

and though I have been under a heavy strain here for five months, especially in the first two by services, both in the public street and in the church, yet I am in good health and happy in my work. We shall do all in our power in Victoria to aid the Missionary Fund. Though my Quarterly Board is in debt, and has assumed to pay \$300 for a missionary if sent to Saanich—and the Chairman has a man there—making a total of \$900—besides a

Trustee debt of over \$5,000—yet the brethren expect to go beyond last year. The circular, reporting \$37,000 against the Missionary Society, don't look like reinforcing the field. I trust that every man and woman in the Methodist Church of Canada will take a firm hold of that debt to extinguish it, and place \$37,000 more in the hands of the Treasurers. Our Annual Missionary Meetings came off on the 12th and 16th. All are well.

From the REV. JAMES TURNER, dated Nicola Valley, Nov. 15th, 1875.

Waiting to get acquainted with my field of labour and the nature of my work so as to be able to write with some degree of satisfaction must serve as an apology for not writing sooner.

I am here now more than three months, during which time I have been busily engaged devising and maturing plans for the prosecution of my work on this extensive mission. When I entered on my duties here I had the field all to myself, and my work appeared pretty plain. But in a few weeks a Presbyterian minister, sent out from Scotland, came upon the scene, necessitating a readjustment of my plans and the embracing of a wider field so that I might not come into collision with one who, though called by a different name, was serving the same Master and working for the same end. Had he not come, Nicola Valley and Kamloops would have been as much as I could have attended to; but now I am able to extend my labours to parts which otherwise I most likely would not have visited.

EXTENT OF MISSION.

My present circuit may well be termed "One of magnificent distances," involving some three or four hundred miles' travel every month. These journeys have to be accomplished over all sorts of roads. In many places nothing but mountain trails, none too good for goats or deer, where one inadvertent step might land horse and rider perhaps 1,000 feet on the rocks below. And

yet God has preserved me so that no accident has befallen me.

WHO PEOPLE THE VALLEY.

The population, thinly scattered throughout this vast field, is composed of men from nearly every country, embracing a variety of creeds too numerous to mention. Many of them are in the country since the first gold excitement in 1858, and the greater part of them have enjoyed no religious advantages since then. So you can easily imagine the spiritual state of the people. No Sabbath, practically, acknowledged hitherto; no Gospel message; none of the refining, moulding influences of good society; away from home and friends where a loose rein could be given to lust and passion—consequences have followed which it will take years of the most careful, prudent culture and unflinching missionary zeal and toil to counteract. They are a strange race of men, those old miners and packers and pioneers of this country. A more liberal class I never met. No man is more welcome at their houses than the missionary, and none will contribute towards his support more readily than they, only don't intrude religion. They are not all, however, of this class. In Nicola Valley, where I nominally reside, we have a fine class of settlers. A good many of them are from Ontario, and the greater part of them are steady, industrious men, and most of them are laying the foundation for future prosperity and independence.