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WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

CANADA CONFERENCE.

NEW SERIES.

No. III.]

MAY, 1869.

[QUARTERLY.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
Letter from the Rev. Thos. Derrick	34	Letter from the Rev. H. Steinhaur	42
Letter from the Rev. A. E. Russ...	37	Letter from the Rev. E. R. Young..	43
Letter from the Rev. P. Campbell..	38	Second letter from Rev. A. E. Russ	46
Letter from the Rev. J. McDougall	41	Domestic Mission—Notices, &c.....	48

TORONTO:

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, KING STREET EAST.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS ON THE BUSINESS OF THE MISSIONS ARE TO BE ADDRESSED
TO THE MISSION-ROOMS, TORONTO.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES,

MAX 1st, 1869.

FROM the three Foreign Districts will be found letters from the brethren laboring there, which will be read by the generous supporters of the Society with devout gratitude, and tend to increase their confidence in that Word, which, accompanied by the Spirit's power, transforms, elevates, and maketh the heart glad. Mr. Derrick's opening of the New Mission to Carriboo,—Mr. Russ' visit to the Nanaimo Indians,—Mr. E. R. Young's description of the happy death of an Indian at Norway House, and his winter visit to Nelson River, &c., will be found worthy of an attentive perusal.

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT.

Letter from the REV. THOS. DERRICK, dated Barkerville, Cariboo, Dec. 24th, 1868.

JOURNEY FROM YALE TO CARIBOO.

It is Monday morning, 7 o'clock. Fort Yale, a wonderous oblong bowl in the "everlasting hill;" said bowl filled at the bottom with the rushing Fraser—apparently without inlet or outlet—as though it had burst from the waters that are "under the earth," and as suddenly went down to its mountain-covered ocean. You wondered when in Yale how you got there, and still more how and where you are to get out again. "The mountains have shut him in." But we are to get out, and it is starting time. A glance at our outfit says, "there's earnest work ahead." Six noble horses, clothed with massive harness; and such a carriage! A moment of pause, and a look at the mountain tops of Yale, with peaks of snow that has never left them, and we are away, and not for a few miles, but for hundreds. And who shall describe the scenery of this first day, as we wind our way around, and over, and upwards, amidst the mountains of this wonderous country, and along this still more wonderous road! Surely the energy, skill, and money that could open up this road for hundreds of miles, shall not "cave in." And here we are at the beautiful Suspension Bridge across the Fraser, and again at the Cascades, Hill's Bar, Boston Bar—famed for its gold fields; and now comes the exciting scenery from giddy heights, where "mountains are on

mountains hurled." We look, or try to look, perched midway, as we are between the mountain peak and the fearful chasms, as we are dashing on, and on,—and to travel this road once, is never to forget China Bluff, Big Canon, or Jackass Mountain, we now close the day at Lytton. Away again with early morning and the scenery still more thrilling. It is only now that we fully realise our real altitude—mountains are still over us, and the mighty Fraser looking like a silver ribbon playing in the gentle wind, away, away below. And just now the words of a gentleman to me in San Francisco, are fully felt. "You will find," said he, "the scenery of British Columbia *painfully* grand." It is even so. We rush between rocks and across chasms, with corderoy bridges connecting peak with peak—then in a moment whirl around Thompson Bluff; and there below is Thompson River, blue and beautiful—and what a contrast to the boiling soap-suds of the white Fraser! From here, as we cross the Thompson, we have a fine valley between the mountains on Cash Creek, or Bonaparte. We feed ourselves and change our horses on the banks of this river.

SINGULAR MISTAKE, AND ITS PLEASANT TERMINATION.

And now for an episode in the life of a Missionary. I did here what I had

often done before—ran ahead for the sake of health and circulation of the blood. But here the road forks, the most direct leading to *Big Bend*, and not seeing the other road I went on towards *Big Bend* for some distance; meanwhile the stage came up and turned off for Cariboo, and I was left behind. So it proved not only a *bend* but a *break* in my journey. I had to wait at Bonaparte for the next stage, which, owing to fogs, &c., did not come up for two weeks; but a good God orders or controls all such things. I was kindly, most kindly treated, and on Sunday preached in the hotel to a most attentive congregation, and they gave me a collection of \$15; and I shall never forget the emotion with which a strong man came up to me and said, "Thank you, sir; this is the first sermon ever preached here. I have not heard a sermon before for five years." May the seed sown by the way-side be blessed of the Lord! Here the news of the burning of Barkerville, Cariboo, reached me by telegram. This delay gave me an opportunity of preaching at Bonaparte Junction and Quesnel Mouth, and of forming many acquaintances by the way.

WELCOME RECEPTION—COMMENCEMENT
OF LABOUR—ERECTION OF CHURCH
AND PARSONAGE—AND PROGRESS.

I am now in Barkerville, where I arrived on the 7th of October—Brothers Sparrow and Holt meeting me. They had secured me a bed in Richfield, a mile further up the creek from Barkerville, but almost like a continuation of it. We next visited the ruins of Barkerville, and I was introduced to many friends of Methodism. The next Saturday, in concert with these beloved brethren, it was agreed to put up a house for God. I inquired about our Church built under the direction of Drs. Evans and Taylor, in 1863, if it was fit to preach in; but found that it had so entirely disappeared, that we could scarcely mark the spot where it stood. When partly wrecked some Chinamen took possession of it. Next the roof fell in, thus dislodging the Celestials; and then those who wanted fuel and lumber helped themselves, till not a vestige of the Church remained.

This was a dark state of things. The people's workshop in the street, and one grand struggle to get houses for shelter before winter. Lumber selling at \$125 per 1000 feet. But our whole-souled friends set to work, and the third day after my arrival (October 10) a subscription list was opened, and in a few minutes \$250 were subscribed. The next day I preached in the upper end of Barkerville, in what is called China Town. The place of the first sermon was a shell of a building, in course of fitting up for a cow stable. It was without windows or doors; but we must begin. Blankets took the place of windows and doors, and the house was well filled with an earnest congregation; and here for three Sabbaths we worshipped God. In the mean time our church progresses. On the third Sabbath the stalls were up in the stable and the congregation filled the stalls; the next day seven cows, the sacred number, came in. I thought of Bethlehem and the stable, and thanked God, for the sacred spot had been full at each service. On the fourth Sabbath we occupied the shell of our new church without battens, or windows, or door, but drapery hung up in stead, and here we have continued to worship, but not with the building in the same state. Every week showed progress; and at the end of eight weeks from the opening service it was finished, with the exception of a few internal fixings. We have also built a *parsonage* at the back of the Church, facing the east. The Church fronts on another street. My rooms, indeed, are under the rear of the Church, but above ground, and they have good ventilation. The Church is 30×20, with 14 feet ceiling of dressed pine lumber, and battened, and has a double floor. It has six windows, a good set of dressed pine seats, with comfortable backs, a good stove and pipes of Russian iron, a raised communion and platform, carpeted, and furnished with a respectable table and chair; four lamps, a candlestick, and a set of communion vessels.

The minister's house has three rooms, viz., bed-room, sitting-room, and kitchen. Furniture: three pine tables, two chairs, an excellent lounge, a pine bed-

stead, with good bed and bedding, a comfortable stove, and convenient bookshelves. The room occupied as a bedroom and study, has a new carpet,—worth \$20,—the gift of a kind lady, Mrs. Meacham. On the sitting-room floor are five dressed sheep skins, also the gift of a friend. These rooms have double floors and are well cottoned and papered, and I should have said that the Church is lined inside with tongued and grooved lumber to the windows, and above them cottoned and papered to the ceiling.

Our site (well chosen) is the gift of the government through the resident stipendiary magistrate, Mr. Brew. The cost of church and rooms, with furniture, is about \$1800, towards which we have raised \$1400, leaving \$400 to be provided for, of which we are not fearful. We now thank God and take courage. A class of ten members is gathered; Mr. Monro is leader, and Mr. Holt recording and church-steward, and also architect, without pay.

And now my dear brother, you will be glad to know how I am to be supported, and so shall I, more on account of the Missionary Society than my own. And now for a few sober words on this head. At the first meeting of the class I instituted weekly payments, and four dollars came in at once. Here we shall have a steady source of revenue. I shall also take regular quarterly collections for the circuit funds. The collections at the close of each sermon go towards the debt; and knowing your knowledge of Methodism, I need not argue that this is their fair and proper application till the debt is paid. Hitherto the trust has needed them all, and we wish to finish the debt as soon as possible. In eight Sabbath's, these free-will offerings sum up to \$243.87; but the people have given with the understanding that the collections should go towards the church debt. The stewards do not expect this high average to continue, but they do expect the collections to continue, and should they fall off they will still another year afford considerable aid towards the minister's allowance.

MY WORK.

Our regular means of grace are:—
Preaching every Sabbath morning and

evening. The class meets at the close of the morning service; and we have a prayer-meeting every Thursday evening. I have begun to look at other Creeks. I preached at Mosquito Creek last Sabbath afternoon, and am to preach there again a fortnight from that time. Distance, seven miles; mode of conveyance, dog-sleigh—the cheapest and safest available. We have our monthly communion; and on the first Sabbath in the year we hope to “renew the covenant.” To-morrow, being Christmas-day, I preach at 11 a.m.; and the Welsh friends hold a meeting, in their own tongue, in the afternoon. A week from to-night we expect to hold the first “watch-night” service in Cariboo. Thus we intend to “keep our rules, and not to mend them;” and raise up our Methodist usages and privileges to the good of our souls and the glory of God.

And now, my very dear brother, I thank my God and bless His name, for His smile and His aid hitherto;—for good health, and a desire to work for God—for a good house to live in—for kind brethren in church-fellowship—and for the good wishes of those who profess not religion. We have no opposition. Everywhere I am received with kindness.

I also humbly desire to thank God for good congregations. More than once the church has been so full that we have had to borrow extra seats. It is strange to look at a congregation, almost exclusively of men, and comparatively young. Some trained for the bar and some for medicine; all grades of intellect;—but, as a general rule, kind-hearted, manly, and extremely fond of reading.

I have found the brethren hearty in their co-operation. Bro. Sparrow has gone to his family, in Victoria. God bless him! I dare not say all I feel about him:—how he gave and how he worked. In Bro. Holt I have a noble steward and support, in word and deed. He is brother-in-law to the Messrs. Gibbs and Gooderham, Esqs., of Oshawa and Streetsville; R. Gardiner, Esq., of Chinguacousy; and the Rev. W. S. Blackstock. His name and associations are a guarantee that we intend to serve God by serving Methodism.

From the REV. A. BROWNING, dated New Westminster, Jan. 13th, 1869.

We were cheered much by the arrival so very opportunely of a minister for the Mines. If Bro. Derrick continues as he has begun, he will prove himself eminently fitted for the unique position so honorably assigned him. A distinguishing trait in his character is a right grasp of his work and his relation to it. Not a word of childish squeamishness as to sacrifices, &c., escaped him, but he evidently thought the church had placed honor upon him in sending him to one of the high places at its disposal. And he was right. There are sacrifices in the mission field, but the man who is always talking about them is not always the most ready to endure them. My Circuit extends, that is, the circuit I try to work, 50 miles in one direction, and 72 in another. I have four regular appointments out of the town, and with no local preacher to assist me in the supply of the same find it difficult, and in some senses unsatisfactory work. But God is blessing us; the brethren in town cheerfully do what they can, and throughout the whole extent of the circuit, I find something to cheer and encourage us. At our most distant appointment a rare case of conversion has occurred. An old man of singular natural ability, but sunk to such a depth in the "horrible pit" as to seem to command sinners almost unfathomable, was reached by the hand of sovereign mercy, and almost miraculously delivered. He at once everywhere and to everybody became a preacher of righteousness; and a wonder of grace himself, he does good as much by the evident personal change in his life, as by his fervent and peaceful conversation. Glad was I to hear that he read one of Wesley's sermons to his neighbours on watch-night, and otherwise conduced to their godly edification.

Last night we had at our prayer-meeting a young man from some sixteen miles down the river—(as the other is forty miles up)—seeking mercy; and the hope is engendered in the hearts of

God's people that he will be the first-fruits of the settlement in which he lives—his neighbours being ultimately a people saved of the Lord. At an inlet some nine or ten miles from here, we have good congregations, kind attention, and liberal support; but the influences which attach themselves to saw-mills on this coast, are peculiarly and painfully trying. I have received every countenance and kindness from the proprietors, and respectful attendance from the men; but perhaps was the Gadarene miracle repeated, Gadarene hospitality (?) might follow in its wake. Let the miracle be wrought, O God! for thy sake we can endure as well as rejoice. We have been visited in the past with much favour from on high in our town services. Reviving influences are now descending out of heaven, and the most perfect unanimity and holiest concord exist among us all. The confidence placed in me, the prayers offered for me, the kindly feelings shown me since my coming among this tried, yet faithful people, encourage me to labour, knowing that it shall not be in vain in the Lord.

Our quarterly receipts, ending in November, were the best of the year, and we hope to fully reach our estimated income. Our Missionary Meeting resulted in \$150 financially. Last year it was over \$200, but a \$100 subscriber, Brother Thomas Cunningham, has left for Nanaimo, so that virtually we are in excess of the year preceding. Our Sabbath school anniversary was a success, and notwithstanding the exodus of families the school has slightly increased in numbers. Thus we rejoice, but rejoice with trembling. Victoria is now the capital, with of course its corresponding advantages. This town is, for years to come, prevented from growth; and if experience be any guide, it may decline rather than advance. In view of all this, our mercies greatly abound, and we can confidently commit the future to the God of our past.

From the REV. A. E. RUSS, dated Victoria, Dec. 11th, 1868.

I am thankful to the God of all grace for restoring my health, though I am

yet weak from the effects of the fever, but have a good hope of soon enjoying,

under God, even better health than when I left Canada. I am also thankful for the medium of the pen; but, oh! I wish I had one hour with you both, face to face, that I might communicate with you freely and at length in relation to our church and work in this country. Be assured of one thing, I have no complaints to make either as to my appointment,—for that I accepted as from God, though a mysterious and dark hour, humanly speaking, hung over us for the space of some two weeks after our arrival, yet we believe the day is dawning, and that songs of triumph are awaiting us in the future of our labours here,—or of the church, as I find it. But I do thank God that we have a beginning, and that churches are established. Permit me to say, no Wesleyan minister can look upon our church premises in Victoria, and consider the labours of Dr. Evans, which he did with his own hands, under the circumstances, and not feel it consistent to style him, as St. Paul did Tychicus, “A beloved brother, and a faithful minister and fellow-servant in the Lord.”

The position of an “Eastern,” as we are called here in this colony, is one of *oppressive isolation*, and where one’s spirit seems to have been so suddenly left alone—alone with its joys and sorrows, for he will feel both. The ministry may be *heavy* in Canada; but it concentrates and intensifies itself here, where one feels the smallness and scatteredness of the church, while confronted with so many adverse forces. Yet we feel lightened as we confidently pray for the “free course” of the word, because the government is on the shoulders of Him who is in our midst, and “mighty to save.”

Our weakness and want of resources, and institutions to educate our youth, and minister to the scattered but increasing population of the colony, both

native and foreign, are at the very foundation of our *felt* embarrassments. Unless you provide—and the sooner the better, for it will have to be done—an Institution of learning, with a M.A. at its head, our church, by the force of circumstances, will be rifled of her youth every year. The Churches of Rome and of England have their colleges planted and operating greatly to our disadvantage. The power and elements of a fine college, such as is demanded here, are in the purses of Canadian Methodists, and, perhaps, could not be consecrated to a better object and one more urgent than that above-named. Without this seat of learning, it will be impossible to raise up an educated ministry and membership here; and we must have a native ministry raised up here also, or else involve your Missionary Society in great and increasing outlays. Those churches are not leading souls to “behold the Lamb of God,” but to behold church absurdities, rationalism, &c. The Bishop of the Catholic Church, expecting to see this colony grow and enlarge, is taking steps to build a Cathedral at a cost of not less than \$50,000. Bishop Hill, of the English Church, has just completed a large building near the Iron Church, for juvenile purposes. Thus you have an intimation of their hopes of this country.

Your appointment to Cariboo is regarded as the redemption of your character as a church, because our people here generally have thought our Conference remiss in not sending a Missionary long ago. So many of our families have husbands and sons in Cariboo, and other interests, that when they saw a Missionary on his way to Cariboo, they expressed great joy, and gave thanks to God. I fully believe that you were directed in the appointment of a Missionary to that field, and from all accounts you have made a good selection as to the man.

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

Letter from the REV. PETER CAMPBELL, dated Victoria, Saskatchewan, September 15th, 1868.

There is no regular connection between here and Red River until the winter packet comes, except by the

Company’s servants travelling from post to post; I shall, therefore, write at a venture—not knowing whether this

will reach you or not. We arrived at Victoria last Friday. Our four months' journey on the plains, though tedious, was marked by unnumbered mercies. A kind Providence graciously protected both man and beast; and at times our deliverances were so manifest, that all felt the Lord to be our defence. Once, when in the vicinity of the Red River Settlement, a fearful tornado passed over our encampment, destroying life and property. Twice the lightning proved fatal to parties in the neighbourhood where we had pitched our tents. Rivers have been crossed, and hundreds of miles of uninhabited plains traversed; but in the midst of all our loneliness and helplessness, the Lord was our protector.

A Canadian cannot withhold his astonishment that a country so well calculated for agricultural development should, under the banner of enterprising Britain, continue a wild waste. At Red River, though the grasshopper had been very destructive, and the mode of farming most primitive, yet both soil and climate promise a great future. We met parties from the Presbyterian Mission, located near Fort Carlton, carrying samples of wheat to Red River, as good as the best produced in the New Dominion. At Victoria, the crops are excellent. Brother McDougall had one acre of wheat much better than any I have seen in Canada. Now that these western adventurers will have plenty of seed, we may expect more of the staff of life. Our Canadian friends have been most favourably impressed with the appearance of the Saskatchewan. Plenty of room out here for the thousands of young Canadians who find it difficult to procure a home in the fatherland. As a missionary, I have been encouraged by what I have witnessed amongst the inhabitants of this country. Great was the contrast between Bro. McDougall's two Cree boys, and the wild savages we frequently met with on the plains. At Red River, we saw the fruits of missionary effort at Norway House, and in the Saskatchewan. Parties who had been brought to God at these distant points, and whose business had brought them into the settlement, presented a striking con-

trast with the unchristianized natives. Last Sabbath, I had the privilege of preaching to an interesting congregation in the Mission Church at Victoria. Bro. J. McDougall interpreted. I felt I was amongst my own people; the song of praise, first in English and then in Cree; the converted white man sitting side by side with his brother of the plains; the hearty "Amen," with the tear that trickled down many a sunburnt cheek; and the cordial welcome given to the strangers—all demonstrated that the religion of Jesus bears the same fruit in every land. I am, (D. V.,) to pass the winter at Fort Edmonton, where, through the kindness of Governor McTavish, accommodation will be provided for the missionary. Bro. John McDougall, is anxious to carry out the benevolent designs of the Society, as regards the Blackfeet. He will visit them, if possible, at the Mountain Fort this fall. As an Indian Missionary, he is a power, being perfectly acquainted with the language and habits of many tribes; and having an acquaintance with some of the Blackfeet chiefs, I expect to hear of great things from him. May the Lord continue to signally own his efforts to evangelize the wanderers of these mighty plains! Pray for us my dear brother. What we want is a richer baptism of the Holy Ghost. Great efforts have been made by your Missionaries in this far off land, but greater is the work that remains to be done. Tribes unreclaimed, baptized Christians living without God, multitudes of poor children growing up in the grossest ignorance, and the foundations of a Christian church to be permanently laid in a country where millions of a dominant race will yet make their homes. My prayer is, "Lord help us." From Bro. Steinhaur's mission, I have heard very favourable reports. A converted young Canadian, who came out with us, is going to teach their school this winter. It must be gratifying to the older friends of the cause, to know that Canadian natives, Christianized through their instrumentality, are now successfully preaching the gospel in the far north-west.

We have received marked kindness from the officers of the Hon. H. B. C.

Mr. Hardisty, the gentleman in charge of this district, takes a deep interest in the mission cause. The gentleman in charge of the Company's interests here is a converted man, and exerts a very beneficial influence. At Fort Edmonton, next Sabbath, I hope to meet the principal men of this district. But twice a year they come in from their distant posts, and then expect to meet your missionaries.

To men who spend nine-tenths of their time in wilds and solitude, these seasons of social and religious intercourse are doubly appreciated.

We have many wants, and as far as my limited opportunity for observation goes, I would place first on the list, the want of church accommodation. Here we have a snug little church built by local effort, but the inhabitants of the place more than

comfortably fill it; and what must it be when hundreds of Crees are in from the plains. At Bro. Steinhaur's, an effort has been made to build a larger church; and the bell, the gift of John Macdonald, Esq., and some of the glass sent by James Ferrier, Jun., Esq., were handed over by Bro. McDougall, and graciously received by the chief and his people. At Woodville, Bro. McDougall is making an effort to build a church for the worthy Stoneys; and your missionary will do his best to erect a house of prayer at Fort Edmonton. The papists are alive to the importance of church building. It is really surprising to witness their efforts in this country. Priests and nuns are located at almost every important point. May antichrist fall before the power of Christ.

From the same, dated Edmonton House, January 8th, 1869.

Here we have much to encourage us. I have been treated very kindly by the gentleman in charge, and also by the subordinates, and good attention is given to the preaching of the word. The Sabbath services are well attended. Since we came here we have had public prayers every evening in our own house; most of the people attend regularly. We have also an interesting Bible-class every Sabbath afternoon. In the fall, my brother-in-law, Mr. A. I. Snyder, commenced a day-school; and to meet the wants of the men, we found it necessary to have an evening-school also. All our efforts thus far have been successful.

Edmonton is beautifully located. The plot we have selected for our mission is quite near enough to accommodate the people of the Fort, and commands a magnificent view of the river and adjacent country. We have been moving in church matters, and lately added to the old subscription \$150. Our greatest difficulty is the procuring of workmen. In the midst of these difficulties I am often deeply impressed with this thought, that we are but pioneers. This country must yet become densely populated. The climate is salubrious. Up to this date we have had no snow.

Cattle are running at large on the plains. There is evidently a great abundance of minerals,—the land is excellent,—in fact, we have all those properties which go to constitute a great country.

At present we witness abounding sin of every kind, a lawless state of society, and my conviction is, that had it not been for the Gospel influence exerted in the past, we should ere this have witnessed troublesome times. The present state of things cannot last long. The Canadian government must either take hold of this country, or we shall drift into the hands of the Americans. The upper Missouri is filling up; Fort Benton is becoming a large town; 17 steamers arrived at that point during last summer. American miners are coming in to Fort Edmonton with their waggons. A new and rich gold field has been found in British Kootanie, and thousands of men are rushing into the new diggings. Bro. McDougall has just informed me that I will have to accompany him in a visit to these mines next spring. Pray for us: we want to do all that we can for the perishing souls of men.

In October I visited Woodville, and attended Bro. John McDougall's quar-

terly meeting. Would that the friends of the Society could have witnessed what I there saw and heard! Here, almost under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, I found a spiritually-minded people. Our love-feast was one of the old type. Truly the Christian Church will never regret its efforts in behalf of the poor Stoney. Woodville appears to be well adapted for an Indian Mission; it is located on the shore of a beautiful lake, the soil is excellent, timber abundant, and fish are plentiful. Our young brother has had many privations to endure in establishing this mission; the precious seed has been sown in tears and solitude, but the harvest time is coming. Brother McDougall has peculiar adaptation for our Indian work,—perfectly at home in their language, and thoroughly acquainted with their habits. He loves the Indian, and commands their re-

spect. May the Lord bless our young brother! I have been once to visit Bro. McDougall at Victoria, spent a Sabbath among his people,—attended their Sabbath-school, and also visited the day-school, and assisted at a temperance meeting. Victoria has many advantages, and bids fair to become a large Protestant settlement. Brother Steinhaur I have not been able to visit, but from that mission I have heard very encouraging intelligence. Their mission-school numbers about fifty. The Crees are decidedly the best off of any band in this country. I am under an engagement to visit the Rocky Mountain Fort in February; it will be my first trip with a dog train. I find that our brethren in this country sleep out all seasons without either house or tents. I have had a small taste of this sort of life, but expect before I write you again to be fully initiated.

From the REV. JOHN McDOUGALL, dated Woodville Mission, Rocky Mountains, January, 1869.

The Mountain Stoney's send their hearty thanks to the good people of Canada, for sending them the blessed Gospel—the great light. By many a camp-fire they talk over these things, and, in their strange tongue, praise the Lord for the joys this great religion confers upon them.

Our last Quarterly Meeting was attended by Bro. Campbell; and the Lord manifested His power amongst these humble people. In the love-feast, deep experience—clear and scriptural—was told with a simplicity that brought tears to every eye, and made the Missionaries feel that their labors had not been in vain. The Stoney's make religion a business: in their camp, morning and evening prayers are attended by all, and hymns of praise are sung with a pathos and energy that I have never witnessed among any other natives. We are now engaged in the erection of a snug little church; but difficulties attend every movement,—the lumber I have to saw by hand, and material of every kind is hard to be procured. Many thanks to Jas. Ferrier, Esq., for the glass he sent by father. If some kind friend would send us a bell, it would be highly appreciated, and,

amongst a people who have no clocks, it is much needed.

I am deeply sensible of the responsibility that attends every step connected with the Blackfoot Mission. But as the church has honored me with her confidence, trusting in the Lord I shall do the best I can. It is unfortunate that at present this plain tribe is at war with almost every one, and especially with the American miners. If they are not saved by gospel agency, they will certainly be exterminated. In many respects they are a noble tribe, and, from their point of view, are fighting for their very existence. Dependent on the buffalo, they are jealous of any encroachment on their beautiful plains. Thus far they are favorable to your Missionaries; and the Lord being our helper, we shall leave no means unimproved in trying to save this unfortunate race.

Late events are very significant. The Americans on the Missouri are fast settling up to the lines. The new gold discovery in British Kootanie is bringing numbers into our neighbourhood. Not far from this mission gold was discovered last fall; and though all this will facilitate the development of this

beautiful country, yet we are painfully alive to the fact that it will add many temptations to the red man, and if something is not done by Canada to extend civil protection to the inhabitants of this country, trials and dangers—such as we have not seen—may be our lot. But in the Lord is our trust!

I have lately visited Victoria and Fort Edmonton. I expect in a few days to start for the Mountain House, when, should Providence permit, I must again return to Victoria, and accompany my father to the great Cree camp, which is now about 200 miles south, the buffalo being far out.

Letter from the REV. HENRY STEINHAUR, dated White Fish Lake, Jan. 7th, 1869.

I need not mention any thing regarding the state of the work at this mission station, as the Chairman of the District will, I have no doubt, give all the particulars. I will only say that we, at this place, have not only a name to live, but are indeed alive from the dead through Jesus Christ our Lord. The spiritual character of our religious gatherings is still of that nature which has distinguished them hitherto—that the Spirit of God moves in the dark and chaotic mind of the Indian; hence, divine light shines brighter, inasmuch as he now values the means which have been instrumental in the conversion of the members of our Society at this station. Some additions have been made to our numbers, considering the limited knowledge they possess in divine things. They manifest a strong attachment to the various means of grace. The class and prayer-meetings, as well as the more public means of grace, are regularly and well attended. We have peace among ourselves, and in all our borders there is an indication of religious and temporal progress. We now have a school and an excellent teacher, and the children are delighting in attending it. We held our Quarterly Meeting on Christmas-day, which was characterized with that spiritual influence which has always

distinguished such occasions among this simple-hearted people. It was good to be there, for the best of all was God was with his people. There were tears and shouts of joy, as well as the cries of the penitent mingled in the assembly. From these outward indications of the work of grace, like Paul the Apostle of Gentiles, "I thank God and take courage;" resolve with more diligence to labor on at His command, and offer all my work to Him; to keep up the spirit of this religious feeling in the hearts of the people, which can only be done by a constant effort at the more public means of grace, in leading them to the fertilizing streams which make glad the city of God, and by visiting them from house to house. To keep together at one place a people whose natural disposition is to migrate from place to place, has been a work of time and much forbearance, and happy now that I am able to say that the godliness they profess "is great gain;" that they not only have a future prospect, but in a great degree, actual enjoyment of the promised blessings of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

During the absence of the Chairman from the District, I have endeavoured to visit all the appointments between this and the Rocky Mountain House.

From the same, dated Jan. 6th, 1869.

Twenty-eight years ago I left my Ojibway friends in Canada, and in company with the great and good James Evans, started for the Far North-West. There were no steam-boats in those days running to Fort William. The bark canoe was our only mode of conveyance; a tent our covering; and for months not a pale-face was seen save

at the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. The route by St. Paul had not been dreamed of; and to cross the Rocky Mountains at that time was considered quite as great a feat as one of Dr. Livingston's celebrated journeys of the present day.

The Cree and Stoney had not been visited by a Christian Missionary; and

their highest ambition was to kill each other and to kill the buffalo. How wonderful the contrast, when we compare the present time with those dark days! Now our Missions are a power in the land; and oh! what a harvest of souls has been gathered into the Great Father's house!

Then, when I visited my brother Indian, I found a naked savage, who thought only of to-day, and trusted to the conjuror and to his medicine-bag for to-morrow. Now I live amongst a Christian community, with their little houses and gardens, and most of them with a good cow standing at the door. And in place of the dancing-lodge we have the church; and, thanks to our good friend, John Macdonald, Esq., of Toronto, we have a bell to call us to the house of prayer! And the poor children, once so destitute, are now clothed, washed, and combed, and highly delighted with the day-school. Surely we ought to thank the Lord, and take courage! Our school numbers 48 daily attendants, and we have an excellent school-teacher.

We held our Quarterly Meeting on Christmas-day, and many were the tears shed while these simple people were directed to the Babe of Bethlehem.

How unfeeling the heart of the savage, and how great the power of that good Spirit that breaks that stubborn heart!

We are looking for better times in the Saskatchewan. Our numbers are increasing, and your Missionaries are doing all they can to save the souls of men. Last year, three times I visited the Stoney Mission, and other appointments in the District, and Victoria many times; and I am glad that we now have a good man at Fort Edmonton. Brethren, pray for us!

I hope to accompany Mr. John McDougall next summer down to Red River, when we all expect to meet Dr. Taylor; and we shall earnestly pray that his visit may be greatly blessed to the settlement.

While thinking of the matter I will here mention that I intend taking one of my boys to Red River, thinking, if possible, to place him at some place where he can have a chance of educational training, which, hitherto, has been a great want to my family; and if I cannot find a place for him at Red River, some arrangement might be effected for the boy to be taken to Canada, where some provision may be made for his education.

RED RIVER DISTRICT.

Letter from the Rev. E. R. Young, dated Norway House, Nov. 17th, 1868.

As some dog trains start to-morrow for Red River, I will improve the opportunity by writing again from this far-off Missionary Station. Thanks to the Great Head of the Church, we are able to report that the Missionary and his wife are in good health. We have large and increasing congregations, and have been cheered by the conversion of about a score of souls.

As requested by Dr. Wood, and earnestly desired by the Hudson's Bay Company officials, we have resumed the Sabbath evening services at the Fort, where we have the attendance of all the officials, and of about forty or fifty other persons, understanding English, the great majority of whom are from the mountains and glens of the Highlands of Scotland. This extra service keeps us very busy on

the Sabbath, as we now have four services and a large Sabbath-school to attend to. We also keep up the Tuesday evening preaching at the Fort.

Winter in all its vigor has reigned over us since the first week of October. The temperature from that time to this has ranged from zero to ten degrees below. The days, although exceedingly short, are very brilliant, and the air is clear and bracing. The nights are very long, but roaring fires and plenty of books make it pleasant inside, while outside the aurora borealis flash and scintillate with a beauty and grandeur that mock the mightiest pyrotechnic displays of man. We have sometimes thought as we have gazed on the ever-changing columns of bars of colored light, that it was one of the wisest of the foolish ideas of the superstitious

pagan Indians, that they fancied they saw in these magnificent northern lights the spirits of their forefathers going out to battle.

No doubt Brother G. Young has informed you of the famine prices of almost everything in the shape of food at Red River. Everything we use, except fish, comes from that place to this. Our flour, and it is a very bad article, costs us \$20 a barrel; and when it is remembered that we are in a place where there is hardly anything else but white fish, and they not to be obtained without much expense, it is very evident that the missionary, interpreter, and school-master, and their families for the present, at least, will require a much larger sum than any of us anticipated. There is a great deal of poverty; and although we have been sent to minister to the souls of the people, we cannot see them starve and not help them as long as there is a little flour in the bottom of the barrel. The sweet old Bible story often comes up before us in memory's vision, when we fancy we hear reproofs from the Missionary Committee, and would steel our hearts against their cries and turn them away to famish.

We have just buried a young Indian who died in the triumphs of faith; but

he was very poor, and lived with a widowed mother. He had been her support, but when consumption seized him as its victim they were left in the deepest poverty. For over two months we supplied him with nourishing food. We were with him when his triumphant spirit burst the bonds of his emaciated body and passed away like Lazarus, to "where they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto the living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Still can we, with the great William Arthur, thank God that our people die well. Not only in burning India, but in these icy regions is it the same. This pious young Indian, five minutes before his death, as he laid on a bed of fir branches, wrapped up in a rabbit skin blanket, was urging his aged mother and his associates, who crowded round him, to meet him in heaven. Then lifting up his wasted arms, and gazing with the consumptive's brilliant eye, rendered more brilliant by the sights that met his enraptured vision, he exclaimed, in his native language,—"There is the land of pure delight," and then fell asleep in Jesus.

From the same, dated February 2nd, 1869.

VISIT TO NELSON RIVER—HEARTY WELCOME GIVEN TO THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO THAT LONELY POST.

Through the good providence of God I have been permitted to make my contemplated visit to the Nelson River Post, and to the Indians living there. In company with two gentlemen and two Indians, we left this place on Monday morning, January 12th. The cold was so intense that I was unable to keep a journal. I tried it for a while, but had to give it up before the power of "Jack Frost," who seized me with such an icy grasp that I was obliged to drop the pencil.

Our course was almost due north all the way. The road was an unbroken rugged forest-path. The only sign of its ever having been used before, was an occasional hunter's trail. We passed over twenty-three lakes, averaging from

one to thirty miles in diameter. Over these our dogs drew us very fast; but in the portages, or wood-roads, our progress was very slow. Sometimes we found the trees so thickly clustered together, that it was almost impossible to get our sleighs through them. At times we were clambering over fallen trees, and then on our hands and knees were crawling under reclining ones. Our faces were often bleeding and our feet bruised. Our faithful dogs were so lacerated that our trail was well marked with blood. Some days I walked or ran over thirty miles. When night came, with our snow-shoes for shovels, we dug down through the snow to the ground, on it we spread a layer of fir-boughs; and here, with a rabbit-

skin robe under us, and a blanket and a buffalo-robe over us, we endeavored to sleep. No person is considered safe if he cannot sleep with his head completely covered up. I tried to do so, and went to sleep all right; but, unfortunately, in my slumbers I had pushed down the blanket and robe from my face. After a while I woke up, with both ears frozen, and my nose almost in the same condition. The cold was not so intense as it is sometimes—but it was bad enough. Large pieces of meat, taken out of the boiling water, froze while we were eating our meals. I once happened to put the knife with which I was eating into my mouth:—my tongue stuck fast to it.

We generally arose a couple of hours before daylight. We built up a roaring fire, and by its light we ate our breakfasts and prepared for our onward journey. The work of catching the dogs was both amusing and provoking. The white ones would remain very quiet in the snow; the dark ones would skulk off among the bushes. We had to keep tramping round the fire in an enlarging circle until one after another was found. One night the snow fell upon us, and added much to our comfort. When it was time to get up, our faithful Indians came and carefully lifted off the outer covering and shook off the snow. One night the aurora borealis was so exceedingly beautiful that I risked the freezing of my face again for the purpose of gazing upon its ever-changing splendor. Every part of the heavens seemed lit up by its brilliant scintillations. As it lasted all night, we travelled on for a long time by its light, ere it faded in the dawn of day. We passed the haunts of the moose and the rein-deer; over beaver dams and by beaver houses, which for size, strength, and comfort, are far superior to the abodes of these pagan Indians who here reside.

We saw numbers of curiously-formed traps for the capture of the fur-bearing animals, such as silver, blue, cross, and red foxes; martins, minks, wolverines, beavers, crumines, wild cats, &c.

We reached Nelson River Post after having been six days on the way. The residents were expecting us, and gave us a very cordial greeting. Mr. Flett, the gentleman in charge, welcomed me

as the first Missionary who had ever penetrated to that lonely post. I preached every evening in his large dining-room to the whites, some of whom had not heard a sermon for seven years. I talked frequently to the Indians, and feel confident that a great door is opened unto us, for extended usefulness. I baptized one adult and three children. The Indians, stoical as they generally are, wept and laughed for joy. When I was leaving, they said,—“Come again and tell us more of the *Munetoo* (God) you worship. We believe that He is the only Great Spirit.” Their religion is a kind of devil-worship. They give first fruits of their hunting, and portions of their various purchases, to the Good Spirit, as thank-offerings; but their wild incantations and conjuring are all to the devil. Their explanation to me of this strange freak of paganism was this: “We believe the Good Spirit does us good—we give him our offerings; but the devil is so very bad, we worship him, that he may not deal with us too harshly.” But they seemed to have lost faith in their heathenism; and all, without one exception, asked for instruction. I did what I could for them, and promised, if all is well, to return again in September to meet the whole band, and to hold a great meeting, which will perhaps last a month.

I am sure you will join with me in saying that we have reason to “Thank God and take courage.” I rejoice that I am “counted worthy” to go on these long journeys, with the glad tidings of salvation to these red men of the forest. They met us with no objections, but say,—“Show us how our dark minds can receive the light.”

Mr. Stewart, the gentleman in charge of the Norway House establishment, has just called, and wishes me to accompany him to another distant Post. No Missionary resides there, and they wish me to visit them. It is called Beren’s River, and is about 180 miles from here. We will start in a few days if all is well.

God is owning our feeble efforts on this Mission. Souls are being converted and backsliders reclaimed.

I sincerely hope you will be able to assist my brother in coming to my help. There are many times when it is not safe for me to leave the place alone.

Just as we were finishing the selection of articles for the present Number, the following letter, of very recent date, was received from the Rev. A. E. Russ; and as it embraces an outline of the good work going on amongst the Indians near Nanaimo, and other places accessible to Mr. Crosby's labor, his testimony is valuable and highly encouraging.

VICTORIA, Feb. 10th, 1869.

All is well with us at present, and all the Mission families, as far as I know. The Mission appears to be prospering generally. Bro. Derrick wrote me last week of success and hope. With us here in Victoria there are signs of progress. Each evening is occupied, except Saturday, with prayer-meetings and one class-meeting, in which a deep interest is taken, and souls are being led to God. We have commenced to hold meetings on the Sabbath, at 2 p.m., in a drill-shed, for the especial benefit of the colored people, and which is owned of God, and already made a blessing.

I took the steamer *Enterprise*, a boat of the Hudson's Bay Company, Dec. 17th, for New Westminster, distant from Victoria some 75 miles, to attend the Missionary services, and on the way passed many an evergreen island—the noted San Juan among others. These islands—in the Georgian Gulf—are exceedingly rocky and mountainous, and yet heavily timbered, chiefly with pine—or fir as it is called here—and which is used for fuel and lumber, being about as good as Canadian hemlock, and quite like it. We reached New Westminster about 4 p.m., making the trip in nine hours. At the wharf, as usual, we were met by a rush of citizens of various nations, language, and dress. At present New Westminster, though beautiful for situation, is not adorned either with very extensive buildings or artistic parks, but presents some of the grandest mountain scenery; Mount Baker, with others on the Cascade range, and in the rear of the city. Hard by there are cedar and fir stumps, such as but few cities can boast of,—from 8 ft. to 15 ft. in diameter: a fine chance for “stump” speeches. How is it that such amazingly large trees grow upon a soil said to be so poor? Easterns say that heavy timber is a certain proof of rich soil.

I found Bro. Browning's Circuit in

hopeful prosperity. The congregations on the Sabbath and Monday evening services are very good. The members, by the last minutes, are thirty-five, and will contribute this year—with a little from others—not less than \$175. Such giving is not to be found in the East.

The church premises, including the parsonage, are quite unpretending, but free from debt, which is thought a great virtue,—and so it is. Between going and returning eight days were spent. So you see it is a slight *draft* to visit such an appointment: but I shared in the good hospitality of Sister Holt, Bro. Clarkson, and others.

January 6th.—The steamer *Douglas*, a government boat, left here for Nanaimo, and on it I took passage to attend the Missionary Meetings in that place. The day proved windy, and the sea ran high, particularly off Beacon Hill and Trial Island, where the *Douglas*—though she behaved well—had her bows washed by each successive wave for about an hour. A good Providence soon brought us among the islands, where the sea was calm, and the steward prepared breakfast at 11 a.m., which was refreshing indeed to receive something. After calling to leave the mails, freight, &c., at Maple Bay, Salt Springs, where the cattle on board were thrown into the sea to swim to shore, for there is no wharf,—all natural and primitive. We arrived at Nanaimo about 5 p.m., and found the good chairman, Bro. White, at the wharf, waiting for me. We made straight for his hospitable home, distant say half-a-mile, and found Sister White and children—five in all—in good health and cheerful. The church at this place is neat and commodious, with a comfortable vestry, in which a Sabbath-school is conducted of some 70 scholars. This is large for the membership. The religious state of the Church is good; and the Missionary Meetings were all that could be expected in point of liberality.

Having plenty of time, we visited the coal-pit. By steam power four of us—Messrs. Crosby, James, Raper (a local-preacher, who acted as our guide), and myself—were let down a shaft of 180 feet perpendicular, in a cage, and suddenly found ourselves in a large subterranean depot. There were engines, cars, railroads, bells, horses, provender, and a great pump a mile long. Collier-lamps in hand, we travelled probably a distance of two or three miles under the earth, the roof propped up by large timbers. To one who, like myself, never saw the like, it was a marvellous and instructive visit. The coal is worth \$7 a ton at Nanaimo, and \$11 a ton at Victoria.

INDIAN PRAYER AND FELLOWSHIP MEETING.

A visit to our Indian Mission affected me more than all else; to see what happy men and women the Gospel had made, out of vile, savage, drunken Indians. After I preached on Sabbath, a prayer and fellowship-meeting was held, conducted by Bro. Crosby, who interpreted what I said on Matthew v. 9. Each one prayed and spoke, so that there was no silent ones, as is too often the case in meetings of greater pretensions; and more, it was not a dull meeting, for the power of their prayers and experience could be felt and enjoyed, though their language was unknown to me. The camp, where our Indian Church is erected and where Bro. Crosby lives when at home, is about a mile and a half from Nanaimo. The houses are neat, with lots enclosed and trees set out; and, oh, what a contrast to that of the heathen camp which is close by, of which I have not time to speak now! Probably there were something near a hundred present on Sabbath, and part of whom were from the heathen camp. I will give a very brief sketch of the experience of some, as given on Friday evening after prayer-meeting.

AMOS KUSHAN, a local-preacher and class-leader, was converted some four years ago, and is about 35 years of age; he is said to be clever in his own language. He spoke as follows,—“I feel happy to be present. Thoughts of my past wicked life make me sorry,

and lead me to ask why I am better now? Its all God—this change, this joy; while I long to be better.”

ISAAC SAMEATON, a steward, about 25 years of age, and converted two years ago, spoke as follows,—“I am glad to be in the meeting, to be able to speak for Jesus. Sorely tempted while at prayer in my house why God let my child be ill. The devil followed me all day, and while at work in the woods I prayed and got strong, overcame, and said whether the child lived or died I would give all to God, and thus live for God all my days.”

SOLOMON SEEWELL, 16 years of age and converted one year ago, said,—“I am happy in this meeting. Devil tempted me that I would be poor always if I served God. My father is a Chief, and tells me the same also; but I feel happy in the church, and thankful to read God’s word.”

JOSEPH TOAKULA, said to be 28 years of age, and converted two years ago, remarked,—“I am thankful for the means of grace. Happy to think of Jesus dying on the cross for me a sinner. Feel that I have followed Jesus too much like Peter did. Since the new year I have given myself anew to God, and to serve him all my life.”

DAVID SALKASELTON, who is 16 years old, and was converted three years ago, and is the chapel-steward, said,—“I feel it good to be here. When I see old and young going to the dances and to feast their bodies, I feel to feast on God and in His blessed house. Here my heart is made warm and strong. As food is needful for the body, so I need food for my heart. I find it a happy thing to serve God *all the time*.”

ELIZABETH SUNEAH, about 16 years old, and converted some two years ago, said,—“I felt poorly, in body and Satan said there is no use of going to meeting when so ill, but I felt blessed by coming. I want to love God more and go to heaven.”

SNAKE WENELTH, said to be 40 years of age, and brought to God two years ago, came in late from the coal-pit, and said,—“I called in on my way to speak for Jesus; feel Him good; don’t expect to be rich, but I want to be strong in God.”

But I must close without a word

further respecting this, except that the *great significance* of such experiences, sustained by daily life, can only be understood properly, in their relation to the Gospel and Church, by a knowledge of *the awful pit of heathendom*, from which they have been graciously delivered.

Bro. Thos. Crosby, received last Conference on probation, is a master in the Nanaimo language, which embraces about thirty tribes, speaking the same tongue, and which gives him a great influence over the Indians, who think very much of him. His Circuit is large; in fact without bounds almost—being no less a field than British Columbia. He travels mostly by canoe and steamer, often lodging in the Indian camp, along the beach, under a tree—just wherever

night overtakes him. His life is surely, in manner, a primitive one, and involves great zeal, wisdom, faith, charity, and self-denial. At a future time I may give an account of a two days' tour that I had with him and Bro. Kushan, in a canoe. Having furnished our *muck-a-muck*, (food) we called at different camps and places between Nanaimo and Victoria, preaching, exhorting, praying, and singing, to and with some who had threatened the life of Brother Crosby, as he was quieting a row. It afforded me a little insight into his missionary life of joy and sorrow, and the Satanic work of the double-armed whiskey agents. But, thank God, "of His government and peace there shall be no end." Let us pray that the word of the Lord may have free course.

DOMESTIC MISSION.

The Rev. C. A. JONES writes from *Hall's Bridge*, one of the newest of our widening and numerous Domestic Missions:

Returning home in the last days of January, after an absence of about two weeks, I was greatly cheered to find the work of God gloriously prospering. During my absence the Lord had graciously owned the labors of my colleague, Brother Winter, and a local preacher, Brother Reid, in the conversion of nearly an entire settlement. Not a Protestant family remained unrepresented among the saved. Every Protestant adult, except four or five, and some of the children professed

to have received the blessing of pardon, nearly all of whom gave their names as church members. We scarcely had a name in this settlement before, and the people almost to a man were notoriously wicked. One of themselves since said to me if they had gone on in drunkenness a little longer, as they had been going, they would be ruined soul and body. Since coming to this mission the Lord has been pleased to give between 200 and 300 souls for our hire. To him be eternal praise.

SUBSCRIPTION LISTS.—Will the Superintendents of Circuits and Missions kindly pay particular attention to the instructions contained in the Official Circular of November last, in reference to the preparation of their lists, using the blank forms furnished them for that purpose, and handing in the same, with the monies, to the Chairman at or before the District Meeting in May.

REPORTS OF MISSIONS.—Brethren on Missions will excuse our reminding them that all Reports of the Religious State of the Work should be read to, and have the sanction of a District Meeting. Great improvement has, of late, been made in this department; we hope that *all* Reports will be forthcoming according to rule. Chairmen of Districts will be sure to call for them.

INCOME RECEIVED.—Why should the Treasurers complain? First because they think that at the expiration of ten months more than \$6,957.83 should have been received up to April 9th; and second, because by withholding payment to the end of the year they cannot supply the wants of the Missionaries and their families as they ought to be supplied. Can no improvement be made upon this dilatory practice?