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Missionary Notices

OF THE

METHODIST CHURCH

OF CANADA.

 TORONTO, JANUARY, 1877.

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MISSION ROOMS, TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO.
 (Richmond St. Church, South Entrance.)

Letters on the General Business of the Society are to be addressed to the Rev. Dr. WOOD; and all Letters relating to Finances are to be addressed to the Rev. A. SUTHERLAND.

METHODIST MISSIONARY NOTICES,

JANUARY, 1877.

J A P A N .

MESSRS. MEACHAM and EBY, and their families, having, by the good providence of God, reached Yokohama in safety, lost no time in prosecuting their journey to their respective appointments, receiving the hearty welcome of Messrs. COCHRAN and McDONALD. The following letters breathe a spirit of cheerful devotedness, indicative of success in their great work :—

From the Rev. G. M. MEACHAM, M.A., dated Numadzu, Japan, October 19th, 1876.

Amid a great pressure of care and labour, I snatch a few moments this evening to give you a statement of the *status quo* in Numadzu, and of my impressions of that which has been done in Tokio. Highly as we all in Canada appreciated the services of the brethren here in Japan, I am perfectly satisfied that we were very far from rating them at their proper worth. Of Dr. McDonald's work at Shidzuoka I know nothing as yet, personally, but of it all reports speak very highly. Indeed, some of the fruits of his labours I saw in Tokio, and I have two of his young people in my classes at the Academy. But having had an opportunity of observing what Bro. Cochran has done in Tokio, I can speak of it in terms only of highest satisfaction and delight. You have in him certainly the right man in the right place. He has led many to Christ, who testify in the strongest manner to the fact of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus. He has trained and educated in the Christian faith a number of young men, who are being admirably prepared for useful work in Japan. He enjoys, in a high degree, the confi-

dence, respect, and love of the best people we have met here. Among the Christian Missionaries in this country he occupies a very prominent place. When one comes face to face with the ignorance, superstition, and degradation of the heathen world, even though it be in its least repulsive aspects, he sees the obstacles in the way of the Gospel as it is impossible for one in Canada to see them. And when I behold the numbers who have been led to Christ by our dear Bro. Cochran and his devoted wife—who has thrown herself into this work with an enthusiasm worthy of all praise—when I see them sitting, clothed and in their right mind, at the feet of Jesus, I confess to a feeling of amazement, that so much has been done in so short a time. May God bless our labours in Numadzu as He has theirs in Tokio.

From the letter to Bro. Sutherland you will have learned, before this reaches you, that we are living in a Buddhist temple. Perhaps, never did a Methodist preacher occupy a more singular dwelling-place. The temple is a large one. In connection with it, on the other side, are the

apartments of the priests. Even while I write, I can hear the chattering of the priests on the other side of the thick paper screen which separates us from the temple proper. The chief priest is a tall man, not far from 60 years of age, whose rich voice is used to great advantage in their religious services. It would have amused you to see him, at the bidding of my wife, taking away from our rooms all his gods. All the priests and people, too, are very friendly, very inquisitive, and full of admiration of what we have brought with us. The piano is still packed in its box. The organ, the books, and especially the *stove*, occasion infinite wonderment, and very many come to see us and examine them.

Numadzu is pleasantly situated, about four miles from the foot of the Hakone mountains, which lie north-west from us, and immediately at the base of the Kanuki range on the east; beyond which, rises purple and beautiful in the distance, the loftier range of the Amangi, in the Idzu District; while, beyond Hakone, towers the magnificent Fujiyama. And, whether belted with clouds, or revealing himself in all the grandeur of his proportions, Fuji is well worth a long journey to see. This volcano is the frustrum of a beautiful cone, rising to the height of 13,500 feet, with snow upon it all the year round. We are only about one-fourth of an English mile from the sea coast, to which, occasionally, we walk down, survey as fine scenery as we can desire, look out wistfully to the west, and think longingly of the dear old land so far away, and of the still dearer friends whom we can never forget ere the fountains of life are broken up.

The Academy, just completed two months ago, for an interior town of a country like Japan, is a marvel of architecture. It is a two-storied house of cut stone, (not merely on the front, but on the four sides) and of a style throughout which would do credit to any Canadian town. In it are eight teachers. Mr. Yebara, the Principal, is a fine man, deeply

interested in the study of Christianity; but his knowledge of the English language is so very limited, that he cannot acquire very rapidly that acquaintance with it which he desires. Two of the teachers are profoundly interested in the study of the Bible, and, I believe, are seeking Christ with great earnestness. They and two lads, pupils in the school, have made application to be baptized. Shortly after we came here, in conversation with one of these teachers, a keen and brilliant fellow, he said to me that he had only heard the Gospel preached twice or thrice in his life, but that he believed Christianity was of God, and was anxious to become more fully acquainted with it. His mind was evidently open to receive the truth. "As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me," sang the son of Jesse, in an hour of exultation at a remarkable deliverance; but how much more appropriate this triumphant language in the mouth of David's Son and Lord, "Therefore, will I give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, among the heathen, and sing praise unto Thy name." And I felt myself deeply moved by the readiness of this young Japanese gentleman to receive the Gospel, when so many of our intelligent Canadian youth, who have heard it from infancy, refuse to submit to the claims of Christ.

Our habits are greatly changed since we came here. We retire to bed early, rise at 5.30 o'clock, a.m., and have breakfast before 6.30; for at 7 I must be at my post in the Academy, to begin my work of teaching. At 11 o'clock I am released, very tired, for I throw myself with great earnestness into this work, for which, I do believe, I have some fitness, and in which I would greatly delight if I had more physical strength. The afternoon is spent at the Japanese language, in reading science, in a walk with my wife or sister, perhaps, or in Bible-class and conversation with Japanese, through an interpreter. We have an early tea, an hour of family reading, some music, family prayer, some

more study, and then to bed. From our Bible-class, held twice a week, and attended by Mr. Yebara, three of the teachers and a few students, I anticipate good results.

My interpreter is one of the two teachers who desire to be baptized. On Saturday afternoon I give him my text, and drill him on the sermon, for his knowledge of the English is so small, I could not possibly get along without this preparatory work.

Suppose ten o'clock of last Sabbath morning has just come. About an hour ago some began to gather. Now, 80 or 90 persons are here. The Principal and teachers and a few beside take chairs. Mrs. Meacham or Miss Moulton is at the organ. I am standing at the table and my interpreter by my side. The rest are sitting upon the floor. Many are students who understand a few words of English, clad in the graceful Japanese dress. Scattered through the crowd are adults, a few Buddhist priests, who do not belong to this temple, one of whom is even taking notes. Mothers are here with their babies. We have ten hymn-books distributed among us all. We give out "I am so glad that my Father in heaven." The organ strikes up. The ladies lead in singing. As many as can get hold of a hymn-book—five or six looking on one—sing at greater or less speed, and at a greater or less remove from the right key. We kneel and pray, and with deeper feeling, because for the first time in the morning since we came, there is a Buddhist service going on simultaneously with ours, not twenty feet away. The gongs are sounding, and the priests and people are singing in a peculiarly plaintive tone, that seems to express the sadness of hope deferred—"Ah, num-num-i, num-num-i, num-num-i," &c. I do not know what this means; but if I were to interpret it by the feeling which it seems to be labouring to express, I would say it meant—"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." Oh! that the great

Master would reveal Himself to them, clad in His crimson vest, and tell them all His name. We next read the Scriptures, sing again some cheerful song of Zion, and I give out my text, which my interpreter explains in Japanese. After a few words of introduction, I expound Scripture, strive to fasten truth upon the conscience, appeal to the heart, and wind up with an earnest entreaty to my hearers to give themselves to their loving Saviour. Of course, whenever I make a point, I give opportunity to my assistant to explain to the congregation.

I may say that I never felt more at home in Canada in preaching than here, and never had I better attention, though the poor creatures, many of them, know not one word I say. And, as I gaze down into the upturned countenances and eager bright eyes of those before me, and feel how little I can do because of my ignorance of their language, I wish, but oh, how vainly, for the ancient gift of speaking with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.

I pour out my heart in a final prayer, and when I close, I could fancy myself in a Dundas prayer-meeting, surrounded by all the pillars of the Church, for "all the people"—at least a large number, and with evident feeling, too—"say Amen."

We are unspeakably thankful to be for the present, at all events, in Numadzu. Yet, you will not wonder if I say that, amid a people in dress, language, customs, and style of thought, so utterly different from ourselves, we are the subjects, frequently, of strange sensations. Such was that which we felt when Bro. Cochran left us *alone among heathen*, so utterly unfurnished for our work. Dr. McDonald had been a year in Yokohama before he went to Shidzuoka, and knew something of the language; but here were we, with only a few words, and our nearest Christian neighbour—nay, the nearest of all foreigners, Christian or otherwise—being Dr. McDonald, 37 miles away. Yet no language can express

my joy in being permitted to come and tell this people of Christ and His great salvation. There have been times when we have felt ineffable disgust at what we were compelled to witness, but the predominant feeling we have for them is profound commiseration.

But I must stop. We are anxious to hear from you and our Canadian friends. Since we reached these shores, we have received only one letter, and that was written by my dear sister only a few days after our

departure from Canada. And only one Canadian paper has come to hand, a copy of the *Guardian*, for which I had to pay 13 cents. Will you please say in the *Guardian* that our address is Numadzu.

My dear wife has not been well since we left San Francisco, but I hope after a little she will be better. We expect to get into our new house, which they are building for us in the Canadian style, by the first of January, where we shall be much more comfortable.

From the Rev. C. S. EBY, B.A., dated No. 4 Tsukiji, Tokio, Oct. 24, 1876.

After so many months of dissipating travel, and all the *et ceteras* connected with our pulling up in Canada, and our settling down here, it is really not so easy to bring one's self to the task of writing details. However, I cannot delay any longer my communication to you, and will try to do the best I can with the rust of three months' idleness on my pen and amid the profoundest household confusion.

We endured, rather than enjoyed, our journey both by land and sea, and arrived somewhat weary, travel-worn, and storm-beaten in Yokohama on the 8th of September. We were able, by the outgoing mail, only to announce the fact of our arrival, and circumstances have prevented my writing until this present mail, which leaves to-morrow or the following day. On the day of our arrival we were welcomed by our brethren, Cochran and McDonald, whom we found at the ship's side almost as soon as we cast anchor. The same evening, Bro. Cochran, myself, and family came on to Tokio, Bro. McDonald bringing the remainder of the party the following day.

On Saturday, Sept. 9th, we held the first official District Meeting of our Church in Japan, Bro. Cochran, of course, in the chair, and the brethren, after the opening of the meeting, laid upon me the honours and duties of secretary. Bro. Cochran welcomed the newly-arrived members in kind, fraternal words,

and the usual business of such meetings was then gone through. It will be interesting for you to know that the returns show an aggregate of seventy-eight baptised converts, as the tabulated result of the work of the two brethren already in the field. Another interesting act of this district meeting was the recommendation of three promising and pious young men to be received on trial for the ministry of our Church. It was thought that the time had come when our Society rules and catechism should be translated and published for the use of the Japanese converts and inquirers. This work, as well as the preparation of a suitable course of study for candidates for the ministry, was accordingly given into the hands of a committee. Many matters, peculiar to the work, here came up for discussion, and were handled in such a way as to be of benefit, at all events, to the new arrivals. When the meeting was over, the day was spent, and we closed with an earnest wish and hearty prayer that this day of small things might be the beginning of a great work for God and Japan.

The following day, Bro. Cochran's Quarterly Meeting was held: it had been postponed so as to greet our arrival. In the morning, at nine o'clock, a goodly number of worshippers met in the largest room of Bro. Cochran's house, and we felt the Master's presence while Bro. Meacham talked to us of heaven.

After the sermon, the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered to about forty persons, including the Missionaries and their families. After service, there was a great deal of greeting, and an abundance of good wishes for the newly-arrived Missionaries.

At two P.M., an interesting love-feast was held. Some of the natives spoke in English, and others in Japanese. It was a sight cheering to the heart and quickening to the faith to see so many fine young men of promise enlisting in the service of a Saviour who is as yet but little known in Japan. In the evening, a Japanese service was held, in which Brother McDonald preached. He seems to have acquired quite a command of the language of the country, and natives assure me that he speaks very correctly.

In the course of the week, Bro. M. left for Shidzuoka, and shortly afterwards Bro. Meacham and family departed for Numadzu, accompanied by Bro. Cochran and a deputation from the Numadzu Institution. But I will allow Bro. M. to give you a detailed account of his journey and interesting reception at his destination, and how the Lord has already given him fruit of his labour.

From that first week the question of a home for myself and family kept us all both busy and in suspense. We were anxious to live outside of Tsukiji, the foreign concession, for all the houses to let were in a very unhealthy locality. In order to do so, I engaged to teach in Mr. Nakamura's school for a nominal time and wage. But we had fallen on unpropitious times, and no consent could be obtained to live outside, unless on the school compound. As there was no house there, we had no alternative but Tsukiji. And there the two alternatives were: to rent in an undrained, filthy corner, or buy a most desirable property—in every way desirable—with buildings that could easily be turned into comfortable houses for both families. Said property being just at this moment available, Bro. C. and myself

felt it our duty to buy. We will thus make a call on the funds for about \$2,500 for property and repairs, but we save the Society by this step an outlay of nearly \$1,000 per annum, which would otherwise be sunk in rents. The next step, of course, will be, when the Society is able, to erect suitable houses, as the present ones cannot last many years. Here we are, any way, in our "cottage by the sea," and yet in the heart of the great city, breathing a pure and invigorating atmosphere, which already begins to tell on the appetite and larder.

As to the work itself, the interest felt in Canada in the Mission here is well placed, and, I trust, will increase more and more, and that sympathy of heart may be shown by liberality in support until the work be placed on a solid and permanent basis. God has wonderfully led our brethren, Cochran and McDonald, in their work. He has given them success, but that success, in order to become complete, must be followed up, or else the fruit will be lost, as has been the case with many a victory, which, for want of immediate advance, has been turned into a defeat.

We ought to have, within the next two years, if possible, ten or fifteen thousand dollars in land and buildings, and then the presence of two more Missionaries in this great centre of the empire. The property is needed—first, for Missionaries' homes; secondly, for a theological institute, and thirdly, for a girls' school or college.

As to the first object, nothing need be said, as every one will wish to see the Missionaries provided with a roof over their heads. As to the second, the necessity will at once be apparent when the situation is made clear, and as to the third, I will say more about it another time.

Our object here, of course, is to do the most we can for the rapid and complete evangelization of Japan. Now, it will be impossible for you to send out many more Missionaries here, and if our number

were doubled immediately, what would we be among so many millions? But God has provided a way by which the little one may become a thousand, and the morsel, being first given to the disciples, may be multiplied as it is handed out to the thousands who wait to be fed. The work of the brethren thus far has been largely amongst students and teachers, and a remarkable proportion of the converts are anxious to preach Christ, whom they have learned to love. Nearly a score are already local preachers, and more are coming on. Most of these, if the way opened for them, would become evangelists and preachers of the most promising class. They are nearly all graduates or undergraduates of the Imperial University, and some of them, of eminent scholarly attainments. They are thoroughly versed in Chinese classics and Confucian philosophy, but they are babes in Christian theology. In no country is thoroughness and depth so necessary as in Japan. Great blunders have already been made in working with half-baked clay. We fear to lay hands hastily on any man, and the very fact of their previous culture makes the further thorough training in Christian doctrine absolutely necessary before they can be entrusted with the great work of the ministry; for these men must be, to a great extent, the foundation stones of our future Church in Japan. They are poor, as they are a class peculiarly affected by the recent revolution, and if they are taught, they must also be supported. But, after suitable buildings are once provided, the expense would be poor, small, and the Japanese, though would help somewhat. We could then have a number of young men under our care all the time, and have them sent out certain months of the year in evangelistic work, until they could be entrusted with the full work of the ministry. Japan is to be taken by *evangelistic* work, and the sooner we are at it the better. Now, what's to be done? May God open some generous heart or

hearts to endow an institution and put this matter on a sound basis—\$5,000 would effect the purpose, purchase land, build suitable houses, school-room, and lodgings. But, in the meantime, we hope to obtain a grant from the Educational Society to help our incipient "School of the Prophets."

The work here is one of perennial interest. Take last Sunday, for instance. Nine o'clock, English service. I talked to the intelligent congregation for a time, and then we had class-meeting; nearly every one remained. Nearly all that spoke were students, and they spoke in English, somewhat broken as a rule, but they evidently knew what they were talking about, and spoke in a remarkably clear and pointed manner. The afternoon service is held at 2 P.M., but while we were at dinner a party of gentlemen came. Mr. C.'s teacher, himself not yet a Christian, had brought a Japanese musician to hear the imported tunes, and so some time is spent with him, singing both English and Japanese hymns. The good man was greatly interested, and remained, of course, for service. They drop in one after another, until quite a number are there. Among them is a naval officer of position, who has now come regularly several weeks. He bought a copy of Luke in Japanese, collects his family now at home, reads to them, and tells them what he hears at the service. Just as the service ends, a whole batch of strangers come in. One after another, several young men make a short impromptu address for their benefit. After service, we remain to converse with two fine young men who desire baptism, and then want to preach. And so it goes on.

Bro. C. will soon be in Tsukiji, too. We will, however, still keep the English service at Mr. Nakamura's school. We are trying to rent a house in two other parts of the city for Japanese services. We hope to increase the number of these places until we dot the city with them and keep the thing a-going all the time.

One great advantage of our living here, and having our own property, is that we both have the *whole* of our time for direct Missionary work, instead of expending time and energy

on the mere routine of teaching the rudiments of English.

May God greatly prosper the Church at home, and give successful Missionary Meetings everywhere.

From the Rev. DR. MACDONALD, dated Shidzuoka.

Our services are regularly held and well attended. Since writing you, twelve persons have received baptism. Five of them were young ladies of Mrs. McDonald's school. At present, one of the higher officials of the local Government is a candidate for baptism. He has charge of the educational affairs of the Province. The term of candidature is three months, and should he continue firm in his desire to become a Christian, he will receive baptism about the first of December. The local Government

will open their hospital the 23rd inst., which I shall attend in connection with, and as a part of my Missionary work. I have, therefore, closed the dispensary in my house. My school will remove, to-morrow, to a building within the hospital grounds. I went to Yokohama to meet the Missionaries. We are greatly pleased at their coming. Mr. Meacham has commenced work at Numadzu. It is a great pleasure to have neighbours, even though distant thirty-seven and a-half miles.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From the Rev. WM. POLLARD, Chairman of the District, dated New Westminster, September 19th, 1876.

BROTHER Bryant is away to the California Conference, now being held at Stockton, for ordination. I think I mentioned to you that I wrote to Bishop Peck, who informed me that it was not in his power to ordain Brother Bryant, as the candidate for orders must be a member of one of their Annual Conferences. Bishop Harris, who passed through Victoria a few days before our District Meeting, remarked to Brother Russ that Bishop Peck was mistaken—that if Brother Bryant could attend the California Conference, he would ordain him, provided that he presented a certificate of eligibility. I immediately telegraphed to the Bishop, and received a favourable reply. Brother Bryant left by the first boat. This arrangement suited all parties, and will save the Committee from three to four hundred dollars, besides Brother Bryant's time. Brother Turner is supplying for him.

I fully sympathize with your views with regard to our brethren returning home. I think that no man should be sent to this district who is not willing to remain as long as he has health. I hope that in future suitable men will be found in this country who will have no claim to return.

Martin is a promising young man, and well suited to our work. His preaching ability is quite above par. He supplies Maple Ridge and Langley on the Sabbath, and studies during the week. He is making good progress both in his books and in his Mission work. The Mission raises more than \$125, which is all he has to support him. He lives in a small school-house in the parsonage garden, and boards himself in the cheapest way. I wish the Committee could make a grant of one hundred dollars to Maple Ridge, &c.

Wellwood (formerly at Klineburg) is the young man to whom you refer. His health was very much improved

by coming to this country. His heart was still in the work, and he wished to make another trial. He was employed by the chairman to supply Maple Ridge, &c.; but his health soon failed. He is now working at the carpentry business at Nanaimo, and is doing well.

Sam Sing, the first-fruit of our Chinese Mission School, is studying with me for the ministry. He is a gifted young man, and has many qualifications for a public speaker. He is fluent and full of fire. His style of speaking is figurative and impressive. He is studying the English language, which, of course, is hard for a foreigner. He is supporting himself by washing and ironing. He is very faithful to his studies and all the means of grace. It would be a very great advantage to him could he spend a

year with Rev. O. Gibbs, who has charge of the Mission School in San Francisco. Would the Committee appropriate, say, \$300 for one year for this object? Should he remain with me till March, and then spend one year with Brother Gibbs, I think he would be qualified for our Mission work. This country is being filled up with Chinamen. No other Church is in the field. Be kind enough to advise me on this matter.

I have forwarded the minutes of the Financial District Meeting. I hope the Committee will grant all that is asked for. The brethren, should they get their full allowance, are not as well paid as they would be in Ontario. The Presbyterian ministers receive \$2,000, if married, \$1,500 if single. Living will cost, in this country, one-third more than in Ontario.

From the Rev. CORNELIUS BRYANT, dated Nanaimo, Nov. 8th, 1876.

My last communication, written from San Francisco, California, informed you of my ordination as elder at the California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Stockton, by Bishop Harris on Sabbath, September 17th.

This kind office, on the part of Bishop Harris, deserves the thanks of our Missionary Society, whose funds must have been thereby saved to the amount of, I suppose, \$250, at least: *i.e.*, the cost of travel from California to Ontario and back, had I gone to Toronto for ordination as was originally intended. The Bishop introduced me to the Conference as a minister of the Canadian Methodist Church, and treated me with the warmest cordiality, as did many leading members of the Conference, among whom was the Rev. Thomas Guard. I took the opportunity before I left, of thanking the Bishop personally for his kindness, and assured him that it would be much appreciated by the authorities of our Church.

Upon returning to Nanaimo, I had the satisfaction to find that the work had been well cared for in

the hands of Brother Turner, who only had to supply for three Sabbaths, so that I not only saved funds, but a deal of time, by obtaining ordination in California.

NATIVE ASSISTANT.

According to instructions, and my own strong desire for some time past, Brother Cushman has begun to "itinerate" among his people. Owing to the prevalence of small-pox among the Victoria and New Westminster Indians, I thought it prudent not to send him near either of those places, but in an opposite direction. So his first journey was rather a "tough" one at this season of the year, for as there had been repeated requests for Brother Cushman to visit the Indians at Barclay Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, since his visit last year, we sent him there. This means a canoe voyage 40 miles to the north, up the east coast of Vancouver Island, and a part of the Gulf of Georgia, where there are but few islands to serve as a breakwater, as between here and Victoria. Thus the trip is frequently tedious and

stormy for small craft. But we will let Brother Cushman speak for himself. He gave me the following

REPORT

entirely from memory, and I give it you nearly verbatim; *i.e.*, substituting, in places, English for Chinook. Brother Cushman says:—

Oct. 16th, Monday.—Left Nanaimo in canoe, with wife, two of my children, and two Barclay Sound Indians who were returning to their home with me. Wind in the Gulf too strong. Obligated to camp at Noo-noos, about 12 miles north of Nanaimo.

17th, Tuesday.—Sailed again, and reached Quallicum, about 40 miles north of Nanaimo; this being the point where the trail commences which leads across to Barclay Sound on west coast. Camped at Quallicum for the night.

18th, Wednesday.—Travelled overland towards Barclay Sound; but only reached Horn Lake, about seven miles distant, when the weather became so wet and stormy that we had to camp there, and remain all night.

19th, Thursday.—Crossed lake and the mountain pass (the central range of Vancouver Island). Trail bad. Arrived at Barclay Sound at 6 p.m. Was welcomed very much by the Indians. The chief was especially kind, and embraced me as though I had been his son. He gave me the best accommodation he had, to show his respect for a servant of Christ.

20th, Friday.—Up early. Held service at 9 a.m. Present, 47. Preached about Noah and the deluge; but when I finished the people would not leave, as they wanted to hear more. So I had to begin again, and spoke about Adam, and how sin came into the world; and altogether the service lasted, probably, until 3 p.m. (Brother Cushman, not having a time-piece, could only guess the time.)

At 7 p.m. held another service, attended by 28 persons. Many of those at the earlier service having

come from a distance, had returned home before dark. I preached about the Saviour's conversation with the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well.

21st, Saturday.—Went up river to a village five miles distant, and preached in the afternoon. Subject: Abraham and his covenant. Twenty-seven present. The chief made me a dinner, the best in his power, which consisted entirely, and alone, of salmon. But the salmon was good, and also the water we drank with it; so we ate and drank with thankfulness. On my return in the evening, met seven Indians, and preached to them; the rest of the tribe being away from home fishing.

22nd, Sabbath.—Preached in the forenoon to 74. Subject: David and Goliath. Great attention. After service, several came to me and expressed their admiration of David's character. We did not get through the service until the afternoon, however, when the time drew near for the Indians from a distance to return home.

About half-past four p.m., held another service, and preached about Jacob's ladder. Spoke about one hour. Present, 48.

Was much blest in secret prayer with God, in the bush, just before retiring to rest.

23rd, Monday.—Started early on my return trip, accompanied by my family and two west coast Indians.

Reached Horn Lake, but as it rained heavy we camped there, and I had to keep up the camp fire all night.

24th, Tuesday.—Arrived at Quallicum; but it was too stormy to sail for Nanaimo.

25th, Wednesday.—Sailed; but only made four miles, when the storm was so strong we were obliged to go ashore and camp. Met a canoe with northern Indians and a white man camped there. The white man kindly lent me a tent for the use of myself and family. (I have since provided Brother Cushman with canvas enough to enlarge his canoe sail, so that it will also serve for a tent.) Held service at night.

26th, Thursday.—Storm-bound all day.

27th, Friday.—Toiled against a head wind, and reached Noo-noos.

28th, Saturday.—Sailed early, and reached Nanaimo at half-past three p.m. Glad to get home for the Sabbath's services.

I give you this as a fair sample of the kind of work Brother Cushman is now doing; for at the present time, in similar weather to that above described, Brother Cushman is coasting along among the various tribes at their respective villages and fishing grounds to the southward, as far, perhaps, as Brother Sexsmith's Mission, and carrying thither the message of salvation.

Brother Cushman met, at Barclay Sound, some Indians from Nootka Sound, who urged him to go thither and preach to their tribe. They said they could muster a congregation of 500. Very likely he may go as far north as that, upon his visit to the west coast, next summer, and at the same time, if possible, I intend to accompany Brother Cushman as far as Barclay Sound, in answer

to urgent requests from the Indians, who want their children baptised. I may then (D.V.) be able to report more intelligently concerning the prospects of our work at that most western point of our Mission.

In reviewing the date of Brother Cushman's journal above, it was a pleasing coincidence, and also an inspiring thought, that, while at Ottawa—the centre of the Dominion—the cause of our Master was being established and consolidated in the dedication services of the noble Dominion Methodist Church, Brother Cushman, at the westerly verge of the Dominion, close by the mighty waters of the Pacific, was planting the same cause, and, in an Indian wigwam was telling of Him, whose kingdom shall

“Stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.”

In my own work in the city, I was never more busy, especially in pastoral visitation, as we have had an unusual amount of sickness of late, and two of our people have died.

From the Rev. THOS. CROSBY, dated Fort Simpson, Nov. 1st, 1876.

As we are closing our last mail for this year, I feel that I must give you a few more items, although I have written you so recently. I think I told you in my last letter how our way had been opened to the Stickeen Indians, about 160 miles north of us, at Wrangel, Alaska Territory. Some of our young men working there had commenced to hold services, and upwards of three hundred were in attendance, and the work became so promising that I made a visit there about a month ago. I preached in a large Indian house to a crowd of people, the Captain of the garrison and many other white men attending. A subscription was made towards putting up a building for church and school, and near \$500 were subscribed. I left two young men there to carry on the work, and they write me that there are fifty attending a school they have begun. Now I

have no doubt but you will say that we cannot commence a Mission in Alaska Territory. I know that, but what can we do, we must help to save souls, when we have an opportunity, no matter where found, and I am hoping that some whole-souled Missionary from the United States may be led to take up the field.

Could you not write to some one of the Mission Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the subject? I am writing to them and requesting that any further information that may be desired, be obtained of Gen. Howard, Portland, Oregon, in whose military district Fort Wrangel is situated, and who has already interested himself in the matter. In the meantime I shall do all I can through our men to keep the work going.

A word about home and I will close. Our church is finished at last,

and we intend opening it next Sunday. I had hoped we should have some one to help us in the dedicatory services, but, no, we have had to work alone, and we are still to go on alone. But God is with us, blessing us at every step, so, confidently, we do what we find to do.

In our own country there are many calls. The Naas people have asked and asked again for a Missionary. I go to visit them (D. V.) next week. There are four bands of these Indians within about 30 miles, including, it is said, not less than 1,500 people. Then to the south of us is the Skeena River, with a similar number. Why is it that we cannot get more help where the field is so large and so ripe for harvest? I fear that if something is

not done speedily, these opportunities may pass forever.

Last night we had a meeting to raise more money, hoping that the amount asked for by the District Meeting to finish the church might be thereby lessened. Our poor people went to work with a will, and I have seldom been in a more spirited Missionary Meeting. There were speeches and singing, and then came the subscription, which ran up to near \$400, most of it paid on the spot.

I hope soon to send you a complete account of our expenditure.

Pray for us, that many souls may be saved during the coming winter. Miss Knott is at her work with cheerfulness and zeal. All well.

From the Rev. CHAS. TATE, dated Chilliwack, August 30th, 1876.

Your Mission among the Indians at Chilliwack may be said to be in a healthy condition. Among the many auxiliaries to our success is the annual camp-meeting. This special means of grace has, from year to year, been an honoured instrument in God's hands in bringing many souls "to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus."

The annual camp-meeting began on the old ground at Chilliwack, on Wednesday, May 31st. The first service was announced for 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening. It was a union meeting of Indians and whites. The attendance of Indians was very large. They were present from Nanaimo, Chemainus, Victoria, New Westminster, Sumas, Chilliwack, Popcum, and Nootsack, W. T., and at this first meeting our numbered the whites in the proportion of three to one. In the union fellowship meeting of Thursday afternoon, several interesting reminiscences of the Maple Bay Camp-meeting were recounted; among others, the conversion of Captain John, of Kultus Lake, who was now present, who there, as he expressed it, buried his old heart in the ground, and left there his old ways.

It may be remembered that Cap-

tain John, with two others, who were converted at the same time, were the commencement of this Mission. Bro. Crosby, who laid the foundation, laboured here with great success in the midst of heathenish superstition and ignorance, and the semi-heathenism of popery.

On entering into Bro. Crosby's labours, two years ago, I found four appointments, three churches, and a membership of 54. Since that time I have built two churches, and taken up six additional appointments. We now have five churches, ten appointments, and a membership of 145. This gives me 65 miles more of travel, and makes my circuit about 100 miles in length. Three of the above appointments are in Washington territory. At one of these appointments we have a class of 26 members, four of whom are whites. The way in which these appointments were taken up was rather extraordinary. Two young men (Indians) hearing of a camp-meeting at Chilliwack, and not having any idea as to what it meant, determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly, they left their homes at Nootsack, and made their appearance on the camp-ground at the commencement of the meeting.

They were greatly astonished at the procedure, but were present at every meeting. The Spirit of the Lord took hold of them, and they returned to their homes converted men. Their spirit of happiness was so great they could not but communicate to their friends what the Lord had done for them !

This was the commencement of a blessed revival, which is yet going on. Now the question arises whether we can count those as members who are not in British territory? There is not a minister of any denomination who can reach those people.

The way has been providentially opened up for a glorious work ; we believe that work to be the Lord's. Shall we then let a territorial line present itself as a barrier when the command is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?"

Your Missionary feels himself overtaxed at times, and could appreciate the help of a native assistant. I think, for \$100 a year, a man "full of zeal and the Holy Ghost" might be found, who would devote the greater part of his time in working for his fellow-men.

BERMUDA.

To the Members of the Central Missionary Board.

VERY DEAR BRETHREN,

We have thought it a duty which we owe to our Church and the cause of vital godliness throughout these islands, to bring before you a few facts and suggestions relative to our position, and the necessities of the work entrusted to our care.

Our people consist of three classes, Whites, Coloured, and the Naval and Military. Our white civilians are the only class from whom we receive any measure of financial support. The coloured people are generally poor, though they compose a large element in our congregations. The Naval and Military classes are always undergoing some change, and, therefore, cannot be depended upon for aid to any extent. To the coloured race, as well as our soldiers and sailors, our services are purely Missionary. For this work, which lies to a great extent outside of our regular duties, we receive no remuneration here, with the exception of small Grants from the Colonial Treasury and the Naval Department. The former is likely to be cut off altogether within a few months.

No effort has been made to secure Grants for Army work, though our services to the military are numerous and increasing. Whether such

application should be made, is a question for the Missionary Board to consider.

Our relation to the Missionary Board is at present such as to shut us out from the special consideration and counsel which we constantly require. There are interests involved in our work which are purely Missionary, and ought to have the supervision of our Missionary authorities. We mention a few of these : -

1. We are surrounded by a large population of coloured people, for whose education the Colony is doing nothing of any value. Schools among these are as necessary as among the negroes of the West Indies, or the Indians of the Northwest. At present we have no instructions which would justify such an attempt ; and we have no means for the purpose excepting such as can be obtained by private appeals, which really interfere with our Missionary contributions.

2. The Military are so distant from our regular congregations that they are often disheartened from marching thither in the hot weather. Having no way of furnishing them with the means of grace in their own vicinity, as do the Episcopal clergymen, we are continually losing our influence

over this very interesting class. We have numbers of soldiers in our classes, but they would be increased largely if we had a man to attend to their interests.

3. The Naval work is necessarily much neglected. This is the chief naval station in America. There are many Methodists among the crews of our war-ships; while in the dock-yard, the number of our adherents is very considerable, and quite intelligent. To this branch of our Missionary work we cannot give half the time it really needs. We are consequently brought to the conviction, after very careful consideration, that two things should be done, if Bermuda is to be properly worked.

The islands should be directly under the control of the Missionary

Board, still retaining their intermediate relation to the Nova Scotia Conference.

An additional man should be sent here, set apart entirely to military and naval work.

This might involve additional expenditure; but it will be seen, by a comparison of figures, that the amount of money now raised in Bermuda for ministerial support, and as Missionary contributions, exceeds the outlay. So that, with an additional man even, bringing us increased support here, Bermuda would still, in all probability, be self-sustaining.

In behalf of the Ministers and Officials of the Methodist Church in Bermuda.

W. C. BROWN, *Secretary.*

RED RIVER DISTRICT.

WE give an extract from the last communication of the Rev. E. R. YOUNG, just on the eve of his leaving Beren's River and the Indian work, in which he has been successfully engaged for eight years. Considering the large outlay for Mission premises at this place, it will be gratifying to realize the expectation cherished, that the surplus Indian population will settle at Beren's River instead of the Society being put to the expense of beginning and maintaining a new Mission at Fisher River, which our most recent information leads us to fear will have to be done. The account of the religious services is encouraging, and cause of thankfulness.

Last Sabbath was, perhaps, the most interesting and encouraging one we have spent on this Mission. Our place of worship was crowded, yet many had to remain outside. Some of the old Indians, who, in spite of our pleadings, had clung to their paganism, renounced it on that day in a most emphatic manner. Seven of them, after been questioned as to their thorough renunciation of their old superstitions, and of their present faith in Christ, were then and there baptized.

At the afternoon service several

more were baptized, among them an old man, perhaps, seventy years of age, with his wife and grandchild. He had never been inside a Christian sanctuary before. He had just arrived from the vast interior eastward of this place, the country I visited under so many difficulties last April.

This old Indian brought down with him the Bible and Hymn-book which I had given him months ago. He stated, that although he could not read them very well, yet he kept them close to him by day, and under

his pillow by night, and tried to keep in his memory all he had heard of what was written in them.

I have been teaching the school myself for months, as my faithful Timothy is poorly; and among the forty scholars attending I have not a more attentive pair than this old Indian and his wife. Seated on the ground, with Evans' syllabic characters marked out with a pen on a piece of paper in their hands, and the Bible open on the grass before them, they are striving hard to read fluently, in their own language, the wonderful works of God. If this old man had presented himself for baptism a little better clothed we would have been pleased. All he had on was a dirty cotton shirt and a pair of short leggings. However, as such fashions abound here, his appearance created no remark, but all were deeply moved at his coming forward and so emphatically renouncing his old paganism.

The sacramental service of the same day was also one of great interest, as several new members, baptized a few months ago, were

admitted to the Lord's table for the first time. In two instances the decided stand for Christ, taken by women, have led to the conversion of their husbands. Until lately they were careless, reckless men; but they have now come and declared that they are convinced that the religion of their wives is better than the old, and they desire to have it, too. Thus the work goes on; but oh, how slowly. When shall the time arrive when "nations shall be born in a day?"

I think it still possible for us to get, as I have all along desired, our surplus people from Norway House to Beren's River or Pigeon River. I have got a few families of them at Beren's River already, and if they act wisely the rest will come. A great deal depends upon the brethren. If they act judiciously and warily, the whole can be saved to us, and the additional expense of another Mission saved. There are adverse influences at work to which I shall not here refer, but intend to in another way.

From the Rev. J. SEMMENS, dated Beren's River, Sept. 22nd, 1876.

It seems but proper that I should avail myself of the first opportunity afforded, after things are properly in motion at my new station, to make you acquainted with the present condition and prospect of our affairs.

First of all, let me acknowledge, with much compliment to my predecessor, the prosperous condition of outside matters. Everything has been prepared ready to the hand of the new comer. Trees lie prostrate in the forest, ready dried, for fall gathering and winter use.

Stacks of hay, here and there, suggest a provision for the wants of the stall, when the grass is dry and dead. The well-filled garden would gladden the eyes of any vegetarian; and no botanist could wander among the flower-rows without becoming enthusiastic over the variety, the fragrance, and the beauty.

The root-yield is an abundant one,

and will supply the wants of the entire Mission party throughout the long, long winter that's to come. Little now remains to be done but the gathering of the crops, the plastering of the school-house and barn, and the inevitable fall fishery; then we are free to look after interests of greater moment, with nothing secular to hasten or retard.

I cannot fail to refer, briefly, to the satisfying condition of affairs within. Everything, high or low, is scrupulously neat and clean. Mrs. Young must have worked hard and long to have left all in such perfect order, and she deserves a higher meed than this simple acknowledgment.

Spiritually speaking things are not all that I could wish. Doubtless my predecessor felt this keenly too; but the material he had to work on was so crude, and the machinery which supplemented his personal ef-

forts was so inadequate, that success was not so uniform, and thorough, and universal, as his sanguine heart could have desired. There is great need for labour, faith, and prayer ere many of these people will have attained to, even comparative, maturity in things spiritual and divine. But there's a sound of an abundance of rain. A prayer-meeting has been organized to fill up the week's gap, and a class-meeting has been added to the services of the Sabbath. All the meetings are well attended. One more has joined the Church. The members are feeling in earnest.

Already we have heard the cry, "God be merciful to me," and we are trying to look up for a great blessing.

"O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!"

Am delighted with my new field of labour. I think it as fine a post as there is in our Mission domain, and I hope I may be enabled, to some extent at least, to fill the place of my beloved brother, the Rev. E. R. Young.

From the Rev. J. H. RUTTAN, dated Rossville, 14th November, 1876.

I am just getting over a violent attack of rheumatic fever, which was at its worst last week; the pains in my bones were sometimes excruciating. This was brought on by the violent storms, cold, and damp weather which we encountered on our return trip, with our interpreter, this fall, bringing him out from Red River.

We had a long and dreadfully stormy passage, coming out: being four weeks from Red River here. The autumn gales caught us when only about a quarter of the way home, and the snow, and rain, and cold made it a miserable trip indeed. I caught a severe cold at Cat-Fish Creek, which turned into a violent fever at the Lobstic Island, when my cough ceased and the cold settled in my bones. I spent one night in agony at the Lobstic Island, and have not had a day free from pain till last Saturday afternoon; since which I have been comparatively free, though weak from the fever. However, I will not burden you with my aches and pains.

The Lord has been gracious unto us since I wrote you last, and our labours have not been in vain, though we earnestly desire to see greater spiritual life and activity manifest among our people than there is.

Death has again been in our midst, and two have fallen, since I wrote

you last; both were old and faithful members of the Church. The first who died was a widow, said to be over an hundred years old. She had been for some time in her second childhood, and quietly fell asleep—"the weary wheels of life stood still." The other only died last week. He was, for a long time, an assistant leader, and his consistent life ever made his influence for good powerful. He was looked up to as a sort of patriarch among us.

He was too feeble to get to our last sacramental service, so I gave him the sacrament the following Sunday.

He was then very feeble, scarce able to speak, not able to say what he wished, but his actions showed that the Spirit was working in his heart.

He earnestly longed to be with Jesus; there to behold His glory, and receive the crown of life. A few months ago, he saw a vision of the glorious ones who surround the throne. His description of what he saw was full of interest, and I regret that I cannot now reproduce it. The description of the crown he saw was something like this: "The lower band was of gold, and full of stars, bright stars; and they were constantly moving through each other in all directions. Then above this was a band of silver, full of bright stars moving in various directions, similar to the lower band; then the top was

full of flowers, and all was radiant with light."

After I gave him the sacrament, he only lived ten days. I was laid up with the rheumatic fever at the time of his death. On Wednesday morning they sent me word that he was dying. I sent my interpreter over at once, to be with him till I could come. I then got out of bed, and wrapped and muffled myself up, and started to see him; but met my interpreter, who said that he was dead before he got there. My first thoughts were: another light has been taken away, but his consistent life still shines in the memory of those who knew him. "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

There are two others brought very low by sickness: a young woman, in the bloom of life, has the quick consumption, and her stay with us cannot be long. She is fully resigned to the Lord's will concerning her. She did not wait till sickness came before beginning to serve the Lord; but after she was confined to her bed, she earnestly sought for a deeper work in her heart. The Lord has granted her desire, and now she waits the Master's call, longing to be at rest.

The other sick one was named after John Wesley, when baptized, and is now near the brink of the river, waiting to cross over. I have just been in to see him; he says his soul is all right with God, and he wants to keep very close to Jesus, or to have Jesus very close to him, even to the end.

I must now fully explain to you the reason why our people did not get away to their Reserve at Fisher River, last summer, as they had fully intended.

Their plan was to start at once after they received their annuities from Government, which were to have been given them last July. But the Commissioner did not get here as soon as they expected. About the time they were looking for him, John Oseememow, one of our people, wrote a letter, advising the Chief to send his councillors to Fisher's River, to

examine the land, as he believed the place proposed for the Reserve to be unfit for settlement; and that the Indians would be better off where they were than at Fisher River.

They had a council, and at once sent two men, James Cochrane and Charles Papasekwanape, two councillors, to examine the proposed Reserve. They were detained by contrary winds, and they did not get back for four weeks.

During this time, the Commissioner came and gave them their gifts, only a short time after they had started to examine the place.

When the men returned, they brought back a glowing account of the place. After they had dwelt long and elaborately in describing the advantages and good qualities of the Reserve, they emphatically wound up by saying, "that place is so good we can't tell you how good it is."

Of course, they were then very sorry that they had not gone at once, after the treaty-money, etc. was received, as they intended doing. But it was then too late in the season to think of starting to winter there; so they are compelled to remain where they are till the coming spring.

I sent George Garrioch to Cross Lake, last August. In the Treaty, the Government promised to give them a teacher, when they asked for one, and they did this when their annuities were given them last August. I have not made any definite arrangement as to what he is to have for his services, only it is understood that he is to get \$300 a year.

In my last, I referred to an incident which happened last July, which I now copy from my journal.

Saturday, 29th July. Got Willie Moar to go over with us to the Fort. On our way back, we stopped at Robison's Point, where there was an Indian going through with some of his conjuring performances. We left Miss Batty in the skiff, and Willie Moar and I went ashore, to see what was up. I went into the tent, where the noise was, and there was a conjurer with his rattler (a fruit can, with a stick perpendicularly through it for

a handle, and partly filled with shot), which he was furiously shaking, and making most unearthly, hideous noises. I laid my hand upon him saying, "Chaskwa, chaskwa, akwaney, akwaney," which means stop, stop, that's enough, that will do; but all to no purpose. I then threw some brush upon the coals of fire, and made a light, as it was dark in the wigwam; this he put out; and picked up a coal, about the size of a hickory nut, or a little larger, which he put in his mouth; all the time shaking his rattler, and making his unearthly, whining, groaning, and indescribable sort of noise. This coal of fire gave the old conjuror the appearance of an infernal spirit. I suppose the devil himself would look not unlike that horrible sight. The tent was dark, and the coal in his mouth sent forth rays of light, his mouth was opened to its full extent, his eyes glared in the darkness, and had I not seen him put the fire in his mouth, I would have thought him breathing out fire from within. Then, to crown all, he turned full and square upon me, and breathed out the fire upon me, as though he was going to devour or engulf me at once. "That spectre haunts me still."

He then turned to the other side of the tent, or wigwam, and went over his incantations. The light shone from his mouth on the wigwam, and his groans, and cries, and trembling voice made, upon the whole, the most unearthly affair I ever witnessed; to describe fully, is beyond my power.

Just at this juncture I began to sing

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood."

And as I sung, the noise became weaker and weaker, fainter and fainter, till it died out, and only a spasmodic shake of the rattler remained of the infernal performance.

After the thing entirely ceased, I called in my interpreter, who was afraid and stayed out and away from the wigwam, while I was within. I

had to go and bring him in. I then found that there were three sick children there, and that he was going over his incantations to cure them. I also found that this conjurer was one with whom I had a conversation only a few days before, when he said he knew that he was wrong. He said this was one thing he felt to be very bad in himself: that his children should become Christians before him, when he knew that Christianity was right, and that he should be an example to his children, and should have been the first to become a Christian; but they had done this good thing before him. I urged upon him, at that time, that he should cast away his sins, to forsake his evil ways, and resolve fully to become a praying man; and, as they appropriately express it, "walk in the ways of the true religion."

He said, he wished to wait another year. I spoke plainly to him of the uncertainty of life, and before another year would return he might drop into everlasting torments. I pressed the matter home to his conscience, and he promised he would give this matter a serious and careful consideration, but made no definite promise. Then, to think that only a few days after this conversation I should meet him in the above-described condition, would almost discourage one!

Well, to return, I told him I was sorry to find him engaged in this miserable performance. I said it was exceedingly displeasing to God, and grievous in His sight. And that if his children were sick, he should pray to the Lord, who is the giver of life, for his children. I said that it was out of pure love to his soul that I had come in at this time to talk and pray with him, and that my soul went out after him to do him good. He said he was very glad to see me, as I had come to see him and talk with him and pray for him. After some further conversation, I sang a hymn and prayed both for him and his sick children. After prayer, I again urged him to leave off his conjuring, any way, even though he did not choose to become a Christian.

He said, if I would give him something to wear, he would forever give up his conjuring. I did not know what he meant; I thought he wanted some kind of a trinket, which would act as a charm to keep off the evil spirits, and so I asked him what he wanted. He then said he wanted clothing, and that if I would give him something he would never conjure again.

Though contrary to my principles in one sense, but not in another—for I consider that the service of God should be chosen out of pure love to God and a desire to serve him, without any temporal inducement, whatever,—but if a servant of Satan can be enticed from his service, I have no objections to give such servants a reward for their unfaithfulness to Satan.

Well, I told him I would do so, and took him at his word. So I took off the coat I had on, and gave it to him. This he accepted very gladly, and we shook hands over the bargain; and, what is unusual, we “both made the best of the bargain.” He, as having escaped from a galling, and what must be a most painful performance; and I, as having, in some measure, crippled one of Satan’s most active servants.

When an Indian makes a promise, and shakes hands over it, you may depend on that promise being sacredly kept. So I left him, and came home coatless, but amply repaid for the horrid sight I had witnessed and passed through, by a consciousness of having gained a victory on Satan’s ground.

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From the Rev. O. GERMAIN, Oxford House.

DURING the last summer we have received twenty-nine in all from the ranks of Paganism. There is, as far as I can judge, a deep and earnest feeling in many hearts, which I trust will become still more earnest and deep.

I had a pleasant trip to Island Lake (150 miles), and have just returned. I was very much cheered and pleased to find that much of the seed scattered two years ago had taken deep root, and will, I believe, bring forth fruit. This was my third and most profitable visit. Eleven adults and several children were baptized, and several marriages consecrated. We have now about fifty members there altogether. They are very ignorant, but are anxious to know the way of truth; and are trying to know and to do all the will of God.

Their language is a mixture of Salteaux and Cree, so that I had previously employed, as interpreter, a young man who knew that peculiar dialect. I had intended to do the same this year; and, as he was a H. B. Co.’s servant, had, before starting, asked and obtained permission to employ him as usual. I had seen him but a short time before in pretty good health. You may judge of my sur-

prise and sorrow when, on landing, I was told that he had just been buried. He was a kind, good young man, greatly beloved by the Indians, and, I hope, obtained an entrance into the “rest” which remaineth to the people of God.” “Johnny,” as the Indians always called him, during the past year or two had been trying, so far as he could, to tell his Indian friends how to be good. Surely he will not lose his reward.

But we were left without an interpreter; and what were we to do? Return home without striking a blow? No, we must not do that; we must do something. I had a man with me who had previously lived at Island Lake, and, therefore, knew the language; he also knew the Cree. So Joseph and I set to work. I would speak as well as I could for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then he would repeat the substance of it to the people.

I am glad to be able to say, that I shall not require the services of an interpreter any more, so the grant for that purpose may be discontinued from the first day of July of this year. I am far from being thoroughly master of the language, but I think I shall be able to make myself understood.

From the Rev. W. R. MORRISON, dated Woodlands, October 13th, 1876.

Immediately upon the arrival of the Rev. J. F. German in Winnipeg, I left for my present field of labour, Poplar Point and Woodlands. Found the people rather anxiously awaiting my arrival, as Bro. Walton was obliged to leave the field some time previous to prepare for his journey to Victoria. I have found it necessary to make sundry changes in the work, such as the division of classes and appointing of new leaders, not so much on account of the overcrowded character of these classes as the inconvenience of the places of meeting for many of the members. I have also appointed stewards at the several appointments and organized a Quarterly Board consisting of six leaders and four stewards. We expect to have two official meetings during the year, one at Poplar Point in November, and one at Woodlands in May, deeming these two sufficient for the transaction of our business. I hope by the organization of this Board, &c., to lay a good foundation for others to build upon.

At the request of several people, I have re-opened an appointment at Porteous, in Woodlands, and find that the people turn out well, and seem anxious to hear the Word, although said to be a hard class. At Poplar Heights we have nine members; but no class has heretofore been organized there. I have organized one which I meet after my fortnightly service. I also gave them a Sacramental Service last month, which

they greatly appreciated, being the first enjoyed since their arrival in Manitoba. I shall soon be under the necessity of closing this appointment, as Bro. Hagerman is moving his family out to Poplar Point, but intend giving this Sabbath Service to our people at Baie St. Paul, who are anxiously looking to have more regular preaching among them. The want of a church in Woodlands is a great drawback to the success of our work there; but I am glad to say that the prospects are bright for the erection of one next year. There will doubtless be some difficulty in selecting a site agreeable to all parties; but I trust the matter will go ahead. Poplar Point is at present the most hopeful appointment on the mission. I find the half-breeds there very loyal to our beloved Methodism, and speak with the deepest gratitude of having ever heard a Methodist preacher. The names of the Rev. George Young and Matthew Robinson will long live in their memories as being the men who first led them to the Saviour. My August Quarterly Meetings were seasons of refreshing, and many bore unmistakable evidence of their faith in Christ. Special services are contemplated as soon as I get my missionary work over, and an ingathering of souls is expected. Many of our people, especially those at Poplar Point, are anxiously looking for a season of revival, which is a good sign, as I take it.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

E. D. Tillson, Esq., Tilsonburg, special for Japan	\$110 00
One who wishes well to the Missionary cause, per Rev. S. Rose—	
For Japan	\$75 00
For the Lake of Two Mountains	25 00
	100 00
Legacy of the late Sylvanus Pettit, Esq., Hallowell, Prince Edward, by his Executor, Daniel Pettit, Esq.	300 00
A Lady, Clinton, proceeds of a brooch, sold	10 00
A Thank Offering to the Lord, by a friend of, and for the Japan Methodist Missions	18 00
Total amount received from Circuits up to December 26th, 1876	\$2,588 84