

increase rapidly as far as can be seen at present, though more than the half of these will be absent during the mining season; but it must be remembered that in countries like this where nothing is sought after or cared for but gold, everything is for a time very uncertain and liable to great and unlooked for changes. There are four places of worship—one Episcopalian, with two ministers; one Wesleyan; and two Roman Catholic, one for the white R. C. population and one for the Indians, a great number of whom attend there. There is no school of any kind in the town and some difficulties in the way of getting one started.

As might be expected from the preponderance of British subjects in this town, the Sabbath is on the whole well observed—far better than in Victoria, or I believe any other place in the colony. A few days ago a man arrived in this place from Victoria, accustomed, I suppose, to the Sabbath scenes there, and in California. On Sabbath, in the course of his rambles, he came into the boarding-house where I am stopping, and observing neither “bar,” nor “cards,” nor “billiards,” but a number of respectable, intelligent looking young men seated through the room quietly reading books, or tracts, or papers, he turned on his heel, made for the door, and gave vent to his disgust and indignation by exclaiming—“Wa-al this *is* Sunday town!” Of course it does not in reality yet deserve that name, but it does comparatively.

One great, and I think unnecessary discomfort here is the irregularity, or almost total inefficiency in the carrying out of the postal arrangements somewhere between the Colonies and Canada. People subscribe for papers and never see them; and some who do happen to get them must be content with news two or three months old, and often six or eight weekly papers at a time.

When about to leave Canada I wrote to Mr. Hall in time for the mail that left previous to my starting, informing of the time I would leave New York, and when he might expect me. He received it nearly two weeks after I met him in Victoria!

Again, as another illustration of one of our comforts here; I subscribed for the *Globe* and *Montreal Witness*, and ordered them to be sent out direct, commencing with the first of January. I have seen neither of them yet. Yes, I have; for one day about three weeks after my arrival I was no little rejoiced when I had handed to me the *Toronto Globe* out of the post office. With bright anticipations of a “rich treat,” and “news from home,” I hastily, almost nervously tore open the cover, began to read, and at the same time to wonder where I had seen something like all this before. I turned up the date, and lo! my expectations are dashed away “like the baseless fabric of a vision”—the date is January the 3rd, and I left Canada January 8th!

Just imagine, dear Brother, if you can, how you or any of the brethren who can indulge in your *daily* and *tri-weekly* would feel if *January*, *February* and *March* glided away without a scrap of news from your friends or church or country. Just think of me, if am spared, and things go on at this rate, reading the report of your Synod meeting in June, sometime in the month of September, if indeed I see it at all!

Neither space, nor time, nor opportunities of knowing, permit me to say much about the country. The winter has been unprecedentedly severe—the spring backward—and the rush to the mines past this has not yet commenced. Every day we are expecting to hear that the snow and ice are so far gone as to allow the rush to set in. Large steamers and sailing vessels bring freight and passengers to this point, and they are taken on by smaller steamers to different places.

Wishing and praying that you and the Committee and our beloved Zion may have peace and prosperity, and trusting that you will all *continue* to pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified,

I am, dear Brother, yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

R. JAMIESON.