

a spot where for ages the giant trees had shut out the light of day. That forest has been driven back, and dwellings and gardens, streets and public edifices, occupy its place.

"You have not only maintained your church and its ministrations, enlarged its accommodation, and fitly adorned it as the house of God, but under your able and indefatigable rector, Mr. Sheepshanks, you have seen an earnest and increasing congregation, to which the light of the Gospel, we may believe, has not been manifested in vain.

"I am rejoiced to find a second church nearly ready for consecration, which I confidently expect will be a means of strength and blessing amongst you.

"I cannot refrain from noticing the remarkable circumstance that New Westminster is about to be a centre of communication with the utmost ends of the world. The telegraph is on the point of being fixed here, with extensions southward to California, and probably South America; eastward, by British America, to the Atlantic and Europe; and westward, by the Pacific and Asia, to Russia. Let it be our hope and endeavour that New Westminster may be also a centre of civilization, and from it be sent forth to other lands the message of the Gospel.

"One of my efforts in England has been to endeavour to effect a division of this vast diocese, by which would be secured the full organization of the Church in this city as a centre. I hope this object will be carried out ere long, in such a way as may tend to the glory of God, the good of the community, and the extension and efficiency of the Church of Christ.

"Let me conclude by expressing my sincere wishes for your happiness and prosperity."

NANAIMO AND COMOX INDIAN MISSION.

Extracts from the Journal of Rev. J. B. Good and his Catechist, Mr. Cave, for 1864.

MR. GOOD'S JOURNAL.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF MARY, A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL.

This little one, so long a constant attendant at the Indian Day and Sunday-school, and whom I baptized two days ago, died last night.

I agreed to bury her at noon. The bell tolled some time. Habited in surplice and stole, I met the corpse with the procession, and then all commenced chanting, and so entered the Mission Chapel, where we had a short service. Then reforming, we, in the same order, proceeded to the grave, where we finished the simple ceremony of committing her body to the dust in "hope of a joyful resurrection." There was no howling or crying, after their manner over the dead. They sorrowed no longer "as those who had no hope;" for they felt she had gone Home, and