

# WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1856.

## HUDSON'S BAY.

To the almost entire exclusion of other matter, we publish a continuation of the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt's Journal, and of Letters from the Rev. Thomas Woolsey, believing that the facts they contain are well calculated to preserve the Missionary wakefulness of our people, and aid in giving perpetuity to their sympathies, so generously displayed in promoting the extension of an evangelical and much needed work in the Territory of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company; and we do it with a fervent wish, that the success of the Missionary Anniversaries now being held, may enable the Missionary Board of Management to grant an immediate augmentation of labourers to a field of Christian effort not surpassed in interest and importance.

*Extracts from the Journal of the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt, Chairman.*

(CONTINUED.)

8th—I had a blessed time this morning. Our services at eleven, and the Sacrament were times of refreshing. We administered to three sick; poor Julitte among them: she is very low and failing fast, but seems deeply concerned about her soul. Old Sister Oig, to whom we administered the Sacrament, spoke of her holy triumph; she is always happy, and when she found herself recovering seemed disappointed, for she desired to depart.

9th—The packet arrived from York Factory the other day, but no news of importance. The men report but little snow north of Oxford. We hear the snow is about 4 feet deep south of us, it is about 2 feet here, and about one foot north of Oxford. Thus for three or four degrees of latitude there is a decrease in the depth of the snow in going from south to north.

20th—Though I see but little that I do, still I am constantly busy. I visit, and receive visits from the Indians, and sometimes they sit long with me, as I can now make myself intelligible in Cree. Dealing out the fish to the needy has been a great tax on my time. I now have two boats under way, which we very much need; and these boats I am making almost entirely with my own hands.

Sunday, April 22—I have had a good day as usual to my own soul. In our Class Meeting there was a man from York Factory, who spoke feelingly. Our Missionaries have laboured there occasionally, and a good number have been baptized; still Mr. —, when he left us went without ceremony and established a Mission at that place, and takes all our baptised members: now he has the modesty to express fears that we will not pursue the same peaceable policy that has been followed heretofore, and that has kept the Church of England and Methodists good friends. They, without ceremony occupy every place where we have bestowed labour, but we must not presume to approach a place that they have expressed a design to occupy, however much labour we may have expended there previously, if it should accidentally be discontinued. I can never submit to such a state of things.

This afternoon Adam Moody came to see me. He is a backslider: sin led him away from his God, and his church. He had heard a little of the gospel from the Church of England Missionaries at Red River, before the Methodists came to this country. He came home to his people here, and was imparting what