity of the forest scenery. The storm continued unabated until we reached Chicago, the

lightning bursting through the darkness, presenting at times a lit-up firmament. As we approached the city, it was evident that we were rolling on over a body of water upon a pier something more than a mile in length. I had no conception, however, until the following morning, that the pier was a considerable distance from the shore, stretching out into Lake Michigan. We were indeed in slippery places, and had an accident occurred we must have found a watery grave.

Having refreshed ourselves by dropping into the poppied arms of Morpheus for a few hours, we rose with strength renewed; and as the time of Divine service drew near, went on a voyage of discovery to find a place of worship belonging to the M. E. Church. We ultimately accomplished our object, and, somewhat to our surprise, heard the Rev. J. Douse, from the words, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." A learned professor preached in the evening on the subject of the Holy Spirit abiding with Christ's Church forever. The subject was handled in a most masterly manner, affording a rich treat to all who were prepared to receive the truth in the love of it; but many, very many, left the church during the services as though the truth had no charms for them. The resident minister offered up prayer at the close, when he, in very deed, pleaded for the Spirit's power on all such godless ones as these. To his requests, I could not help uttering the loud amen! for my spirit was stirred within me in witnessing such an unwarrantable outrage upon public worship, and in offering so direct an insult to the herald of the cross, who, most assuredly, showed more philosophy than would have been manifested by myself. During the day I was grieved to my very soul in beholding the daring and open desecration of God's Sabbath; stores being open in every direction, and parties travelling by different conveyances, &c. Surely God will visit for these things. America may be the land of liberty, but she abuses it.

We are now making arrangements to