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WESLEYAN  
MISSIONARY NOTICES.

CANADA CONFERENCE.

NEW SERIES.

No. XIV.]

FEBRUARY, 1872.

[QUARTERLY.

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TORONTO:

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, KING STREET EAST.

MISSION-ROOMS, TORONTO:—ALL 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. DR. TAYLOR.

# WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES,

FEBRUARY 1st, 1872.

## NORWAY HOUSE—RED RIVER DISTRICT.

We preface the valuable letters from the Rev. E. R. Young with the following extract from one of the Chairman's communications: "Berens River, of which Mr. Young writes so earnestly, where so many beg with tears in their eyes for a teacher, ought to be opened as a Wesleyan Mission at once. By all means do get the Committee to send Bro. E. R. Young some help. My fear is he will expose himself in his fearfully hazardous trips to his own death. \* \* \* Brethren in the distance can scarcely appreciate his isolated and lonely position, and the expensiveness of all life's comforts out there. And then there is the incessant drain in the way of necessities, as medicine, food, clothing, &c., to the sick and dying Indians. He has instrumentally blessed and brought to Jesus many scores of those poor beings each year. Let my dear brethren sustain and help him all they can."

*Letter from the REV. E. R. YOUNG, dated Rossville, Norway House, July 29, 1871.*

### ANNIVERSARY.

Three years ago to-day we reached this missionary station after a tedious ten weeks' journey from our Canadian home. With grateful hearts we desire to acknowledge the goodness of God, manifested towards us in the bestowal of many blessings and mercies, and in "counting us worthy" to occupy so interesting a part of the great mission field. These three years have given us a good opportunity of judging of the genuineness of the great work which has been accomplished by the self-denying toils of God's faithful servants, who have been stationed here before us. With God's help we are trying to glean up the scattered sheaves that none may be wanting, when "angels shout the harvest home." May the sowers, and the reapers, and the gleaners, rejoice in that great day.

### SEARCHERS AFTER TRUTH.

The summer, passing away so

swiftly, has been an exceedingly encouraging one. Hundreds of Indians from other places have visited us, a few to create disturbance, but the great majority to have a talk with the Missionary about the true God, and how they must worship Him. A few evenings ago, I saw a large boat-load of men coming across the lake towards our village. Imagining them to be a band of Athalasca tripmen, who had disturbed our village the previous night, with a few of our resolute men I went down to the shore to meet them, and to insist upon their immediate departure. Judge of my very agreeable surprise to find,—instead of a lot of vile half-breeds coming to disturb the families of our absent tripmen,—a band of earnest seekers after the great light, to illuminate their dark, pagan minds. You can well imagine how the sharp words, which were on my tongue, were changed into an earnest prayer to the "Giver of

every gift," for the happy art of making clear to these anxious ones the glorious plan of salvation. I led them to the Mission House, and until midnight I endeavoured to preach unto them Jesus. They came from the East, a distance of over three hundred miles; but in that far-off place had me, in their wanderings, some of our Christian people from Norway House, who had prayed for them, and, as well as they could, had proclaimed to them the glad tidings of salvation. Thank God, the leavening influences of our glorious Christianity are at work, often in hearts and places we little think of.

"Whatever may die, and be forgot,  
Work done for God, it dieth not."

Before they left the house, they were all baptized. Their parting request was the same as that of many others: Do not fail to come and visit us, and our families.

During the writing of this letter, I have been agreeably interrupted by the entrance of eleven Indian men from God's lake—it is sixty miles from Oxford. They have come for bible, catechisms, hymn book, and instruction. One of them was baptized years ago, by the Rev. Mr. Brooking. The others all wished to be baptized, but said, "Come and visit us, and baptize our wives and children with us, at the same time." "The harvest truly is plenteous."

#### VISIT TO OXFORD HOUSE.

I have visited Oxford again this summer, and was fortunate in being there at just the right time, as the two brigades, manned by our Oxford Indians, the one coming up and the other going down, met each other at their own home. On account of my visit, the gentleman in charge kindly permitted them to remain there for three days. I held ten services; married three couples; baptized over thirty adults and children, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to about eighty persons. The last Sabbath evening service was an exceedingly interesting one, as every person in the house, including Hudson Bay officials and their wives, the European servants and natives, all promised to seek the Lord until they found Him.

The trip was unpleasant, as the rains were frequent, and the camping places poor. Sometimes our bed was a rock, at other times it was in a swamp. The rocky one was always preferable, if smooth, as it could be kept dry.

"Why did God make mosquitoes?" asked one of the Indians of our party of another. "To spoil our rest here, and make us wish for a better land, where, if they live, it will be without stings," was the answer. Another said, "Perhaps they are sent to teach us patience."

#### ANOTHER BOAT-LOAD

Of men has called to have a talk with me, and again I am interrupted in my writing. We thank God for such interruptions, and gladly lay down the pen and go out to where they are now seated on the grass waiting for me. \* \* \* \* \*

I have had a very interesting interview with them, and will try and give you an account of it. They were from Berens River, a place half way between this place and Red River. After a few words as to health, &c., had passed between us, an old man, who seemed to be the spokesman of the party, said,—“Well, praying master—the Missionary's name—do you remember your words of three summers ago?” “What were my words to you, three years ago?” I asked. “Why,” he replied, “your words were, that you would send to your great country, and to the great Kechea,umeawekeemok—English: Great Praying Masters—for a Missionary for us.” For my answer, I translated my letter to you of October, 1868, published in the Missionary Notices. “We thank you for sending that word,” he replied; “but where is the Missionary?” I was lost for an answer, for I felt that I was being asked by this hungry soul the most important question it is possible for the Christian Church, to whom God has committed the great work of the world's evangelization, to hear.

#### “WHERE IS THE MISSIONARY?”

The question thrilled me, and I went down before it like a reed before the storm. I could only weep and say, the Lord have mercy on me, and on the apathetic Christian world whose apologist I have to be, to earth's millions of

perishing souls, whose representative I have before me in this gaunt old Indian whose eyes are suffused in tears. To tell him of a want of men, or a lack of means to carry the glad tidings of salvation to his perishing countrymen, would only have filled his mind with doubts as to the genuineness of a religion which could be enjoyed by a people without their endeavouring to send it to those who had it not. So I tried to give him some idea of the world's population, and the vast number yet unconverted to Christianity. I told him the churches were at work in many nations, and among many people, but that many years would pass away before all the world was supplied with missionaries.

"HOW MANY WINTERS WILL PASS BY BEFORE THAT TIME COMES?"

He asked. "A great many, I fear," was the answer. He put his hands through his long hair, once as black as a raven's wing, but now becoming silvered over by the hand of time, and replied, "These white hairs, and the presence of my grand children in the wigwams, tell me I am getting old. My countrymen at Red River, on one side of us, and here at Norway House, on the other side, have missionaries, and churches, and schools. I do not wish to die until we too have a church and school." Friends of missions in Canada! We want \$200 from you to enable us to commence this mission immediately. Part to pay a good Christian Indian from Norway House to teach them how to read the sacred volume in their own tongue, and to tell them the "sweet story of old," and what the Lord Jesus has done for him. The other part we want, that we may be enabled to send them a good Indian carpenter, with tools, to assist them in building their houses. Several have got out the timber already, saying they believed something would be done for them.

#### NELSON RIVER INDIANS.

About twenty-five Indians from Nelson River have been here lately. They say they pray to God twice a day, as well as they can, but want instruction. They tell me that nearly the whole

tribe have given up conjuring, &c. Their splendid redstone pipe, which they almost worshipped as a god, and which entered largely into their heathenish rites, has been presented to me, and now hangs on my study wall.

My beloved Chairman writes that Nelson River is marked in the *Guardian* (mine failed to reach me), "One wanted." I do not think it would be advisable to send a man to reside there at present, as the Indians have no fixed abodes, and it is too far north to think of establishing, as we very easily can at Berens River, a mission village. There are times when they come to the Fort in great numbers for supplies. In September the whole band meets there, and takes up at the store what they call their winter outfit. By making inquiries, and sending word beforehand, I have always been so fortunate as to have a large number to meet me; once, as you are aware, the whole band. Pardon my boldness, I would suggest that the more excellent way would be, to place two missionaries at the stations already established, giving to one a *roving commission* to visit these far-off tribes at their several gatherings. These need not interfere with each other, as so great is the anxiety of the tribes for visits from missionaries, that the bare announcement would insure attendance.

Several times, when hundreds of miles away from this place, visiting bands, who, I have at first imagined, never saw a missionary, I have been agreeably surprised by being asked by some old man, "Where is that Praying Master who visited us so many winters ago, but never comes again?" The memory of the

#### REV. JAMES EVANS,

the "Apostle," as Father Carroll calls him, of Hudson Bay Wesleyan Missions, is as "ointment poured forth." His name and noble deeds are still treasured up in the affections of scores of the aborigines of this vast country. "Many have done excellently, but he excelled them all." He left most of the work here to his colleagues, and devoted himself to these neglected bands, many of whom are now in connection with other branches of the Christian Church, as Methodism,

through lack of means we suppose, was unable to send men to build up and establish in the faith, those quickened by his burning words.

#### WIDE FIELD.

The field is still of vast extent, and full of many physical difficulties, but to a man with an iron constitution and a Paul-like zeal and faith, there can be no question as to the harvest of souls. On account of being on the spot, I present this suggestion to you. It is too late to put it in practice this season, on account of the difficulties of getting in supplies, &c.

#### PROGRESS AT ROSSVILLE.

In reference to my own central charge, I have nothing very special to mention. On the 22nd of this month, I received nine Wood Indians into the Church as probationers; and for the last few days some of our people, headed by the elected chief, David Rundle, have been helping them build comfortable little houses. They have discarded wigwams, and say, now that they have been received into the Church, they ought to live Christians.

It is difficult to realize that I am among a people who a few years ago were all pagans. Every vestige of their former superstitious beliefs and debasing habits seems to be obliterated. "The things they once loved, they now hate," and so strong is this hatred that it is almost impossible for the antiquary to get any information from them about their former beliefs and ways. But there is not the least difficulty in getting scores to say, "I know that the Lord Jesus has done much for me, for which I am very glad." Whole families are frequently joining us, both from the "forests primeval," and from other places. The result is our village is increasing very rapidly. The only fear I have is that our fisheries may fail, on account of the great number of nets used to fill so many mouths. Sometimes as many as seventy nets can be seen from our windows. But we would not dare to discourage them from coming. It would be wrong for us to say a word that would drive them back to their pagan customs and wigwam homes in the

vast forests; and so we welcome them, and trust in Providence. Like the happy father, who with only wages of a dollar a day, welcomed his fifteenth child with the expression, "When the Lord sends the mouth, he will send the food to fill it," we welcome them, and believe that He who, when on earth, caused the net to be so filled with "great fishes," is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

#### HORRID TRAGEDY.

Another dreadful event has occurred about a hundred miles from us. A boy about fifteen years old went crazy, and in his ravings kept asking for flesh to eat. At last he said, "I will surely kill somebody, and eat them if I can." One day he attacked his father, and tried hard to bite him. The father and an elder brother of the crazy one, then deliberately strangled him, and burnt his body to ashes. They have a superstitious belief that unless the body of a crazy person is consumed by fire, it comes to life again, and ever after is a great source of trouble and affliction to its friends. Poor boy, he was only a lunatic, and perhaps a few months in an asylum would have restored reason to its throne. I took my canoe and went and visited the family. They are now in deep sorrow at what they have so rashly done. They have moved up to our village, and now come regularly to church. We believe there were some of the murderers of our Saviour among the multitudes who listened to Peter on the day of Pentecost; perhaps many, among the thousands of converts. If this pagan family sincerely repent of their dreadful deeds, we shall receive them into the fold.

October 18th.

#### MISSIONARY TOUR.

I have just returned from visiting the bands of pagan Indians dwelling on the eastern coasts of Lake Winnipeg, between this place and Berens River. The weather was very disagreeable. Frequent showers of rain, or sleet and snow, descended upon us, saturating our clothes and blankets, and caused the poor shivering body to long for a more comfortable dwelling.

place than a cotton tent, hastily erected on a bleak, rocky shore.

I visited four different bands of Indians, three of them speaking the Cree language, and one the Saulteaux (Soto). I spent a Sabbath among the Poplar River Indians. They are the most degraded specimens of humanity I ever saw. Summer and winter they live in wretched bark wigwams, only about half enclosed. How they keep from perishing, during these dreadful winters, is more than I can comprehend. When fish or deer are plentiful they seem to be always eating. When pinching want overtakes them, which it often does, but generally through their own indolence or want of forethought, they bear up through it with amazing stoicism. They are so vile and filthy in their habits that I could hardly induce any of our own people who were with me, to accompany me into their wretched abodes, when I went to preach to them of a Saviour's love. They are the slaves of the most debasing superstitions. I had two long conversations, or rather controversies, with Mookowosen (the Bittern), the vile old conjurer and medicine man, who burnt to death a poor old woman last winter. He still gloried in his dreadful deed, and described with great ceremony how he first strang'd her with a rope, and then burnt the body to ashes, "to kill the soul, or at least to keep it from haunting their hunting grounds." My words seemed to make no impression upon this poor old murderer, yet even here in this band so degraded, there were some "whose hearts the Lord opened, and they were baptized with their households."

At Black River I found a small band, who listened to the word with attention. They begged for frequent visits, and urged me to devise some plan for the education of their children.

At Leaf River the band is very small, and would gladly join any place not very far distant, where religious privileges could be enjoyed.

The Indians at Berens River were very glad to see me. They are very sanguine as to the future, and express themselves in their beautiful metaphoric language as follows: "We have long been dwelling in the dark night, but the bright day is fast approaching,

we are now in its morning twilight." In my last letter to you, I wrote about their visit to me, and their touching appeal for a church and school. My visit has shown me that that cry for the Ambassador of the Cross is a very important one. They have already shown the genuineness of their promises made to me, to do all they possibly could for themselves to better their worldly prospects. Several houses have already been erected, and timber for more is being prepared. But they need the aid of a carpenter. I spent a good deal of time examining their country, for the purpose of finding the best site for the establishment of an Indian village. The best place is in the Omemee River, about ten miles south of Berens River. There is abundance of good land, plenty of timber, fine, natural, wild rice fields, and close at hand is the best fishing in all Lake Winnipeg.

#### OPENING FOR A MISSION.

Here is a splendid opportunity offered for the commencement of a Wesleyan Mission, which I am confident in a few years would be much larger than this at Norway House, as the natural advantages are so much greater. Many of our people from here would go there if a mission were established. As things are now, we lose many of our members every year, who are crowded out from this place to parts of the country where Methodism is not represented.

My journeying home was not without its perils. As the boat in which I went to Berens River had to go on to Red River, I was obliged to hire a canoe and some Indians for the return trip. The good canoes were all away or engaged, and I was obliged to make the journey in a seven and sixpenny old one, that had been condemned as being unsafe for even river fishing. Fancy travelling a distance as great as that between Belleville and Hamilton, on a much stormier lake than Ontario, in an old birch bark canoe, so rotten that the pressure of the thumb was quite sufficient to burst through the bottom. But "the King's business required haste,"—the winter was fast approaching, my people were gathering

for our lovefeast and sacrament, and so trusting in Providence and three pagan Indians, I made the attempt, and in due time reached home, alive and well. Only once did we seem to be in imminent danger of being swamped. Then we were far from land, paddling hard against a strong head wind. As we went down into the trough of the sea, from the crest of an enormous wave, the canoe struck with such force upon the waters, as to cause an opening in the bottom about eighteen inches long. We gently pressed a blanket over it, and made for shore as fast as possible. The water was ankle deep in our canoe, ere a place of safety was reached.

At one place, although many welcomed me, yet my presence excited the ire of some of Satan's servants, and for about four hours I had to listen to, and answer some very strange things uttered by fierce-looking old conjurers, whose habiliments consisted of a dirty shirt, a pair of leggings, and an old blanket. Their black hair hung in heavy braids half way down to their feet. In revenge for being worsted, or to soothe their troubled spirits, they resorted to their conjuring tents, and kept up a monotonous drumming, which lasted, so I was informed the next day, all night. Their design was to keep me awake with the noise, but instead of doing so, it only acted as a lullaby to induce "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," even if my bed was a hard one.

—  
October 10th.

#### SACRAMENTAL SERVICE.

Over two hundred men and women came to the Lord's table last Sabbath. We had an exceedingly interesting day. Never did I see an Indian congregation so visibly wrought upon by the Spirit's influence.

#### COMING WINTER.

The winter is already sending us some sharp premonitions of his speedy approach. I think we are all now well prepared for the reign of this terrible ice king. Our people have thoroughly re-mudded their little houses with a tenacious kind of white clay. This

makes them very warm, and saves them from the constant currents of cold air which make the very best wooden houses, in this cold and dry atmosphere, so uncomfortable. As the rocks of this part of the country are all of the gneiss or granite formation, lime for building purposes cannot be obtained.

#### A NORTHERN HARVEST.

The people have gathered in an immense crop of potatoes, some families having over two hundred bushels. The few bushels of barley and wheat, which I brought from Red River, and distributed among the people for seed, turned out well. The wheat yielded twenty-fold, and is perfectly ripe—in spite of the prognostications of a few. The Indians are so delighted about it, that they have been at work, in a band of about fifty, preparing the land this fall, for sowing about six bushels of wheat, and thirty bushels of barley, next spring. There is no flour mill within three hundred miles of us; the consequence is, all the grain raised has to be used in soups, or made into porridge.

#### CREE HYMN BOOKS.

With great thankfulness we acknowledge the safe arrival of four hundred hymn books, printed in the syllabic characters in the Cree language, from the English Wesleyan Missionary Society. A disastrous fire had consumed all the types, &c., previously used, the result was new type had to be cast at much expense, before these hymn books could be printed. The people prize them very much, and are thankful.

#### DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

We have lately consigned to the tomb, all that was mortal of a venerable old Christian Indian. My predecessors will learn with sorrow of the death of William Papanekis. His age was unknown, but it must have been much over a hundred years, as many men now verging on to fifty say that he was called the old man when they were little children. We all dearly loved the venerable old man, and were always delighted to see him at our home. He dined with us every Lord's

day for several months before he died, as we found it too fatiguing for him to come twice from his own house to the church. He was a faithful class-leader for many years. When he met his class for the last time, which was a few days before he died, he seemed to have a premonition of his death, although then as well as usual. He spoke of his speedy departure, and exhorted them all to be faithful to the end. The next day he sent for me, and requested that I would appoint one of his sons leader in his place, if I thought him fit for the position. To his great delight I did so, as "the son is worthy of the sire." At his request I assembled, at his house, all the old members who had renounced paganism and become Christians at the same time he did, over thirty years ago. While for about an hour he was reviewing the past, and talking to them of God's goodness in bringing them out of paganism, and bestowing so many blessings upon them, I thought of Joshua's memorable gathering of the elder people at Shechem to hear his dying charge. I administered to them the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after which, at his request, about an hour was spent in singing his favorite hymns and in prayer. We all felt that the place was "close on the verge of heaven." He bade us all farewell, addressed a few parting words to the different members of his household, then closed his eyes in sleep, "and was not, for God had taken him." It was an unusual death. The great difficulty among us seemed to be to realize the presence of death at all. He suffered from no disease, and had no pain. His eye was just as bright, his voice as clear, his grip as firm, his mind as unclouded as ever, until the last gentle sleep, when "the wheels of life stood still." We miss him very much, for his presence was sunshine, and his prayers were benedictions upon us all; but he has joined his son Samuel, who passed away so triumphantly, as we wrote you, a few months ago. Since his death the wife of another of his sons has gone. She died well, and as the dying chieftain's cry has often checked wavering, and nerved them on to victory, so this good woman's impressive dying words to her husband and friends, have caused them to give

themselves afresh to God, and they are now decided and zealous soldiers of the cross.

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October 25th.

WINTER

Has commenced his despotic reign. A fierce N.E. wind with a blinding snow-storm commenced yesterday. The lake in front of our village has frozen over very suddenly. In the morning, white crested waves were rushing along in quick succession; in the evening of the same day, before dark, the ice was so strong that a man walked a distance of several miles on it, with no aid except a pole about eight feet long, with which he crossed several cracks or openings, caused by the currents of rivers which run through the lake. My good wife says, "Don't send this. They will never believe it possible for a stormy lake to be so suddenly frozen over. Indeed," she adds, "I would not have believed it myself, if I had not seen it!"

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October 26th.

TRYING VISITATION.

Bad tidings keep coming in from our Indians. The great storms and the freezings have caused many of them to lose their fishing nets. Some have lost all, but others have not suffered so severely. This is very distressing news as only now can the winter's supply of fish be caught; and as this is the chief article of food for us all, we fear there will be much suffering before next May, when fish can be again obtained. I have done what little my limited means would permit, to help some with nets who had lost most severely; but, alas, that was not much. Our own supply of fish is not yet all caught, and our winter's supply of flour is still in Red River, and now I suppose it must there remain until next June, as the Hudson Bay Company had too much freighting to do of their own, to get it out for us.

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October 30th.

Over a hundred of the Indians came on the ice to church yesterday, from their fisheries; some over twelve miles away. They feel bad about their losses. Not half the usual number of

fish caught, and seven terrible months before them. Fortunately a good many have their cellars full of potatoes, and the prospects are good for abundance of game. The people came to me with their sorrows, and said they did the best they could, but the falling snow, uniting with the rapidly forming ice, was driven with such force against their nets as to tear them from their fastenings. I talked to them for about an hour, about the patient Job, of his losses and sorrows, so much greater than theirs; I cheered them by telling them how much better off we all were than he. We had our homes and families, and many other blessings. They listened with great attention, and seemed to forget their own losses in their sympathies for poor old Job. I urged them to imitate Job in his anxiety and solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his children, in his patience in his unbounded trust and confidence in God, which was not only an entire submission under the sore trials, but a hearty approval of the act. "He kissed the hand that held the rod." Then I requested them to open their syllabic Cree Bibles, and read with me from the tenth verse of the last chapter of the Book of Job. While reading it their bright eyes glistened and mirrored forth the joy and gladness that had welled up in their souls. I closed by urging them to do the very best they could, and to trust in God, and all would be for the best; that this was a world of losses and disappointments, and that I could not tell them whether they would be richer or poorer in this life than they were now; but this I

could with confidence tell them, if they were faithful to the grace given, and lived up to the spiritual privileges bestowed upon them, by and by, when the storms of life were over, a home more lasting, riches more enduring, friendships more exalted, than ever Job had on earth, would be theirs in that land where they hunger no more, weep no more, die no more.

November 14th.

#### ENCOURAGING DISCOVERY.

The Lord has been better to us than our fears, and we desire with grateful hearts, to acknowledge His goodness to us and our people.

Although the number of nets was so diminished by the storms, the quantity of fish caught has been as great as ever, and in addition to this He, who sent the quails to the Israelites in their extremity, has sent us large numbers of partridges and the beautiful ptarmigan. The men are shooting them, and the boys and women are catching them in snares.

Mr. Hamilton, the gentleman in charge of this Fort, has lately returned from Red River. The great storm met him at Poplar River, about a hundred miles south of this. Of course, it soon froze them in, and they were obliged to leave their boat there, and perform the rest of the journey on foot, carrying their provisions and blankets on their backs. He kindly brought me my packet of letters, &c., and the information that my flour is in his boat. My dog trains will be off after it in a few days.

#### WINNIPEG.

Letter from the Rev. G. Young, dated January 12, 1872.

Our new church, toward the building of which so many of our generous and zealous people, in different parts of our extended Dominion, have "desired" and done "liberal things," and for which I have toiled for so long a time, is now completed, and on the 17th of September last dedicated to the worship and glory of the only true God. Our congregations on that day were large, filling the church comfortably at each of the three services; and were

made up not exclusively of our own adherents, but of many representatives of the other Churches in the land, all of whom seemed to rejoice with us in the completion and opening of our beautiful sanctuary. But better than all this, we were greatly cheered in our services throughout the day by tokens of the Divine presence and approval; and were made to feel that it was good for us to be there. In view of the circumstances under which it was built,

as well as the leading doctrines which will be proclaimed within its walls, we decided to call it, not by the name of any saint or angel, but simply *Grace Church*. May the grace of God be strikingly displayed here in the conversion and sanctification of multitudes of souls. Already a few mercy-drops have fallen, but, oh, for showers of blessing! Since the opening took place our congregations have been considerably more than doubled; our Sabbath-school and our membership have likewise increased encouragingly. Until quite recently we had the honor of conducting the only Sabbath-school in the village: one has been commenced in the Episcopalian Church within a few weeks, which has drawn off a few of the children of the adherents of that church. Our week-evening service, the only regular service held during the week in the town, is also well attended. These facts will indicate to you that a great change for the better in our circumstances has taken place since the completion and occupancy of our house of prayer. We try to feel that our responsibilities have increased with our opportunities.

I enclose with this a financial statement, which will indicate to you my receipts from all sources, and the amounts expended from the first in the improvements made and the buildings erected on these mission premises, which I trust will be understandable and satisfactory. Unto all who have helped forward this good work, whether by their prayers, their contributions, or in any other way, I desire to return my heartiest thanks, and upon them I trust the enriching and saving blessing may ever rest. In order to supply several new settlements in this province with the means of grace, and also to give the requisite amount of attention to our interests in this growing metropolis, I found it necessary, as the "one wanted" for this mission, according to

our Minutes of Conference, was not forthcoming, to employ a local preacher as an assistant. This will augment our expenses somewhat, but it has enabled us to extend the work and give many an opportunity of hearing the Gospel in their new homes, who otherwise would have been among the neglected. Before another winter, I doubt not, many other new settlements will spring up in this fertile region, and yet a greater number of laborers will be required. And are we not called to be *the pioneers* in this work of evangelization? Of all the denominations here, as yet, we have been the last to enter this important field; hereafter let "the last be the first." In order to afford some assistance to my good Brother Robinson, of the "High Bluff" mission, I have requested my assistant to spend a few weeks with him in special services. I am thankful to be able to report a good work of revival as the result of the Divine blessing upon their labors. Providence permitting, I hope to be with them next week, to assist in holding missionary meetings all through the mission, after which I will be able to write more fully of this work of revival, which I hope will spread through the churches as the fire spreadeth through these prairie in certain seasons. Our juvenile Christmas offerings have come in most cheerfully this year, and, I doubt not, this mission will more than double the amount contributed last year to the General Fund. We are all on the "tip-toe" of expectation in reference to a long looked for visit from one of the General Secretaries of our noble Missionary Society. Such a visit, in May or June next, will not only be gratefully received by the Missionaries and Churches, but, with the blessing, will greatly promote the interest of the work throughout. Please let us have it without fail.

## SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

EDMONTON.

*Letter from the Rev. G. McDougall, dated Edmonton, October 23rd 1871.*

A party of Canada Pacific Railway Engineers returning to Manitoba, kindly offer to take charge of our letters. For five months we have had

no direct communication with the new province. Our circumstances when compared with last year, demand unfeigned gratitude. Then the terrible

epidemic was upon us, and the wretched Cree and Blackfoot, driven to desperation by the plague, clamored for the blood of their enemies. For eight months these tribes have been at peace; and since last March, I have not heard of a case of small-pox. Buffalo have been plentiful, and the harvest good. The forerunner of civilization is now inspecting our rich plains—the engineer—taking the altitude of our mountains, and slowly, but surely opening a way to the great Pacific. For many years the Wesleyan Missionary has labored to direct public attention to the vast and fertile plains of British Central America. Now, men of the world will corroborate their statements, and consummate the work.

We expect to complete the new Mission-house by the 1st of December. The building is 23 by 33 feet; two stories high, and ceiled with boards. Altogether, it will be one of the best finished buildings in the country. We have also completed a stable,—dimensions, 30 by 15 feet. These erections, not including our own labor, will cost over twelve hundred dollars; of this sum we have collected seven hundred and fifty dollars, and we expect our good friends in the Saskatchewan will help us to make up the balance.

This winter we hope to procure materials for a commodious school-house, as we have thought it best not to attempt a church for the present. The general opinion is that Edmonton will be the capitol of the Western Province. One thing is evident, it

will be the head of navigation; and in view of these facts, we must act for the future. At present our prospects are hopeful, the shadow of death that covered the land is gone, and the great sorrow has been sanctified. For the first time, in many years, peace reigns on the Plains, and the Missionary has access to all the tribes. Our schools are doing a good work, but what are we amongst so many? Not ten miles from Edmonton, and at the Mission, there are eight priests. Popery stands ready for every opening. Friends of truth, to you we appeal: through your liberality, and in obedience to the great command, we came to this far-off land. Will you sustain us by increasing our number, by enabling us to rescue the multitude of suffering children? Our only hope for the future success of these Missions depends upon the moral and religious training of the young, of whom scores, if not hundreds, might now be gathered into our schools. Nor are the claims of the natives the only ones that demand immediate action: our noble country will shortly be the home of tens of thousands of the sons and daughters of Canada,—the broad field on which they will find ample scope for their energy. Already the adventurous Canadian mingles with the mixed blood and the native in our Sabbath services. To meet the wants of their ever-increasing numbers, we must have more men.

Above all, we beseech you pray for us, that a baptism of the Holy Spirit may rest upon your agents, and upon the struggling Missions of this land.

#### WOODVILLE.

*From the REV. P. CAMPBELL, dated Woodville, Aug. 29th, 1871.*

I have an opportunity of sending a few lines to you. I would just say that through the mercy of God we enjoy good health, and have the assurance of the Master's presence and care. When I last wrote you I expressed a hope that in a few days many tents of Stoneys would beat the Mission, which hope was confirmed: for on the following Saturday we had forty-six tents—a greater number than at any time since the establishment of this Mission. On Sabbath morning we had a blessed

time while waiting upon God. The Spirit of the Lord applied the word to the hearts of the people. Many tears were shed, and earnest prayer was offered by many who said they never prayed before. We continued our services through the week, sometimes twice during the day, and thus the week was spent in holy duties and sacred pleasures. No service was barren, as the increased urgency of the many suppliants sufficiently testified, while the numberless conversations

about their souls showed how powerfully the truth had taken hold of their hearts. The second Sabbath after the "gathering of the people," we administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Over sixty partook of the emblems of His "broken body and shed blood," twenty-seven bowed at the communion table for the first time. May these new disciples be found faithful unto death! We have now about sixty-four members on this Mission, thirty of whom are on trial. Since April I have baptized seventy children and adults, married nineteen couples, and received thirty on trial. To God be all the praise, for the triumphs of His grace among this people. At present there are but three tents here, the rest are scattered through the woods, in the mountains, and on the plains. May God be with the lone wanderers, and keep the lambs from straying from the heavenly fold. Divided into small parties as they are, it is impossible to follow them. Now and again a few come to the Mission; spend one Sabbath only, and then they are off. To keep a school is out of the

question until we succeed, in some way or other, to keep them from wandering so far away from "home." We are trying to carry on the work here as well as we can. During this summer we have built the walls of a good house for one of our Indians, and hope they shall fall to put up another, and thus by getting for them houses and inducing them to cultivate the soil and plant, prepare them gradually for the changes that are so surely creeping upon them. To get the Stoney to settle must, of necessity, be a work of time, for the far off hunting grounds have peculiar charms for them. I endeavor to visit the Mountain House whenever it is possible for me to do so, and all being well I hope to again next week. I am anxious to keep a hold there, as it has in time past been a recruiting station for Jesuitism, who have in the past kept an official posted for observation there. Owing to the scarcity of provisions, I have not done anything towards building a house. Intend to raise the walls this autumn. Hope to be earnestly remembered in the prayers of the Church.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

### VICTORIA.

*From the REV. WM. POLLARD, Chairman of the District, dated Victoria, December 3rd, 1871.*

In the absence of advice, I have been obliged to act on my own responsibility. I have brought David Sallasalton to Victoria, and we have had a very gracious revival among the Indians. Last Tuesday evening I received nineteen on trial. This is the first class ever formed among the Victoria tribe of Indians, and the fruit of much prayer and toil. Mr. Wm. McKay, a Scotchman, in connection with Bro. Russ and some others, commenced a Sabbath-school among them about a year ago. This continued to increase slowly; none of them knew a word of the language of the tribe—they knew a little Chinook, and with the aid of the Chinook they soon taught them the rudiments of the English, until some of them can read a little in the New Testament. Thus their minds had been somewhat pre-

pared to receive the truth. The school was always opened by singing and prayer, and closed with an exhortation in Chinook and prayer.

The friends here, as well as the District Meeting, pressed me to write for David. He came about the middle of September, and has preached to them every Sabbath since. On the 30th of October, Bro. Crosby and David commenced a series of services: held preaching and prayer meeting every night, and sometimes in the afternoon, and the result is nineteen profess to have experienced religion. David now meets the class every Tuesday evening, and conducts a prayer meeting every Friday evening. The Episcopalians of this city employed a teacher for several years, and expended a large amount of money among them, but gave them up as hopeless. They are now exciting a

good deal of interest, especially in our own church. Bro. McKay spends not less than one hundred dollars a year on this mission. He pays the rent of the School-house in the city, where they meet every Sabbath. He supplies it with fuel, and keeps it clean. The class and prayer-meetings are held at the camp, which is across the bay. It costs twenty-five cents each to cross, which is fifty cents a week for each person.

David is working hard. He attends the English school every day, and performs his mission work most efficiently beside. He is succeeding well in his English. We could not carry on the mission without him. He is exceedingly popular among the Indians. He is the most pious and popular Indian I have known, and I think I might say the most talented.

Bro. Crosby is an extraordinary man to work. He has special charge of the Sumas, Chilliwack, and Cultus Lake Indians. He makes his home at Sumas, which is within reach of the other two places. It is very important that he should visit the missions twice a year; that is, at Victoria, Sa-nich,

Salt Spring, Cowichan, Chemanus, and Nanaimo. They look to him to see to building their houses, to settle all disputes, &c., &c. I am persuaded that this visitation is necessary to the prosperity of the Indian work. Now, to enable Bro. Crosby to leave his mission for two or three months in succession, it will be necessary to employ Bro. Cushon. I think \$400 a year would cover Bro. Cushon's expenses. Bro. Cushon is an excellent preacher, and his heart is in the work. The Nanaimo mission is doing well under him, though he is employed only as an interpreter. Yet he often preaches, and does a great deal of pastoral work. When he supplied for Bro. Crosby, Bro. C. would take his place at Nanaimo, and from it could visit all the tribes above mentioned on the eastern coast of the island.

My humble opinion is, that if the Indian work be well attended to in this country, the Society will reap a rich harvest. You will get *ten* converts here to *one* in Canada, or rather Ontario. Our Indians are more accessible, and more easily civilized than yours.

#### SUMAS.

*From the Rev. Thos. Crosby, dated Sumas, September 7th, 1871.*

I left the Nanaimo Mission, where I have spent the past ten months, on the arrival of Bros. Derrick and Bryant, four weeks ago. Our Indians on that Mission have never done so well as during the past year. They have improved their church, &c., at a cost of \$60, collected among themselves. The classes are well sustained; and congregations from eighty to one hundred in attendance on the Sabbath. So with a day school teacher, and Bro. Cushon as native assistant, and a visit once in a while from your Indian Missionary, it is supposed they will get along. On leaving Nanaimo I visited the east coast of Vancouver Island; spent a week at Victoria, at our Financial District Meeting; and then left for this Mission—to visit the tribes, and assist Bro. Clarkson in preparing for camp-meeting, &c. I have since visited all the tribes here, and at the mouth of

Fraser River, Burrard's Inlet, &c., &c., I find there is need of more labor among these wandering people. They are all much pleased to hear that we are to have another camp-meeting. These meetings in the past have been a great blessing to our native friends, and we hope to see many hundreds brought to Christ by such special efforts, on the part of God's people. We hope to have some assistance by the Dominion Government soon, in the way of bringing the Indians together in larger numbers, which will enable us to reach greater numbers without so much travel, which now takes up a great deal of time, and causes much expense; as you will see when I tell you that I have travelled, during the past four weeks, 490 miles, in visiting nearly all the tribes speaking the Anka-ma-nem language.

*From the same, dated Sumas, November 22nd, 1871.*

Since my last Quarterly Report, a great part of my time has been taken up by travelling in this blessed work of the Master. In September we held our camp-meeting, which was a happy season of grace to all who attended it; especially was it a great blessing to our native friends,—some were converted, and wanderers were reclaimed. A week or two afterwards we spent at some building, &c. And then, on my way to the coast of Vancouver Island, I spent a week with Bro. Russ, at Maple Ridge, in a revival. Several souls were converted, and at once joined the church. And on the following Sabbath, October 15th, I reached in Victoria, and off to Nanaimo the next week; spent one Sabbath there, and had meetings during the week, which were well attended, and proved to be "seasons of grace and sweet delight." It was good to see several young boys weeping at the altar of prayer; and I pray that God may raise up more native helpers among them. Thursday, the 26th, I left for the coast by canoe. That day we made thirty miles through a pelting rain storm, and had to sleep in our wet blankets for the night. Next day, after visiting a number of tribes, we reached Mr. Brown's, North Saanich, where we found comfortable quarters for the night. O, the dreadful effects of the "fire-water" on this coast among the poor Indians! I am told they get all they want in Victoria; they are dying by scores from the poison. Saturday, I reached Victoria by noon;

the following day supplied for Bro. Pollard, he being away to the Chilliwhack to assist in missionary meetings. We had tokens of the presence of the Lord among our Indian friends that day; and we announced for special services at the Indian camp next day, which were continued all the next week. And, considering that the attendance was not large—many of the tribe being away to a large feast that week—they were most profitable and successful meetings. On Monday night, before I left, I gave in their names wishing to become members of our church; among them were several children, fruits of the Sabbath-school. May they be kept faithful unto death!

Bro. David Sallaselton, who is now residing in Victoria, will, I trust, be a great blessing to that tribe, while he has the advantage of going to school and thus improving his own mind. I am back to this Mission to spend the winter. Last week I attended a great heathen feast, and most of the attendants were professed Roman Catholics, they listened with much attention while we told them the good old story of the cross. Some of our native members here show a need of more help, more light; and if we can get our work more centralized here, we shall do much better. We need a day-school on this Mission, and yet it is difficult to say which would be the best place, as the tribes are scattered. We need a Mission farm, or something of that kind to draw them together.

## DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

### MANITOULIN ISLAND.

*Letter from the Rev. THOMAS HURLBURT, dated Little Current, Jan. 3rd, 1872.*

We arrived at this new field early last July, with family, household goods, and horse, but could find no house to live in. The horse took care of himself on the burnt plains, and we were hospitably entertained by our friend Mr. G. Abrey for over two weeks; all the time looking for a house, and finally found a more shell, which we could rent for three months only. We

afterwards occupied a mere board shanty until the last of November, the thermometer being at zero, when we finally moved into our own Mission-house purchased some time before, and where we find ourselves comfortable.

Our travels have extended to Lacloche—a Hudson Bay Post, and Spanish River on the north shore; and to Munctoonaning, 25 miles south; and

to other places on the Island, and every where we find the people as eager as those elsewhere for a preached gospel. At present our congregations are small, having no houses for worship except such as the people in a very new country have been able to build in a very short time, and the most of them with very limited means. But human hearts, with all their trials, hopes, and fears, are the same here as elsewhere.

We have gathered up ten members as the nucleus of a church, and when able to visit the remote settlements, so as to give them regular services, we expect to find as many more waiting to be gathered into the fold again. A large immigration is expected next spring, so we are on the ground none too soon.

We are greatly in need of a house of worship for this rising village. The Chairman has secured for us the most eligible site to be got in the place for a church and parsonage, on which there is an old storehouse in addition to a comfortable parsonage. This storehouse would answer for a temporary church if we could raise the means to repair and seat it, and purchase a stove to warm it. Just at this juncture I had a visit from Roderick McKenzie Esq., of the Hudson Bay Co., with whom I became acquainted at Ross-ville in 1855. I told him our plans and purposes, and he generously gave me \$10. Heading my list with this for an example, I called on all in the vicinity, and have secured over \$50, which will be sufficient to furnish a stove, and to repair and seat the old storehouse so as comfortably to seat 50 persons. This work has been delayed until now for want of a carpenter to do the work. We expect however to dedicate it the second Sabbath of the new year 1872.

In addition to the white people rapidly settling in, there are about 2,000 Indians on the island, and on the main land opposite, within two day's march of this place. How many of these may be real Christians, it is hard to say: but among the most of them drunkenness and general dissipation hold high carnival, and matters with them seem getting worse and worse, as the land is deluged with whiskey. How these are to be reached with the gospel in demonstration of the Spirit and in power, is a mystery, as they are sur-

rounded with difficulties. They all however know me, and many curious scenes have occurred in meeting them for the first time. Finding I spoke the language like one of themselves they would be anxious to know who I was. "Why I thought you was a white man: but you are an Indian surely: Who are you?" I replied, "Perhaps you would not know if I should tell you my name, but it is Nigik." "Oh! is this Nigik? why, I have heard them talk about you ever since I can remember." Pagans, Church, and Catholic Indians are all alike socially free and friendly.

It is 33 years since I passed along these shores in a bark canoe with the late James Evans, sent to explore these northern regions as mission ground. From 1838 to 1842 I resided on the north shore of Lake Superior, and made two visits to both Long Lake, and Lake Nipegon. During those four years there were eighteen formed into a church, apparently all soundly converted, and instructed as far as possible in the doctrines of the gospel. I took a very promising young man into my house, and for six months instructed him in his own language, until he was able to read fluently, and to write well. I translated the Wesleyan Catechism No. 2, and copied it with other things, and he became a very efficient assistant missionary, and was accepted as such by the Indians, and for ten years—or as long as he lived—kept the little church together, waiting my return, or some one in my place. He was known through all that region as "The wise Indian," *napwaukand unishinawaba*. In 1841, and again in 1842, I visited Lake Nipegon and remained near a month each time. When they first heard of my intention to visit them they threatened to turn over my canoe, give me a ducking, and send me back. But it was only talk, for they received me as a messenger from God, as they said to me: "Knowing you have come with the words of the Great Spirit." I formed no church among them as I had no time to instruct them sufficiently, but they told me they had made up their minds to be Christians. Since that time I have not heard of any Protestant missionary visiting Lake Nipegon. They may have been at the mouth of the river; but the Indians

never reside there, as their trading post is at the northern end of the Lake, and their home there. When I left that region there were 600 souls under our control ready to receive the gospel: paganism was broken down, and instruction was all that was needed.

The permanency of the results I attribute to the influence of the native helper I instructed, and to the access they had to the Scriptures in their own language. To hear as I do, through the communications of the Chairman, that any effects survive 30 years of neglect and entire seclusion, makes me feel unwonted sensations of sadness and hope in regard to them, and a longing

desire to visit them again. With a sad heart and broken health I left them in 1842, and did not visit them again until 1858. As we sailed into the mouth, and up the Pic river, I saw them running hurriedly to the landing, among whom I recognised the first convert among them—now an old man—who as soon as he recognised me, shouted at the top of his voice, "It is he." We shook hands, sad but joyous; too full to say more than with subdued voices, Thank God for his mercies. But, alas! the *napwaukaud unishinauba*, had gone to his reward; as well as several others of the little band.

#### DEDICATION OF CHURCHES ON THE MUNCEY AND ST. CLAIR RESERVES.

A NEAT and ecclesiastical-looking building, with a belfry to contain the fine-toned bell so long in use among the Chippeways on this Reserve, has been completed at Muncney, principally through the influence of Messrs. Gray and German, and solemnly set apart for the worship of Almighty God on Sabbath, Nov. 26th, 1871, by the Rev. Drs. WOOD and JEFFERS. The cost is about one thousand dollars, beside the frame and work done by the Indians themselves, under the direction of Bro. GERMAN. It was a joyous day to the large assemblages collected upon such an interesting occasion. The Indians in Council appropriated an acre of ground for the sanctuary to stand upon; which locality is sightly and convenient.

The sanctuary at St. Clair is nearly in the centre of the Reserve, and was begun voluntarily by the members of our church, laboring and giving with most exemplary industry and generosity. F. TALFOUR, Esq., their former Superintendent of Indian affairs, now living in England, sent them two hundred dollars: with this and the help freely afforded by their "white friends" they were encouraged to erect and complete a commodious church with a tower to carry a good sized bell, this has cost about fourteen hundred dollars, besides voluntary labor from the Indians. The dedicatory services were conducted by Dr. WOOD and the Rev. A. SALT, resident Missionary, January 28th, 1872; the evening sermon by the former, interpreted by Mr. WM. WAWANOSH. Though the night was bitterly cold, the large building was filled principally by the Indians.

#### SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

An Old Friend, for a hammer and a few nails to help in the erection of the Rev. H. Steinhaur's Church.....	\$5 00
Bequest from Father Forde, Brantford, per Judge Jones.....	174 32
A Tithe, from "W. W. J.".....	12 00
A Lady, left at the Book Room.....	3 00
A Friend to the Wesleyan Missions in Canada, per Rev. E. A. Ward, Maitland .....	500 00
A Christmas gift to the Missionary Society, from Mrs. George Snider, St. Anns, Smithville Circuit, U. S. currency.....	60 00
Saved from Dress, by a few young Ladies on the Lloydtown Circuit, for the White Fish Lake Mission.....	11 50

Amount paid to the Treasurers on account of Income, 1871-2, \$5306 13.