

WESLEYAN

MISSIONARY NOTICES,

CANADA CONFERENCE.

No. V.]

NOVEMBER, 1855.

[QUARTERLY.

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TORONTO:
WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,
KING STREET.

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ADDRESSED TO THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1855.

THE LATE REVEREND MR. CASE.

Two numbers of the Notices have contained parts of an "Account of Alnwick Mission," and at the conclusion of the last, it is said, "Our next will shew the further progress of this great work among the Indians of Bay of Quinte." It was in the heart of the esteemed writer to continue the valuable narrative, and knowing the deeply interesting character of the facts to be recorded, our expectations were anxious; but his Master forbids the narrator's further use of the pen; our readers are disappointed; and instead of a continuation on this page, we have from the Providence of God, an event painful and admonitory. The venerable WILLIAM CASE has finished his course!

Submissive to Thy just decree,
We all shall soon from earth remove;
But when Thou sendest, Lord, for me,
O let the messenger be love!

As an exemplary christian, a faithful servant of God, and primitive pioneer and unwearied evangelist of the Wesleyan Church and Missionary Society of Canada, much could be said; and throughout the Colony, and in the United States, much will be said of one well known, and warmly loved. Unadorned in his piety as he was in person, its very simplicity was taken as a proof of sincerity, and its ripeness, earnestness and uniformity of manifestation strengthened our confidence. The doctrines he believed and proclaimed, were never doubtful, never mysticised by him, and the scriptural methods he adopted to impress them, were marked, and eminently efficient; and their effect was aided by a judicious, close, lively, friendly manner, so that many not only heard the word from his lips, but turned unto the Lord. He was a Wesleyan in faith, spirit, discipline, catholicity and enterprise. He was an ardent friend of the young preachers, some of whom were led to Calvary by his ministry, and of youth generally; and the elevation of the Canadian pulpit, Wesleyan and otherwise, and the popularity and influence of Victoria College, and the rapid accession made to Sabbath, Day and Superior Schools, gave him great joy. Our noble Wesleyan Book Room, and other instrumentalities were his admiration. What was Canadian interested him, for he was a patriot.

He had naturally a vigorous mind, and its capacity was enlarged by study, reading, and keen observation—not learned, but cultivated, and sufficient for the various and important duties he was appointed to discharge. He was not garrulous, but communicative; not reserved, but exceedingly cautious; not imperious, but independent and dignified. Brought into the path of Itinerancy fifty years ago, by an unerring hand, and that hand often appearing

to him, especially on some remarkable occasions, his call was generally plain, and time which some others have spent on their perplexities, he devoted to his work. And *work* it was when he commenced his career, and long after,—work with its onerousness, hardships, sacrifices, losses, reproaches, perils; but he did it, and though sorrowful, was always rejoicing; for his Divine Conductor went before him, and multitudes were saved. The Methodism of Canada has been Missionary from the beginning. Thirty years ago its Missionary Society was formed, and Mr. Case was gladdened to see it, and to live till its annual income reached nine thousand pounds, a contrast to the few precious hundreds raised when he used to journey far with a company of Indian boys, to awaken the liberality of the public. He lived to see Canada a magnificent British colony; he lived to witness the incipient Methodist Church of the first preachers in Canada, Losee and Dunham, have almost 38,000 members, more than 210 circuits and missions, 330 itinerant ministers, and nearly 200,000 hearers; a glorious increase, and reward for past heroic labours,—an increase the least ever again to be reported; and at the honoured age of seventy-five, he exulted to behold from his death-bed, the Wesleyan Methodism of Western and Eastern Canada, and Hudson's Bay Territory cordially one, under the same Canada Conference, in union with the British Conference,—a union to last while sun and moon endure.

However much to be valued as President of the Conference, Chairman of a District, Secretary of Conference, Superintendent of Indian Missions and Translations, Principal of the Alnwick Industrial Institution, offices he once filled, and among his brothers and sons in Conference assembled, when he would rise with coolness and decision, and by his deliberate and prudent counsels carry many with him, it is thought that he was best known as our *apostle to the INDIANS*; and for them he lived and died. Here we want space to set forth his early and manly dedication of himself to their interests; his acquaintanceship with their condition; the adaptation of his powers, and acquisitions, and means to their necessities; his influence over them; his sympathy, his vigilance, his shrewdness, his tenderness, his authoritativeness, his travels, labours, indefatigableness, success. Our condolences are with, and our fervent well wishes for, the bereaved family. He was a person of affectionate, social habits; and now there is regret in many a Canadian household, and tears in our Christian Indian Villages, and there will be sadness in some Pagan wigwags of the wide wilderness when it is heard that Father Case is dead; but he has met with the glorified from Africa, New Zealand and Feejee, and with his beloved spiritual forest children from North America,—their songs his everlasting eulogium!

Believing it will be read with a solemn and salutary approval, we earnestly recommend general attention to the deceased itinerant's excellent and stirring "Jubilee Sermon," preached before the last Conference at its respectful request. The first Methodist laborers and their converts in Canada, are nearly all called home; Slater, Madden, Healy, Whithead, Lang, Metcalf, Ferguson, Wilson, Squires, Prindel, Booth and others, are not; and now we mourn the departure of the wise and revered patriarch of Canadian Wesleyan Methodism.

HUDSON'S BAY.

Our space is too scanty for the present insertion of all the matter on hand from Hudson's Bay, and we must leave till another date, the remainder of the Journal and Notes we now commence. The active Chairman of the Bay District, has done well to send his intelligence in the Journal form, and the new Superintendent of Edmonton, has done the same very much. To do this, is to continue a practice useful as a mode of communication, and necessary as an example to other brethren. In the "Instructions to Missionaries," given by the Parent Wesleyan Society, this is the fixed rule: "It is *peremptorily required* of every Missionary in our Connexion, to keep a Journal, and to send home frequently such copious abstracts of it, as may give a full and particular account of his labours, success and prospects," especially of religious details and conversions, the facts not highly coloured. Attention to this established regulation here, would more frequently supply the general Superintendent, at the Wesleyan Mission Rooms, in Toronto, with expected information—too often withheld from him, and greatly contribute to the importance and acceptability of this publication, in the estimation of the fast-growing friends of the Society.

Extracts from the Journal of the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt, Chairman.

Rossville, December 29, 1854—For several days I have kept no journal as we were in the midst of the holiday ceremonies and also getting ready for the Lacuine packet. Our holiday ceremonies are a great burden to us. In the first place, the whole cost to the Mission and to ourselves is about £5; besides the drudgery. We had a grand feast, graced with mose meat, reindeer, beaver, rabbits, partridges, &c., with bread, rice and plumb puddings. All sat down regularly and decently to the tables. But this season of festivity is attended with its dangers. A good brother has just left me; he said: "I am very sorry for what I have done. I have drunk three glasses of rum. I did not come to the feast yesterday, I felt so bad, &c." We formerly had a local preacher here, but after several falls through strong drink, he was finally dropped altogether. I must try and form a Temperance Society soon, for I see plainly that there is nothing but the scarcity of the article that prevents the utter ruin of many of our members, and how long it may be scarce who can tell?

We are trying to get up a Branch Missionary Society. Last night, after the speaking, no one offered to subscribe, and so I dismissed the meeting. This morning Thomas Mistakwun, one of Dr. Rae's men, wrote me a note in the syl-

labic character, stating that he wanted to say something. So we appointed a meeting for this evening, and Brother Mistakwun made a capital speech. He told in feeling tones how he felt for the poor who were living in *Wunitipiskaug*—lost or bewildered night. He ended his speech by putting down 15s., and his wife sent word that she would give 5s.

One poor old woman told how poor she was, and that she had nothing, so she would give ten rabbits. Many allusions were made to the poor Pagans still in darkness. Towards the close Thomas Murdock got up and came to the stand withing the railing—they mostly did this—he said: "You know what a poor appearance my mind presents, and then he told that while living at Churchill, far north on Hudson's Bay, he heard there was religion at this place, and how he resolved at all bazards to come and see for himself; at length he made his way here; and he told what religion had done for him. Although poor, and without a house or garden, and with a large family, he put down 10s. God bless him and the rest!

January first, 1855—yesterday was Sabbath, and as our Indians were mostly at home we had the Sacrament administered. We had a good day. In the evening Thomas Mistakwun exhorted. He might make a useful man for us if

he had proper training. He is a tall man, of fine appearance, and the very best man Dr. Rae had in the Arctic regions. He is entirely trustworthy, and has long been in the service of the Company, and has saved £100, which he has invested. His wife does our washing, and is as neat as a new pin. I wish I had some discretionary power to train and employ a native agency: I can't employ them without means.

2nd.—I was to the woods all this forenoon, to see if I could find any timber fit for sawing. I found a little, but not enough. The weather was rather fine when I started, and I staid until near noon, and then returned. The thermometer was about 25° below zero, and a fierce storm driving in my face. I had two miles to walk across the ice, and my eyes would freeze up in spite of all my efforts. Flakes of ice froze on my face, and every few minutes I would turn around and thaw out. I got off the track, and got pretty much exhausted floundering through the drifts. This is 54° north.

4th—I was engaged yesterday getting out timber to make two short sleds, with broad runners. I do this to prepare to draw logs of various lengths for sawing, &c. These sleds can be fastened one to the other so as to suit the length of the logs, and also will not sink in the deep snow. To-day we all go to the Fort. This is our holiday visit. We were all so occupied during the holidays with the Indians, and writing letters to Canada, that we had no time for any thing else.

5th—The ther. was 42 below 0. yesterday morning. At noon when about 28 below we went to the Fort, and took dinner with Mr. Barston, and staid to tea. The whole family was over for the day. We returned between eight and nine o'clock, p. m., the thermometer about 35 below 0. It was calm, and our little son and I walked, while Mrs. H., Miss A., and the babe rode in the dog cariole. The moon shone brightly, and a smart walk kept me quite warm with only ordinary winter clothing; but a little wind brought a biting, stinging sensation to the parts of the face exposed. The idea of chilling or shivering as connected with high northern latitudes, I have not realized at all.

Tuesday 9th—It has been continuously

cold. I visited the School to-day, and found 33 girls in Miss A.'s department, and 21 boys in Mr. Taylor's department. This is about the usual proportion. Miss A. has a very encouraging prayer meeting among the girls, she promises to do us great good. The female prayer meeting was held this evening, and Mrs. H. says it was the best one they have ever had; she tells of one poor widow woman who is very destitute, but who poured forth a prayer so rich and full of the Spirit as she has seldom heard. The poor widow was not only happy, but was full of glory.

15th—The weather has been very cold for two or three weeks, ranging from 25 to 42 below 0. We have been moving on very quietly with good meetings. Two women have died recently, an old woman and her daughter from Oxford. They were very destitute, and were cared for by our people. The old woman was not a christian, she was often spoken to, and urged by our people to serve God. She said she thought she would before she died. She found herself failing, and frequently remarked that she was afraid to die; for, said she, "when I look back I see I have been wicked, and that makes me afraid to die." Thus she continued saying she was afraid to die, but could not be induced to call upon God for mercy.

18th—I was all yesterday forenoon across the Lake to the north, three miles, to look for timber to make boards, but found none large enough. If we now get timber that will make boards six inches wide we will be satisfied,

23rd—Mr. Barnston was over here yesterday, and we had a talk in regard to putting a stop to improper intercourse between the young white men at the Fort, and our young women here. Mr. Barnston has done all that a christian gentleman could do to correct the wickedness of those under his charge. We are under great obligations to him in this and in many other respects.

26th—We have a number of sick. The young man that was married last fall, but who has not courage enough to speak to his wife is sick, and has been out of his head for two nights; I saw him last night, and heard him talk. He imagines there are celestial beings near him, and he begs them to take him,

saying he is very solitary, and tired of earth. He imagined he saw his young sister that died some years ago, and told how gloriously she was arrayed. He imagines he sees inexpressible glories, and says, I want to go—I want to go. Mrs. Barnston was over yesterday, and Mrs. Harburt went with her to see some of the sick. It is now generally believed to be the fault of this young man that his wife does not live with him. He seems the most modest young man I ever heard of. He was left alone with his wife for nearly an entire day, and that three months after marriage, but still he had not courage enough to say a word to her!

We have some excellent and deeply pious members here; there is one woman especially that always prays in our prayer meetings; she is not boisterous, but seems always so near the throne, that like the seraphim, she veils her face and cries holy, holy, holy. There is no appearance of effort or labour in her prayers, but as though she in some degree suppressed the tide of glory that sought vent in words.

27th—We think the coldest of our weather has passed. The sun begins to climb the heavens, and our days are nearly an hour longer than they were. We say it is "mild" when the thermometer is 25 below 0., and 10 below 0., is "warm."

Feb. 5th—During the past week I have been overseeing the work, visiting the sick, of which we have a good number, and studying Indian. Yesterday afternoon at our Cree service I prayed in Cree at the close. I read a chapter in Cree every Sabbath, and make comments; I have got to the 14th chapter of John. It is just six months yesterday since our arrival here.

10—Weather clear but somewhat sharp. Our men saw from 20 to 30 boards a-day; that is from 100 to 150 feet, and counting all expenses these boards will cost us about \$15 per 1000 feet. I have four services during the week; Sunday morning I preach in Indian; at 11 A. M. in English; at 3 P. M., I read a chapter in Cree, and make comments on the whole. I preach at the Fort on Thursday evenings. These four services, with visiting the sick, overseeing the work, doing small jobs, studying

Indian, &c., fill up my time. Our meetings are always well attended, and the spirit is good. I have much satisfaction in preaching at the Fort; the people are very attentive, and seem interested in the services.

Sunday 11th—thermometer about 40 below 0., but clear and calm, so that the cold was not much felt.

12th—I had a good day yesterday in all our services. At the close of the 11 o'clock service, Mr. Barnston pressed my hand warmly; he seemed to say "the sermon has done me good." "Old Amos" told me one of the Indians said, "Mistubi anbutizew kukas kimona okiman." Very much he is profitable the teaching chief.

There is consolation and encouragement in knowing that we have not laboured in vain.

19th—Yesterday, Sunday, we had a good day. The weather has been quite mild for some time past.

26th—We had a very good day yesterday in all our services.

March 7—I have been hard at work the past few days, finishing the ice house, and filling it with ice. Our little daughter is poorly. She may not be long for this world. Miss A. is beginning to see the good fruits of the Normal School system in better order, and deeper interest.

17th—The thermometer was 15 below 0. this morning, but it begins to be moderate in the middle of the day. We have nearly finished sawing; we will have about 800 boards ten feet long, and about six inches wide. I have commenced a small boat for my own use, as we have none here suitable for journeys about home. Every thing is moving on in rather a quiet way. Our meetings are spiritual. I read a chapter on every Sabbath, and uniformly there is the best attendance and attention at this service. I make comments on all I read, and in this way give them the whole of the living oracles as I pass along. By-the-bye this would seem to be as near as we can get to the method and manner of early christian instructions. I seriously doubt whether we can invent any thing that will be an improvement on Apostolic practice.

26th—A good day yesterday. Our weather is very cold. We have finished

sawing. It has been a heavy and troublesome job. We design to weather-board our house, make seats for the church, and school house, &c.

April 4th—I have been very busy for nearly a week past in arranging our house. Our servant man Charles has moved away, as his wife who has been our cook all along got rather tired of the business, and we were not sorry. A

good servant girl here would be worth gold.

7th—Yesterday being Good Friday we had preaching, and Mr. Barnston and family were with us from 11 A. M. until evening. To-day I have been excessively busy; to-morrow being our Quarterly Meeting. I have made out the tickets for all the members, and met the leaders, and had a council with them.

NOTES OF MISSIONARY TRAVEL.

Extract of Letters from the Rev. Thomas Woolsey.

SAUK RAPIDS, Minnesota Territory, June 25th, '55—We are now about 1,500 miles from you, "far from the busy haunts of men," as regards city or town life, mingling and commingling, in some cases, with people of a strange speech. Time's feathery wing, subtle and noiseless tread, dissolving touch, and all-levelling scythe reminds us that

"The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And hear each minute's record up,
To HIM who sits on high;"

and on that account I would endeavor to improve the passing moments by further communications relative to our journeyings.

We left Chicago on the 19th instant, satisfied that we were leaving an important and rising city. The Court House, Marine Bank, Exchange Bank, and Masonic Hall are noble buildings: and there are few indeed to compare with some residences on Michigan avenue. The churches are capacious, and the stores in the "City of the Lakes," are very large and well stocked. We proceeded *en route* to Dunleith, by express, glancing, as well we could, at the varied scenery by which we were surrounded, which, with difficulty, we occasionally accomplished, as, in addition to the speed at which we travelled, our chapeaus were frequently lifted up on high, in consequence of the peculiar oscillation to which we were subjected. We reached Rockford station in time for dinner, where we enjoyed a sumptuous repast, and were much pleased with the courtesy and gentlemanly demeanor of the principal of the establishment, whose deportment produced its effects on all connected with him. How much stands connected with complying with the

apostolic injunction "be courteous."—The view from this spot was most enchanting. The day was peculiarly fine. "It might have done honor to Eden before the entrance of the tempter, have taken rank in the inspired annals of the world's chronology, or have been known in the imperishable syllables, 'The evening and the morning were the first day.'"—We reached Dunleith, (some fifteen miles beyond Galena,) just as "the sun, the great Koo-i-noor jewel of the universe, was fast sinking from sight in the mysterious depths of God's own kaleidoscopic cabinet. As when the smile of infancy in its dreams is succeeded by sadder hues as the scene changes,—as the angels that whispered to it were retiring; so deepened the shadows of this lovely evening. o'er hill, lawn, river and lake, as the father of shadows was leaving his place in the skies. Zephyrs gently approached with their incense offerings, and whispered worship on the track of the retiring sun; the green trees reverently bowed; the waters of the Mississippi reverently kneeled, and we felt grateful for a religion, which alone could interpret nature." We left Dunleith for St. Paul about 9 o'clock in the evening, on board the *City Belle*, U. S. Mail Steamer, P. Lodwick, Commander, whose kind and gentlemanly deportment cannot be too highly eulogised. The shades of evening having set in we were hindered from beholding, for some hours at least, the beautiful scenery that skirts the Mississippi; but as we had a voyage of about 400 miles before us, we looked forward for a rich treat. The scenery presented a vast range of lofty hills, studded with trees and brush-wood, broken in upon occasionally by some quiet sequestered domiciles, and busi-

ness premises, found either at the basement, or lodged in the gorge between.—The highest range of hills was in the immediate neighborhood of Mount Vernon, about 258 miles from Galena.—When within 100 miles of St. Paul, we entered Lake Pepin, which is 30 miles in length, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in width. A continuation of bluff scenery adorned its banks. It is said to be more than 100 ft. in depth. We now passed Maiden Rock, an exceedingly romantic projection, 500 feet high. It is said to have derived its name from the fact of a young Indian becoming greatly enamored of a white man, and her desires being frustrated by her parents, she ascended this rock, and threw herself headlong from it.—During our voyage, the Commander informed us that we were approaching a bar, which it would be impossible to get over without lightening the vessel. We therefore stopped at a given place, when the horses and oxen went on shore, greatly amusing us with their gambols as they once more trod *terra firma*. Then followed those "lords of the creation," called men, who had to track the windings of the forest for about a mile, when the vessel "hove to," and we again took our places. This ramble would have proved a most agreeable one had not our olfactory nerves been brought into contact with the putrified remains of a noble horse, whose form was now too near the "busy haunts of men."

On the 22d instant, at 9 A. M., we arrived at St. Paul, having been sixty hours on our passage, very grateful that our property had escaped the pilfering hand of some dishonest fellows on board, who had relieved several persons of different amounts. We had a Burlesque Troupe on board, from whom we kept a respectful distance, some of whom cast an occasional glance at us, as though they knew that the respective pursuits of each, would lead to a different terminus eventually. Here ended our voyaging by water for the present; where we were compelled to take our leave of sailing on the Mississippi, with its 3,600 miles extension, which we did with mingled feelings. We now found ourselves in the Minnesota Territory, which is 166,025 square miles in extent. The settlement of it has been somewhat retarded by delays in securing titles to the

land, and by the diversion of the current of emigration to the Pacific coast. But these causes have now ceased to operate; and during the past year a large accession has been made to the population. The future character and influence of this infant territory, it has been remarked, are soon to be determined, and will be determined mainly by the men to whom its early religious training is entrusted. The seat of government is at St. Paul, which is said to be, and really is pleasantly situated on the east bank of the Mississippi river, nine miles from the Falls of St. Anthony, about two thousand and seventy miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, and near its confluence with the Minnesota river, and is elevated about 800 feet above the Gulf of Mexico. It is near the geographical centre of the continent of North America, and in the north temperate zone. It is surrounded, in the rear, by a semi-circular plateau, elevated about 40 feet above the town, of easy grade, and commanding a magnificent view of the river above and below. Its site is elevated, and stands partly on the alluvium on the margin of the river, and partly on the elevated table-rock, some hundreds of feet above. The main street is fully a mile long. It has a population of 6,000, and has nine churches. During the six years of its existence, it has become the emporium of trade for the vast area of country extending from the shore of Lake Superior to the head waters of the Missouri—a trade, it is true, yet limited, but daily increasing, and soon may become incalculably great. Standing at the steamboat head of the Mississippi, the only artery, north and south, through the continent of North America, it can have no rival, no competitor for the business of those regions, of which it is already the focus.

Being desirous of reaching Sauk Rapids as soon as possible, and ascertaining that we might probably be delayed some days in St. Paul, as the boats do not run at present, we obtained a private conveyance, in conjunction with Mr. James Ross, a collegiate of Toronto, of whom we cannot speak too highly.—With this young gentleman we journeyed on for the above place, where we parted with him for a time, until we probably meet again on our way to the

Red River. During our journey we met with several detachments of a train of 300 vehicles from the Red River, laden with buffalo robes, &c. This was to me a singular sight, the whole *cortege* presenting the most grotesque appearance of anything I had ever witnessed. The carts were most rudely constructed, and the harness on the oxen was of the most primitive character. Surely if such had found their way to the World's Fair, they would have taken the prize amongst the indescribables. We conversed with several of the men, and found them to be persons of considerable intelligence, and well conducted.—In fact, they were all most respectful and decorous. There were two or three Roman Catholic priests with them, besides an equal number of nuns. We arrived at Sauk Rapids on Saturday evening, having travelled about 90 miles, passing the Falls of St. Anthony, which are not of much note. After partaking of our evening meal, we visited a group of Chippewa Indians, who were located a short distance from our *hotel*. There they were in their wild state, without a tent to cover them from the scorching rays of the sun, or the dews of the night.—Brother Steinhaur conversed with them, and obtained information as to their destination, &c. My feelings can be better imagined than described, when I looked upon these tall sons of the forest, whose noble forms, commanding attitude, and stern countenances, added to their wild untutored deportment, gave them a strange appearance. "These," said Brother S., "are pagans!" I then felt, and I still feel, that if the friends of Missions had been present, they would not only have asked, "what shall we give?" but "what shall we *not* give, in order to save these for whom the Saviour died?" Brother S. made known our character, but they seemed unmoved. We left them, silently responding to the words of our own poet—

"The dark Americans convert,
And shine in every Pagan heart!"

We attended divine service yesterday in the house of the Rev. Mr. Hall, of the American Board of Missions. The sermon was a written one, full of good, sound Gospel truth. About 25 persons were present, some of whom had come

twelve miles to attend upon the ordinances of God's house. We were favoured with an interview with the above named minister, and also with the Rev. Mr. Ayer of said Board, who resides some thirty miles from this place. He entered upon his work among the Indians in 1831. He gave us some thrilling accounts of providential deliverances, furnishing statements relative to the glorious triumphs of the gospel over the paganism of the red man of the forest, to which we listened with great interest. There is a small log building here, belonging to the Romanists.

We shall have to remain at Sauk Rapids for a few days until the parties return to the Red River, as it would be unsafe to travel in small companies, there being 5000 Indians in the neighbourhood of Otter Tail Lake, about 100 miles from here, who have been driven back during the past few years, and who might be troublesome to us, if we were weak in numbers. "Brethren, pray for us!"

Red River Settlement, July 16th, '55.—Being providentially brought thus far, I avail myself of the privilege of again writing you. My last was dated from Sauk Rapids, of which place I had not entertained a very favorable opinion: I ultimately became, however, more prepossessed in its favour. Here is a Court House, Post Office, two Stores and a Printing Office. They publish a newspaper called *The Sauk Rapids Frontiersman*. In the issue of June 21st, it is stated that a Railroad is contemplated from the Mississippi river to the Pacific Ocean. If carried out, it is fully believed that the line will cross the Mississippi at the mouth west of Sauk river, and bear to the North west, on the Red River Trail, until it reaches the Shian, and thence across the Grand Coteau to the Missouri, and thence by nearly a direct line to Puget Sound. The country has been thoroughly examined by able and experienced engineers, who have pronounced in its favour.

While at Sauk Rapids, we met with the Rev. J. Camp, of the M. E. Church, whose mission extends for 130 miles. He appeared to be a man of a right spirit, leaving appointments in every direction. This must be regarded as a privilege by many who have not the op-

portunity of attending public worship, in consequence of the distance between settlements, and the vast portion of country over which the population is scattered. But though thus privileged, many feel it to be an intrusion to attend, unless specially invited. The time will come, however, if the church do her duty, when the word shall be dispensed regularly, and when neat and even tasteful buildings shall be erected and dedicated to the worship of the one living and only true God. Then regular service will induce regular attendance, and those who, for years, have been deprived partly of want of an opportunity, and partly from a desire of the ministration of the Gospel, as now dispensed in private dwellings, will regularly attend to the ministration of the divine truths. "O, that all who profess to love the Saviour, would rise up as one man, and swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that, at whatever cost, whether of personal sacrifice or sacrifice of substance, they would, in the name and strength of their living Head and King, go forth and rest not day nor night till the earth resounded with songs of deliverance! and thus speedily constitute a great army, before whose onward march the hosts of Satan, in every land, would be scattered as chaff before the whirlwind."

We left Sauk Rapids on the 28th of June, having remained there five days, awaiting the return of our guide, Mr. James McKay, who had gone to St. Paul on business. He is a Scotch half-breed, a well formed man, exceedingly muscular and very courageous. In order to facilitate our movements, and contribute to our comfort, he procured a buggy for us. The greater part of our luggage was at once placed in the carts, and a start made for Belle Prairie. At this stage, it may not be out of place to give some description of these Red river carts, as, in my opinion, they may be regarded as perfect nondescripts. They are made entirely of wood, in as plain a manner as possible. Not even an iron nail is used, wooden pins and thongs, and bands of hide being substituted.—The wheels are large and without tires. The only tools used in their construction are an axe, a hand saw, and an inch augur, with chisels of a similar size.

Although so grotesque in their style, yet they are very strong. We reached Belle Prairie on the 29th, where we remained until the afternoon of the following day, in consequence of a very heavy rain; receiving a shelter from the stormy blast, in the house of the Rev. Mr. Ayer. After traveling some distance, we at length arrived at Crow-Wing, drenched throughout. We were speedily ensconced in the tavern here, and after a change of raiment, partook of a very hearty supper, and ultimately retired to rest. At this stage of our proceedings, I felt somewhat strange. We were now 130 miles from St. Paul, and just on the "jumping off place," so to speak, of the civilized world. After this, we were to sleep beneath the canopy of heaven, far from the comforts and enjoyments of domestic and civilized life. I now felt as though I were a solitary creature, a single note in the vast concert of life—an atom in the structure of humanity; expecting to travel far and long before seeing a white man or a white man's habitation. Whilst pondering over these as well as past events, and gazing into the unknown future, I sank into a deep sleep, and did not awake until the light of another Sabbath had again appeared.

Hitherto our movements had been uninterrupted, and I had no fearful forebodings as to the future. It was a worthy and no vain resolve of Oliver Cromwell, that the name of an Englishman should be as much respected all over the world, as that of an ancient Roman; but it is a higher and holier cause for exultation that, in the deserts of Arabia, and the wilds of North America, the British character should remain comparatively undeteriorated, and command the reverence of untutored tribes. And as we were all British subjects, I felt the greater confidence on that account.

Brother Steinbaur and myself are quite well.

Red River, July 17th, 1855.—It has been justly remarked that St. Paul's great calling, towering in grandeur above all others, and magnified by him as by no other man, was the preaching of the Gospel. But there were times when it was just as much Paul's business to make a tent as to preach a sermon; to lend a hand in pitching the

ship's lading overboard, in order to lighten her, as to pour gospel truths into the ears of men: to gather sticks for a fire, when the thing was called for, as to gather souls into the kingdom of Christ. And he did so like a man. He was always on hand to do whatever might be required of him—just as ready to be squeezed into a basket, when escaping from Damascus, as to make Felix tremble beneath the force of truth, or for making Mars Hill resound with Gospel tidings. When the time came for him to be scourged, and put into the stocks, he was on hand for that, too; and when the time came for being sent a prisoner from Judea to Rome, he was just the man to go, and without a murmur, thankful that Paganism was at the expense of transporting him to so fair a field of labour. If the great Apostle of the Gentiles thus acted, I do not consider that any act of mine during my subsequent journeyings may be regarded as at all derogatory to my high vocation. I have often been busily engaged in gathering sticks, &c., during our ramblings. However, I must resume. Our onward march for a short distance commenced—

On Sabbath July 1—Would gladly have rested on this day, but it was deemed advisable to travel on. I endeavoured to reconcile my mind to it, from the fact that we should be more free from company on the open plains than in a tavern, and have a better opportunity of improving the sacred hours beneath the vast canopy of heaven than amidst the din and bustle, and smoke of such a dwelling. Having more than 300 miles to travel, and being no longer able to look for shelter even in the most lonely cot, we at length halted, and began to plan about camping in the wilderness. To me the movements were "passing strange." I found, however, that Bro. S. was a second Hobab. He was to me, in the full sense of that term, "instead of eyes." Having partook of refreshment, and attended to devotional exercises, we ultimately laid down in our tent. To contrast our couch with a bed of down will give a distinction, *with a difference*. The night was beautifully serene, and the locality quite romantic. We had encountered difficulties in travelling, but felt thankful that

at the close of the day we were more highly favoured than our Lord, who "had not where to lay His head."

July 2—Journeyed slowly; roads bad; terrible thunder-storm from 2 to 3 P. M. Obtained fish from some Indians—greatly enjoyed our repasts. Had scarcely camped when the rain descended in torrents. Thankful that—

"We had a cell wherein to dwell,
Whose humble roof was water-proof."

Slept tolerably well, after having ing driven those marauders, the mosquitoes, from our dormitory, although a few of the more daring ones inflicted summary punishment.

July 3—Breakfasted before starting: broiled ham, pheasants, &c., constituted our morning meal. Been travelling hitherto due west: reached what is known as the Height of Land this evening: camped near Leaf Lake.

July 4—Commenced our journey north having to pass Otter Tail Lake, a locality of which strange reports had been circulated. However, the language of my heart was—

"My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I tremble when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come,
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home."

Met with an Indian named As-ke-hugge-goo-sha, (Green Leaf) with whom Brother S. entered into conversation very freely. He stated that more than twenty of his people (Chippewas) had been killed by Sioux Indians. He enquired of him as to whether they had ever been visited by Missionaries, and found they had not. Brother S. told him they came to receive them as their friends and attend to their instructions, informing him of the altered character of many of his own people in Canada and elsewhere. Bartered with him for some fine fish. The feathered and the finny tribe greatly added to our enjoyments. Towards the close of this day forded Otter Tail Lake River, but found ourselves in a strange fix when we neared the shore, the mire being so deep as to require us to abandon our vehicles, whilst the luggage was taken therefrom. The horses were then, with great difficulty got out. Camped rather late, but "slept in safety, for the Lord sustained us."

July 5—Saw several tents on the other side of Ross Lake. Fired a signal gun to

know who were there. Shortly six canoes put off, with at least twenty Indians. These speedily appeared in their wild and untutored state. After the usual recognition, gave them tobacco, ammunition, &c.,—received fish in return. They seemed greatly amused with our buggy, &c., inspecting every part thereof, with the utmost minuteness. Camped on the north side of Buffalo River at 8, P. M.

July 6—Arose sufficiently early to see

“Morn again burst through the vaults of heav’n,
And shake its jewell’d mantle o’er the sky,
Heavy with rosy gold.”

We were now in the Sioux country, and as their policy is to take persons by surprise, we had to keep a sharp look out. I felt, however, that I could say

“Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate’er may befall,
A home with my God will make up for it all.”

With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste, through an enemy’s land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I’ll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.”

This day may be regarded as forming part of “man’s strange eventful history.” We reached Rice River about 2 P. M. expecting shortly to partake of wild fowl to our hearts content, but were frustrated for a time, having to cross the river first. This is a most rapid stream, though not very wide. Our guide plunged into it, and found it too deep to venture across with our conveyances laden. The only seeming alternative was to build a canoe for ourselves and luggage, and make the horses swim over with the empty vehicles; but as “necessity is the mother of invention,” the box of our buggy was thought of, and at once removed. Being of an oblong form, some seven feet long by four wide; and nearly water proof, it was at once tested, and found to answer admirably. By this means the entire paraphernalia, animate and inanimate, were safely lodged on *terra firma*, the box being capable of carrying 600 lbs. weight each time.—The horses swam like good fellows.—Preparations for dinner were at once commenced. We were calculating upon

enjoying ourselves with a dish of soup, when, to our discomfiture, we were told that the whole had been upset, so that we had to put up with what we could get. The mosquitoes carried on business pretty extensively at the same time; so that we were in a perfect dilemma. To do the mosquitoes justice, they must be seen and felt, to be appreciated. They swarmed like bees, entering the mouth, nose and eyes, and were, in fact, almost unbearable. The only conclusion to which a victim can come, is, that he must submit to become a mosquitoed martyr.

July 7—Started early. Dined near Sand Hill River, which we afterwards crossed: descen: great. Camped at 8½ P. M.

July 8—Sabbath. As “necessity knows no law,” and as our guides deemed it unsafe to remain in any one place long, on account of the Sioux, who were likely to take advantage of such a delay, we were brought to journey on. Crossed the Red Lake River before dinner. This is rather a wide stream, and the current very rapid. This day, whilst indulging in a reverie I felt most sensibly the force of the words—

“Adieu! my native land, adieu!
Thy hills and dales no more I view;
I hear thy church-bells chime no more,
But hasten to a foreign shore.”

We halted for three hours in order to attend devotional exercises. After certain preliminaries, we sang a portion of the hymn beginning—

“There is a land of pure delight.”

As we were on the banks of a river, on rising ground, and surrounded by beautiful scenery, the words seemed somewhat appropriate. To meet the views of the majority, I then read an abridgment of Mr. Wesley’s Morning Service of the Church of England; and as we were all British subjects, we most heartily and earnestly offered up the prayers for our beloved Queen, and all the Royal Family. After journeying on a little further, we encamped for the night, and as our guns had not been allowed to intrude upon the quietude of the Sabbath, we had to partake of a meal, minus aught of the feathered tribe.

MELBOURNE.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. T. W. Constable, dated Melbourne, C. E. August 1855.

The want of ministerial labor here in times past is painfully apparent; *first*, from the manner in which errors in doctrine have overspread the country; and *secondly*, from the earnest request of the people for our services. We are exceedingly perplexed sometimes to know how to divide our labors in such a manner as to meet the demands upon us: request after request is made till it would seem that there is no end to the places wanting Sabbath services. Last year there was one minister here; this year there are two of us; and we shall soon want four. It only requires an outpouring of the Spirit to give the necessary tone to christian liberality, and thus furnish the means of ministerial support. Of labor there is already an abundance; openings are numerous; and fields white unto the harvest, invite our entrance. Lo the promise of a shower drops already from above in the quickening of believers,

the return of backsliders, and awakening of religious feeling. Our Quarterly Meeting held last Sabbath was a season of great power. A few have connected themselves with us since Conference. In one place £150 has been subscribed to finish a church that has stood with the walls up, and roof on, but utterly unfit for regular use, about 15 years, in a region where Universalism and Millerism have held a wide domain; but the tide is turned, human souls require something more rational and spiritual, and many are asking for the old paths. Surrounded as we are with these and kindred errors, and an insufficient ministerial staff to meet them, and occupy important posts, I have never felt more of responsibility, and less of self, nor more of dependence on divine aid and confidence in the saving truths of the Gospel.

 ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the Missionary Society of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, was held in the Wesleyan Church, Elm street, Toronto, on the evening of October 16th; the attendance good. Several valued ministers—the Co-Delegate, Chairman of the London District, and the Chairman of Montreal District, though intending to be present, were unavoidably absent, to the regret of the Meeting. Besides the ministers who moved or seconded resolutions, there were on the platform the Rev. Dr. Green, Rev. William McCullough, Chairman of the Brantford District, Rev. G. R. Sanderson, General Book Steward, Rev. Lachlin Taylor, Agent of the Bible Society, Rev. Peter Ker, and other ministers.

The Rev. Richard Jones, Chairman of the Toronto District, presided, and commenced the discharge of his duties with an appropriate and admirable address. The Rev. Enoch Wood, President of the Conference, as General Superintendent of Missions, read an abstract of the Annual Report, which was heard with marked approbation. The first resolution, for the adoption of the Report, was proposed by the Rev. John Douse, Chairman of the Barrie District, in an impressive speech, replete with practical considerations; and was very briefly seconded by the Rev. James Spencer, Editor of the Christian Guardian. The second was moved by the Rev. Samuel D. Rice, Governor of Victoria College, and its leading topic of gratitude to the Divine Being, was very clearly and ably exhibited; and his resolution was seconded by the Rev. Henry Lanton, of Prescott, in a few very acceptable remarks. The Rev. John Gemley merely moved the third resolution, on the present claims

of the Society, and the Rev. Thomas Bevitt, Chairman of the Hamilton District, seconded it in a speech full of noble and thrilling sentiments. The last resolution, acknowledging the services and benevolence of the Officers and Contributors, and appointing the Board of Management for the ensuing year, was simply proposed by the Rev. John Borland, and seconded by the Rev. Charles Lavell.

The entire proceedings were of a more hallowed and cordial character than they have generally been in other years; and were indicative of a fine state of piety in the City circuits; and they prompted the wish that the future Annual Meetings may take their highest place in Canada, for interest, attendance, attractiveness, and liberality, as the Parent Meeting in Great Britain does. In one respect, we believe, the Annual Meeting here is unsurpassed; it adopted a Report which conveys intelligence of a generosity inferior to none in the Methodist world. No other country with thirty-four thousand Wesleyan members, and the population about one million three hundred thousand, raises £9000 for Missions this year. Western Canada alone does that, and without any foreign aid. We hardly know whether the recollections or the hopes of the occasion were most touching. One speaker took the thoughts back to a period when a few hundred pounds were collected with great joy; another took them forward to a year when £25,000 shall be the triumphant income of the Society; and it is exhilarating and not visionary to think of the day when, under God's abiding blessing, the more than two hundred Circuits and Missions in United Canada, and Hudson's Bay shall have become five hundred, and the entire membership shall be reported one hundred thousand, and the cities, towns, villages and settlements of this immense country, shall have greatly accumulated their temples of worship, and the Indians of Canada and of the wide North and West shall call the attention of Christendom to many more communities taught, humanised, ennobled by Christianity. Is any thing too hard for HIM who has already done great things for us?

JESUITISM REPELLED.

The Rev. James Musgrove, Chairman of the Cobourg District, says,—

“Two of our Indians just returned from hunting were, while away, overtaken on the Sabbath by a Roman Catholic Priest, when the following conversation ensued. The Priest addressed himself to Francis Beaver, a son of one of our aged and faithful members.

“*Priest.* Do you belong to any church? *Francis.* Yes, the Wesleyan Methodists. *P.* You are in the wrong way then: would you not like to be a Catholic? *F.* No. *P.* Why not? *F.* I don't like to tell. *P.* Have you anything against the church? If you have, tell me what it is. *F.* I don't like to tell: you'll get angry. *P.* No, I won't; tell me what it is. *F.* Well, I don't like the catholic religion; I've seen the catholics so “Bees,” and they drink and get drunk, and swear and fight; and I don't think that's good religion. *P.* But the Priest pardons their sins. *F.* I don't believe he can. If they injure the priest, he may forgive them that; but if they sin against God, I don't believe the priest can forgive them their sins.

“Francis says, the priest got angry, put the spurs to his horse, and galloped off.”

THE COMING ANNIVERSARIES.

Those delightful festive occasions—the Branch Anniversary Meetings, are again approaching, and we think of them and shall observe their commence-

ment and progress with higher anticipations than ever. The conducting of them is with intelligent and efficient Ministers and Laymen, whose doings already praise them. The introduction to the Annual Report, is so constructed as to be readily available for the Meetings. There is required a renewal of vows everywhere. We have some twenty or thirty inviting posts of labour, and not a Missionary to send to them. Shall there—while thanking God for the past—be this year a manly Christian effort for sufficient men and means? The directions we offer elsewhere, relate to the management of our Missionary machinery, and are yearly more necessary; the Anniversaries, patronised by a praying people, bring the light and the love from Heaven to make them holy and successful. May the next be the best ever held!

NEW PUBLICATION.

The *Jubilee Sermon*, by the Rev. WILLIAM CASE, delivered before the last Conference, at its request, and published by the Rev. G. R. Sanderson, but considerably amplified and improved for the public, merits the respectful attention, and hearty patronage of the Methodists of Canada, and of other parts of this continent, where the venerable author has been long known and esteemed. Of the style, it may be said, that it is lucid, laconic and lively; of the doctrine, Evangelical and Wesleyan; and of the facts and incidents, that they are, for a sermon, numerous, select, remarkable and welcome; altogether forming a production worthy of the very interesting and joyous occasion which officially gave it publicity, and most valuable as a contribution to the history of Methodism in British North America. It will be read; and his friends will make mention of the mercy which has led him hitherto through life's wilderness, and favoured him with a half century's honours in persuading many others to become pilgrims to the better country.

The foregoing was written before the lamented demise of the respected writer; and now, doubtless, many will become possessed of this last instructive and affecting effort of his grateful pen.

DIRECTIONS FOR REFERENCE.

Although the Annual Report will again be late, on account of delay and incorrectness on the part of some official brethren, the increasing promptitude and correctness of others are very satisfactory. To ensure an early report in coming years, and uniformity and freedom from errors in its pages, we now publish several simple directions for future reference, and shall be glad to have attention given to them throughout the connexion by the respected Superintendents and Officers.

1. Let a sufficient number of Collectors be appointed for every Branch Society, and the Society's Collecting Books and Appeals be supplied at the time of the Branch Anniversaries, and the first complete canvass of districts and wards, be then immediately made.
2. The latest time for the Collectors to make their returns to the Branch Treasurers, is the second week in May; but as much earlier as possible.
3. All Subscription Lists, Religious Reports of Missions, and Monies, to be prepared before, and presented by the Superintendents at the May District Meetings, without fail.
4. Never put a List and Report on the same sheet, nor unite two things in the accounts, as small sums and collections, and present every thing on a good

sheet, and in a clear, correct hand. 5. Instead of shewing a total for every Collector's list in a Branch, insert one total for every *Branch*, including all the lists in it, and then—without sending a recapitulation of all the Branch totals, give the main total at the foot of the Circuit list. It is certain that the plan of inserting only Circuit totals, is the most economical; but many liberal friends have wished for the publication of the Branch totals too, though costing more. 6. Subscriptions under five shillings, are always to be entered in the "Small Sums," except Juvenile Offerings, which, with the Collections, should appear in connection with the Branches where they are obtained, following the subscriptions. 7. At the head of every List, instead of saying "Collected by," say, *By* Mrs, Miss, Mesdames, Misses, Mr. or Messrs., as the case may be, and in writing subscribers' names, use no more letters than are necessary to distinguish persons. 8. Every Circuit and Mission List and Report should have its designation in agreement with its designation in the Minutes of Conference, and the year of our Lord, and every Branch its appropriate name, and due attention be given to office and station in writing proper names. 9. Every Circuit total should shew *all* that has been *received*, and never be made by the insertion of "less expenses," to imply an amount paid, of which we know nothing, unless we incur, as we have often done, the trouble of adding up the whole list merely to ascertain the amount of Expenses, which ought to have been stated separately. And then all expenses, (which need to be well watched,) and payments made, must be stated in another, but accompanying Dr. and Cr. account with the General Treasurer, to whom, whenever a Circuit List is presented, the entire proceeds should be paid; as without this understanding, one or two Circuit Lists in a District, will prevent the printing of it; and if it be a District among the first in order, the whole printing must be delayed, and that for a few Circuits. This is unjust to punctual Superintendents. Besides other obstructions, this year and last some dozen lists stopped the printing for five or six weeks. To prevent confusion, mistake, and local dissatisfaction, avoid sending other names after a Circuit List has been presented and adjusted. These and other evils cannot be cured until EVERY List and Religious Report is brought, with *all* monies, to the May District Meeting, as all other connexional matters are annually; and the magnitude of the Society, the difficulties now felt in preparing the Report, the duty of economy, correctness and despatch, and the generous intelligence of the Society's supporters, render it important that on ALL the Circuits and Missions, there should be a minute and unwavering compliance with these suggestions from year to year.

The ANNUAL REPORT, though reluctantly delayed for reasons already stated, will be forwarded to the Circuits and Missions sometime this month; and to prevent complaints, it is very desirable that they should at once be addressed and delivered to the subscribers having a right to them. This, it is hoped, will take place at least a month before the Anniversaries commence, and render obsolete the irregular practice of distributing Reports to subscribers at the Missionary Meetings. An *immediate* distribution of the Reports and the Notices, would add to the interest of the coming most interesting Missionary season.