

are stored, imported from England, and are intended for the whole of the Northern Department of the Hudson's Bay Territories; not that there is a factory at York where goods are manufactured, as people would naturally think by the word factory. At the time the ship arrives from England, the place is quite lively, like some seaports in the civilized world.

At York Factory there are numerous small white whales, which come up the river to wharfs of the establishments, and the people kill them to feed their dogs upon. Seals also are found here. The Polar bears are also very plentiful, and walrus along the coast from either of the Factories. In the seasons of spring and autumn, it is said geese and ducks are very numerous, and the Company send out hunters in those seasons who kill them by hundreds, and then salt them, which they serve out as rations to their people. I have not seen any of the Esquimaux here, but they are at Church Hill, where they trade. This is an out port of York Factory, in the northern direction from the Factory. The Esquimaux are of a white complexion, and in their mode of living, they are exceedingly filthy. None of this people trade at the Factory.

On the arrival of Mr. Mason and myself at York Factory, we were kindly received by W. McTavish, Esq., the Governor of the Fort. We staid there a fortnight, and baptized over thirty

persons; which number added to those baptized at Oxford Mission, make over sixty. Let the friends of Missions rejoice! even in the Hudson Bay Territories, where the cause has to contend with opposing influences, existing, perhaps, nowhere else, it is progressing. How attentive to the spoken word are the Indians of these Territories. In the congregations there is no coughing, no going out and in, no sneezing with a whoop that in the woods would make an Indian dodge behind a tree and look to his gun; but every one is as quiet and still, as they would wish those to be to whom they themselves were speaking. Were gold as plenty as lead, a guinea would be of the same worth as a bullet, did it weigh as much. The people of Canada do not, nor the people of England, value the preached word as they should. Did they, as the Indians of Hudson's Bay, hear a preacher, perhaps, only once a year, they would be quiet and still enough during service.

After anxiously waiting for the arrival of the Hudson Bay Company's annual ship, the *Prince Rupert*, it arrived on the 15th of August, on Sabbath, after morning service. We expected the Rev. John Ryerson, and were much disappointed at not meeting him. I received a letter from him, per ship, in which he gave his reasons for not coming. I felt sorry that circumstances assumed such a form as to prevent him from following up the Society's plans.



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