

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES,

FEBRUARY, 1873.

WE present our readers and generous supporters with several extracts from letters written by devoted brethren, who are laboring for the salvation of scattered settlers and Indian bands on the north shores of the Georgian Bay and Lake Superior. Dangers and inconveniences have to be endured in visiting these remote places, and yet the laborer is rewarded by the joyous welcome he receives, and by the devout attention paid to his message and the ordinances held among the people. There are commingling features in the whole of these communications from Parry Sound, Manitoulin, Bruce Mines, Silver Islet, and Prince Arthur's Landing, which refer to Indians, white settlers, and miners. Fort Francis, referred to by Mr. Halstead, was for some years occupied by the Society, and stood on the *Minutes* as "Lac-le-Pluie." The Rev. A. Salt was the last Missionary there. For various reasons this Mission ought to be resumed,—it would form a connecting-link between Prince Arthur's Landing and Winnipeg, Manitoba.

From the Rev. S. TUCKER, dated Parry Sound, Oct. 25th, 1872.

Monday the 14th of October, in accordance with previous arrangements, accompanied by Mr. Elliott, one of our Indians, two gentlemen from Toronto and another from Washington, Ont., I started on my Fall visit to the Indian Stations on the north shore of the Georgian Bay.

We looked anxiously on the arrival of the boat on Saturday for our new boat, tent, &c., but it came not. We fixed up our old boat as best we could, and started at 3.30 p.m. Our hearts were somewhat heavy, for typhoid fever was raging in the village, and our servant was one of the worst cases; but, knowing the privations of the Indians, also that we could not go later in the season, we commended our friends to God, and set out with an unfavorable wind and stormy

waters. We camped that night at Killbear point. Our friends had a good tent with them, so that, although it was cold, we managed with some degree of comfort to camp, cook, eat, worship, sleep, and wake with God, in safety and with thankfulness.

Tuesday morning was cold, with rain and snow, but the wind favored us and we pressed on at daylight. In She-bah-sha-gan Bay the wind became boisterous, and blew very heavy as we went down the Shawanaga Bay. Our boat strained and leaked much; but fortunately the wind was behind us, or I think we should have been swamped. About two hours after we arrived, we heard a cry of distress from an Indian, which proved to be near two miles away. But few of the Indians were at home, some of them