

that we live amid constant excitement either of prosperity fancied or real, or depression and gloomy discontent. But in whatever state we are, the "one thing needful" is by too many, insanely scorned, or put off for "a more convenient season."

It is to be feared there are indeed "a few names," comparatively speaking, in British Columbia, though I would be very slow to use the harsh language with reference to the miners as a class, which I see in a Canadian newspaper, reported as having been applied to them. They have great temptations, and very great trials; and if there is a great deal of wickedness with some, there is still much to be said in their favor, and to lead us to hope that the faithful preaching of the gospel, and the exhibition of its influence in the life, will prove the power of God unto the salvation of many of them."

Mr. Jamieson sends some extracts from newspapers published in British Columbia. From them we learn that the Rev Mr. Duff intended remaining at Cariboo until Christmas, probably all winter. In this case, Mr. Duff will be the first minister who has spent the winter at Cariboo.

Mr. Jamieson adds that the congregation in Victoria, hitherto under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Hall, have sent a call to the Rev. Thos. Somerville, of St. James Church, Glasgow (Established Church.)

LETTER FROM REV. D. DUFF.

WILLIAM'S CREEK, CARIBOO, SEPT. 23d, 1864.

REV. MR. BURNS;

MY DEAR SIR:—As stated in my last, my course from New Westminster was directed toward the mining region of Cariboo. The first settlement on the Fraser river, on the way up is Langley, once of hopeful growth, and in view as the capital but now dissolved to scarcely half-a-dozen families. During the short stoppage of the boat, I met with a few of the settlers who heartily received my tracts, and expressed their regret, that in consequence of their fewness and their poverty, they had been all but shut out from the benefits of a preached Gospel. Continuing up the river, having mountains on each side, some of whose summits are even in mid-summer coated with snow, and passing here and there a solitary "ranch," we came to Fort Hope, about 60 miles above Langley, once too, a stirring little town; but attractions elsewhere have caused it also to fall into obscurity. The few English speaking settlers still remaining, are under the pastorate of a resident Episcopal clergyman. The deserted houses in this place do not well accord with its name, for it has been reduced to four or five families, not including a few foreigners and native Indians. Still higher up, is Yale, 16 miles above Hope, the limit of steam-boat traffic on the lower Fraser; and though hemmed in on all sides by mountains, rather a busy little town. It contains between two and three hundred of a *somewhat settled* population, the great body of whom are foreigners from all quarters. There is here a small Methodist church, supplied with services once in two or three weeks, and a church and manse belonging to the Episcopalians. I readily obtained the use of the former place of worship for the occasion, and had a small, but attentive audience to listen to the message of reconciliation, the unequal proportion of the sexes even here denoting the uniformed state of society.

On account of the preponderance of the numbers travelling to and from the mines turning in favour of the Yale River route, the other by Douglas, and Lilloet and the Lakes has to the same extent been unfavourably affected thereby. All these towns or rather "settlements," are I believe, almost if not wholly dependent upon the traffic passing through to and from the mines. The small portion of land cultivated in the vicinity of Lilloet, being of little account, so much so that of late this "town" has fallen into the background.