

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES,

MAX 1st, 1869.

FROM the three Foreign Districts will be found letters from the brethren laboring there, which will be read by the generous supporters of the Society with devout gratitude, and tend to increase their confidence in that Word, which, accompanied by the Spirit's power, transforms, elevates, and maketh the heart glad. Mr. Derrick's opening of the New Mission to Carriboo,—Mr. Russ' visit to the Nanaimo Indians,—Mr. E. R. Young's description of the happy death of an Indian at Norway House, and his winter visit to Nelson River, &c., will be found worthy of an attentive perusal.

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT.

Letter from the REV. THOS. DERRICK, dated Barkerville, Cariboo, Dec. 24th, 1868.

JOURNEY FROM YALE TO CARIBOO.

It is Monday morning, 7 o'clock. Fort Yale, a wonderous oblong bowl in the "everlasting hill;" said bowl filled at the bottom with the rushing Fraser—apparently without inlet or outlet—as though it had burst from the waters that are "under the earth," and as suddenly went down to its mountain-covered ocean. You wondered when in Yale how you got there, and still more how and where you are to get out again. "The mountains have shut him in." But we are to get out, and it is starting time. A glance at our outfit says, "there's earnest work ahead." Six noble horses, clothed with massive harness; and such a carriage! A moment of pause, and a look at the mountain tops of Yale, with peaks of snow that has never left them, and we are away, and not for a few miles, but for hundreds. And who shall describe the scenery of this first day, as we wind our way around, and over, and upwards, amidst the mountains of this wonderous country, and along this still more wonderous road! Surely the energy, skill, and money that could open up this road for hundreds of miles, shall not "cave in." And here we are at the beautiful Suspension Bridge across the Fraser, and again at the Cascades, Hill's Bar, Boston Bar—famed for its gold fields; and now comes the exciting scenery from giddy heights, where "mountains are on

mountains hurled." We look, or try to look, perched midway, as we are between the mountain peak and the fearful chasms, as we are dashing on, and on,—and to travel this road once, is never to forget China Bluff, Big Canon, or Jackass Mountain, we now close the day at Lytton. Away again with early morning and the scenery still more thrilling. It is only now that we fully realise our real altitude—mountains are still over us, and the mighty Fraser looking like a silver ribbon playing in the gentle wind, away, away below. And just now the words of a gentleman to me in San Francisco, are fully felt. "You will find," said he, "the scenery of British Columbia *painfully* grand." It is even so. We rush between rocks and across chasms, with corderoy bridges connecting peak with peak—then in a moment whirl around Thompson Bluff; and there below is Thompson River, blue and beautiful—and what a contrast to the boiling soap-suds of the white Fraser! From here, as we cross the Thompson, we have a fine valley between the mountains on Cash Creek, or Bonaparte. We feed ourselves and change our horses on the banks of this river.

SINGULAR MISTAKE, AND ITS PLEASANT TERMINATION.

And now for an episode in the life of a Missionary. I did here what I had