

well known to them, or I should hardly have felt safe. O, Sir, I hope you and the dear friends at home will do something for these poor souls. Our hands are full, and will be, in labouring for our own race. Will not God rise up some young men especially for this work. I

would almost become one of them to save them from death, and like the Moravian Missionaries—become a leper for life, to save the leper from death. Shall have much to tell you w'en I return from Nanaimo, if the Lord brings me back in safety. Kind love to all.

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### WALPOLE ISLAND.

*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Solomon Waldron, dated January 15th, 1859.*

You will doubtless be pleased to hear from the Walpole Mission, the youngest, I believe, under your Superintendence.

With gratitude to the Great Spirit we can say the work of salvation (all things considered) is prosperous. When the weather would permit, we worshipped in the open air, our school room being quite too small; but the storms and cold drove us from our leafy temple. We next erected a large canvass tent in front of the largest room we could procure, floored it with straw, and seated it comfortably; here we held our holiday services, consisting of a christian Love-feast, New Year's dinner, and Religious Services, each night for two weeks, during which the manifestation of the Divine influence exceeded anything I ever witnessed; all who crowded in felt it. Whites and Indians pardoned, blessed, and saved, gave God the glory with loud voices. The head chief of the Tawwas band, was induced to attend the dinner; he sat with his turban on his head, as large as life; in the evening he was found among the penitents, deeply smitten, and sick in his heart; but the great Physician was there, and healed him; he is now with several of the band meeting in Class. We lately attended

the funeral of a middle aged woman (of this long lost tribe) but recently brought to Christ; her end was peaceful and happy. When about breathing her last she said to her friends in attendance, "I am going to heaven. . . . Wash me clean, and let me go." This is probably the first adult of this band that has entered into glory. At the grave, her aged mother, a partially enlightened heathen, furnished a large kettle of soup, of which the Christians freely partook, myself not excepted; but the Pagans stood aloof, looking upon this feast as a Christian ceremony.

We now worship in a room in the Mission House, quite too small to accommodate our members; the large numbers who would attend preaching, *I am pained* to say, are shut out. The want of a church seriously militates against our cause. Paganism here has fallen before the Gospel, like Dagon before the Ark; only five old persons attempted to join in the Annual Pagan Holiday Dance, and they were laughed out of countenance by the spectators.

My faith has of late been somewhat tried in crossing the river in a small canoe amidst the floating ice; but praise the Lord I can still sing,

"Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come."

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### OTTAWA DISTRICT.

The following exceedingly interesting letter from the earnest Chairman of the Ottawa District affords a specimen of the working of Wesleyan instrumentalities in a part of the country chiefly Missionary; and while it bespeaks much vigilance and Methodistic ardour in his supervision of the work in the Ottawa region, conveys opinions which are valuable, and exhibits the moral and ecclesiastical necessities of the people. The view he takes is extensive and anticipative, and the efforts of the Government in the distant townships surveyed are unusual. The new Opeongo road stretches across these northern townships, and Wesleyan Missionaries are at its eastern extremity;