

# METHODIST MISSIONARY NOTICES,

JUNE, 1876.

## DEATH OF THE REV. GEORGE McDOUGALL,

CHAIRMAN OF THE SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

OUR worst apprehensions are realized by the mournful intelligence embodied in the following letter. All is mystery. That a man so brave, so enduring, and so well acquainted with the country should have met such a death, is beyond our ability to fathom. We can only bow in humble submission to the Divine Sovereignty, conscious of the rectitude of His government who has prepared us for unexpected calamities by saying,—“What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”

*From the Rev. JOHN McDOUGALL, dated Morleyville, Feb. 11th, 1876.*

It is my painful duty to inform you was, right in the direction of our tent, of the sudden taking away from us of I little thought I would never again our dear father. Yesterday we laid in this life behold his face; and yet his mortal remains in the grave, but, such was the case. He never reached glory be to God, we did it in sure and the tent. We fired guns; we searched certain hope of a glorious resurrection the country all around; went home to see if he had not gone there; then the circumstances connected with his loss are very painful. On the 18th of the Elbow post, which was nearer than home; kind friends turned out; Jany. father and I left home, as we but all in vain, we could not find him. thought, for a few days, to procure We then procured fresh supplies, and meat for our families and those with thus organized commenced afresh. us. No men were to be had; and Every one sympathized; every one father, sooner than have me go alone was willing to help; but not until the with comparatively no help, and seeing the necessity of the case, volunteered to go. Everything proceeded 14th day was his lifeless body found. well and prosperously until the night of You may imagine the feelings of our hearts as my brother David and I the 24th, when, as we were nearing stood over the frozen body of our dear father. our camp—it may have been 9, or I had hoped against hope. It perhaps 10 o'clock—father said he seemed as if I could not give him up, would go on to the tent. The distance he seemed to be needed so much at was not more than two miles, if that. this time. I, never dreading anything, told him What a mysterious Providence! I thought he had better, as I could Truly “God’s ways are not our ways.” get on with the sleds without help. We are comforted with the thought Accordingly he started. As I saw him that with him “all is well.” He evidently was conscious at the last, for disappear in the night, going, as he