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WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

CANADA CONFERENCE.

NEW SERIES.

No. XX.

AUGUST, 1873.

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,

AUGUST, 1873.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

WHEN the Mission to Vancouver's Island and British Columbia was first organized, reference was made to the Indian population, which were known to represent a very low type of fallen humanity. God has honored and blessed the labors of the missionaries in the conversion of a goodly number of them; some of whom have triumphantly passed away to the Church above. It is an obstacle in the way of disseminating the knowledge of Christ among the forty thousand Pagans who inhabit that part of the Pacific coast that so many dialects exist in the different tribes. Yet, the Society has one devoted and successful laborer, who preaches to at least three thousand of them in one language. Quite unlooked for to the Committee, a new sphere of usefulness has opened in Victoria, where a class of immigrants are found from China, in such numbers as to attract the attention of the ministers themselves, and especially has commanded the sympathies of one of our generous commercial friends, whose business transactions led him to those distant shores. The following letters will more fully explain what appears a providential opening for the spread of the Gospel.

From the REV. WM. POLLARD, dated Victoria, February 26th, 1873.

I have received a communication from Rev. M. Benson, of Hamilton, who wrote at the suggestion of W. E. Sanford, Esq., informing me that the latter gentleman has been kind enough to give a special donation of \$400 towards a Mission School among the Chinese in Victoria. A school of this nature is quite feasible, and might be made successful. We have generally from 600 to 800 Chinese in this city. No effort has ever been made for their religious instruction. Take them as a whole, they are the most sober, industrious, and

frugal class of persons we have in the country. I have never seen a Chinaman intoxicated. There are several things to be taken into consideration before we begin a movement of this nature.

1st. It is important to know whether the \$400 is to be continued. 2nd. Whether the Missionary Committee will supplement the donation with \$400 without lessening the general grant for the district. It will cost not less than \$800 a year. The lowest salary paid to a common school teacher who holds a third-class certificate is \$600. We could

not give less. Then there is the fuel and books. At first we should have to rent a building; should the effort be a success, the people might build a little church which would serve for both purposes.

THE PROSPECTS FOR SUCH A SCHOOL.

I think that the prospect is encouraging. The school would consist chiefly of adults. There are only 10 children of school age, but these will continue to increase. I have visited the Chinese for the purpose of ascertaining what they thought of such an institution. They expressed themselves as being highly pleased that there was a probability of such a school being opened for their benefit. I think there would be a good attendance, as they are very anxious to learn the English language. I think that the school might be made a success.

Many of them are able to speak a little English.

PLAN OF PROCEDURE.

It would have to be conducted as a common school, opened and closed with religious service. The text-books should be the Bible and the books used in the common schools. Religious service might be held through an interpreter as often as expedient. The school system of teaching has succeeded in China and in San Francisco better than any other mode of rendering instruction. I think that at first we could suit ourselves with a teacher. The minister in charge could oversee the school, and assist in conducting religious services.

I have now submitted the whole scheme to your consideration as it presents itself to my mind. I hope that the Committee will see their way clear to assist this new movement. We will call it "the Sanford Mission."

From the same, dated April 25th, 1873.

New Westminster has asked for an additional minister, and has promised to raise three hundred and fifty dollars more than last year towards his support. I hope that the Committee will be able to supply this lack. Brother Russ will give you all necessary information respecting this circuit.

Brother Russ is on a visit to Ontario, partly to see his parents, but especially for the benefit of his health. He has worked hard, and is somewhat reduced. I hope that his visit will be beneficial to him. He informed me that he had written to you and Dr. Taylor, so I thought that it was unnecessary for me to write.

The people in Nichola Valley have asked for a missionary. Several Methodist families have settled there. The District Meeting requested me to visit it this summer, which I hope to do in June. That part of the country is settling very fast, and promises to be a very wealthy country. Brothers Thompson and Sexsmith have taken possession of their circuits, and are working well.

I mentioned that Mr. Sanford, of Hamilton, is here. He leaves by the boat to-morrow morning. I suggested

to him the opening of a boarding-school among the Indians, but I found that he had set his heart on the Chinese Mission School. I think that he has decided to endow this. I called with Mr. S. on Chung Chong, the leading Chinese merchant. He is very much in favor of the school, and has promised to do all he can to further its interests.

We very much need a school for the Indians in this city. I never saw a people so anxious to learn. I wish the Committee saw its way clear to pay a teacher. At the same time, I should regret to have the work among the white population impeded by any additional expenditure on the Indians. The work is so important among both classes that it is difficult to decide which has the strongest claim. I wish that you could see the nature and importance of the work for yourself. I think Mr. Sanford, who has been present at several of our meetings, has become well impressed with the prospects and future of Methodism in this country. He will probably call at the Mission Rooms and give you a full statement of the condition of affairs as he has seen them.

REPORT OF THE NUMBER OF TRIBES OF INDIANS AND THEIR LOCALITIES TO WHOM
WE PREACH THE GOSPEL.

By the REV. WILLIAM POLLARD, Chairman of the District.

SOME months since I mentioned that Brother Crosby was engaged in taking the census of the Indians to whom we preach the Gospel. After a great deal of time and labor this has been accomplished. This report will give you some conception of the extent and importance of our work among the natives, as well as the insufficiency of our staff of laborers. We cannot state on paper the promising nature of the Indian work in this country with sufficient clearness and cogency to impress your minds with its magnitude and importance. You must see it to be able to appreciate it.

I have never before seen people so eager to receive the Gospel. I wish, sir, that either you or Dr. Taylor could make us a visit, not for a week or two, but remain long enough to visit the missions and see for yourselves. I am persuaded that the Missionary Committee has never had such a door of usefulness opened to them as in this Province. I hope that the Committee will see their way clear, and that the Lord will put it into their hearts to increase the number of agents.

The An-ka-menem language is spoken by between two and three thousand Indians, who form thirty-two different tribes, living partly on the east coast of Vancouver Island and partly on the mainland, or more properly, on the banks of the Fraser River, commencing with its mouth and extending as far as Yale, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. They are partly Christian and partly Pagan, and live, some by fishing and hunting; others, by labor, such as working in the coal mines, at the lumber mills, at farming, and as servants.

NANAIMO.—Here we commenced our operations as a Church. In 1861 the school was first started, and has been maintained a great part of the time since. This tribe is situated one mile out of the town of Nanaimo, seventy miles from Victoria, on the east coast of Vancouver Island. Many of the men work in the coal pit, and have built little houses. Their children

attend school, and a good congregation is gathered to Divine service three times each Sabbath by their little church bell, where a most attentive and well-dressed people listen to the Word of God; and many, by their lives, show that they have found it to be the power of God unto salvation. The day school is well attended, and some of the children are doing well in their studies. This tribe numbers about three hundred.

Chemainus, Seek-a-men, Hal-laults, Yak-rool-ages, Tad-kas, and Pen-nel-akuts, are six small tribes situated between the north end of Salt Spring Island and Old Chemainus or Oyster Bay, between Nanaimo and Victoria, and about fifty miles from the latter place. They number about four hundred, living by fishing and farming. These are visited frequently during the year by our missionary.

Cowichan, Qua-mit-san, Co-me-aken, Tlum-lum-lets and Som-ano, situated in the Cowichan valley, are about forty miles from Victoria. Many of them live on fishing and hunting, but some on farming. They number, in all, a little over four hundred. Here the Church of England and Roman Catholics have small missions. These are often visited by our missionary.

Saanich, Teaut, Sick-em, Poqueston and Tsalalp are situated in the Saanich Arm, and about twelve miles from Victoria. Most of them are engaged as the Cowichens are. They number, in all, about two hundred. Here we preach the Gospel as we visit them.

VICTORIA.—This tribe is situated across the harbor from Victoria city. They number about one hundred and seventy. Many are employed as servants. They are in a deplorable condition on account of their immediate contact with the lowest class of the white population. Here we have a good Sunday-school, well attended. Some have begun to improve their dwellings by building themselves nice houses, and thus show decided improvement by their teaching. A congregation of forty or fifty attend service.

BURRARD INLET. SQUA-MESII.—This people are situated in Burrard Inlet and on the Squamesh River. On the mainland many of the young men are employed by the mill company to pack lumber; others live by fishing. They number about six hundred.

Musquam and Quoquetlem are small tribes, situated, one at the mouth of the Fraser River, seventeen miles below New Westminster, and the other at Quoquetlem River, six miles above New Westminster, on the banks of the Fraser River. They number about seventy. Some work as servants, and others live by fishing. Some attend the Sabbath-school at New Westminster,—averaging say twelve in attendance, sometimes twenty-five.

Katsey Langley and Ronok are situated on the banks of the Fraser River, about ten to twenty miles above New Westminster. They live by fishing. We preach to them often, and they receive us kindly. They number about 200.

Sumass, situated on the Sumass River, and about forty-five miles above New Westminster. A part of them are

at the head of Sumass Lake, where we have a neat little church. Here they farm a little. They number seventy or one hundred.

McCarmell, a small family opposite Miller's Landing, number sixty-four.

Chilliwack, Kultus Lake, Uqu-use, Scow-kale, Squiala, Ququople, Livie and Squie. These tribes are situated on the Chilliwack River, extending to Kultus Lake, about twelve miles from the mouth of the river. Here we have a church. They farm for themselves considerably, as well as work out for the white people.

At Scow-kale we have a church also, as well as a central church, where our congregation of about one hundred meet on Sabbath, and many of them are good Christians, and have become very industrious. They number two hundred and forty.

At Harrison River, ten miles up the Fraser from Chilliwack, there are two small tribes, the Scow-a-litch and Teerues, numbering fifty. They live on fish. There are two or three small tribes halfway to Yale living in like manner.

From the REV. THOMAS CROSBY, dated Chilliwack, B. C., June 27th, 1873.

As several months have passed away since I received your kind letter, I hope you will pardon my delay.

I can assure you that there is no change in my desire to be useful in the salvation of the poor red men of this country. I have also been much blessed in knowing that our labor has not been in vain; some have gone home to the better land, while many remain to be useful among others of their fellow men.

Since I wrote you, a glorious work has been going on in Victoria, commenced while at our March District Meeting, which has resulted in the bringing in of forty or fifty to the Church. Many of them are from the north, Fort Simpson, and other places, and some had become the most degraded by their sin. And at our camp-meeting held here, which closed on the 9th inst., many souls were blessed; for it was a soul-refreshing time to all,—and a most pleasing sight to see representatives from tribes, hundreds of miles distant, who were once enemies, and at war with each other, now singing the songs

of "Zion," and worshipping the King of kings together.

Many touching references were made to our sainted "Brother David," who had passed away since our last camp-meeting; and many declared their intention, by the help of God, to meet him in the better land!

This was said by all to be far the best camp-meeting ever held in B. C. Glory be to God! We are praying that the fire kindled there may spread through the entire Province.

I am glad to hear that Brother Russ is going to have help with him on his return. He needs it much. I hope it will be a man for all work, full of the love of Christ.

I am to go and supply for Brother R. for some time, and then I expect to visit the coast, &c., &c.

It is my purpose, all being well, to visit my people in Ontario this fall. Not certain as to whether I shall come in September or November. Should I come in November I shall likely stay until spring. I should be pleased to have your advice as to the best time.

From the REV. W. V. SEXSMITH, dated Maple Bay, May 14th, 1873.

Brother Thompson and I, as you are aware, left Toronto on the 21st of February, for this distant field of labor; and after a journey of 17 days, arrived safely in Victoria. The District Meeting of this place was held the same week we arrived; and we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of all the Ministers of the District, with the exception of Brother Hall, of Cariboo, who was not in attendance. At the close of the District Meeting, I was sent to Nanaimo to supply for Brother Derrick, who was travelling with the Chairman through certain parts of the District.

On the 15th of last month I arrived in Maple Bay, the field of labor to which I have been appointed. On landing I was agreeably surprised with the beauty of the place, and the magnificence of the surrounding scenery. This bay is coupled, as it were, with Burgoyne Bay, which lies directly opposite, a distance of five miles from wharf to wharf. The two bays are almost encircled by elevated mountains, some of which rise to the height of 2,000 feet above the level of the water. The grandeur of the scenery, and the sublimity of nature here, are beyond description.

I was directed to the residence of Mr. John Flett, the man with whom I was to board. Mr. and Mrs. Flett are a couple of good, open hearted, kind Presbyterians. They have made me comfortable in every respect; and I am convinced that they will do everything in their power to assist your Missionary in his work.

On this Mission there are six appointments,—three on Vancouver Island, and three on Salt Spring. At Maple Bay appointment we have a small log church, with a congregation of about 25. Here we have no members, but the people are attentive, and appear to be interested in the prosperity of our Church. At the South Cowichan appointment we have

four members with a congregation varying from 6 to 10. Our hope of success here has been almost blighted by the unexpected death of our class-leader, Mr. Manley, who died a few months ago, happy in Jesus. As this appointment is 9 miles from Maple Bay, and 7 from Somenos, your Missionary can do little here more than his pastoral work. At Somenos we preach in a private house. Here we have two members in a congregation of about 25. These three appointments are intended as the work of one Sabbath.

The rest of our work lies on Salt Spring Island; and the only available way by which we can get to the island is by a canoe passage of five miles. Our morning appointment is at Burgoyne Bay. This is a new appointment, and requires great care in managing it. The congregation numbers from 20 to 30. After preaching we walk seven miles, and preach again to a congregation of about 25, in which we have a class of 12. The class has not met for some time, and is at present greatly disturbed by internal dissension. In the evening we preach in the Begg settlement, a distance of three miles from our afternoon appointment. The congregation is small and lifeless at present.

This mission is a laborious one, and requires a great amount of energy, zeal and perseverance to accomplish anything. Your missionary has many difficulties to grapple with. The position of the work, the various creeds of the people, the scepticism of the place, and the state of some of the roads leading through the mission, are all barriers which impede the progress of the work. Yet, the Lord is able to get to himself a great name, even in Maple Bay; and I hope that ere long the Spirit of the Lord may be poured out upon the people, and that we may enjoy "refreshing times coming from the presence of the Lord."

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

From the REV. G. McDOUGALL, dated Edmonton, Saskatchewan, April 25th, 1873.

The past year has been one of great anxiety. The transfer of the country

has unsettled the native mind, and the re-organization of the venerable Hudson

Bay Company has had a similar effect on their servants. Then there has been unparalleled physical suffering. The winter has been the severest and longest ever witnessed by the oldest inhabitants. Last fall the Buffalo left our Plains, and the poor Indians, in attempting to follow them, were overtaken by terrible snowstorms, and after eating their dogs and horses, and, in many instances, their leather clothing, miserably perished from starvation.

Some of these shrivelled and exhausted creatures attempted to return to the settlements on the Saskatchewan, not a few dying on the way. In the neighborhood of our missions, scores must have perished, but for the relief received from the Company. Most gratefully we acknowledge that controlling Providence that has saved us from general calamity.

Two years ago the Buffalo were abundant; and the Company bought large quantities of Pemican,—of this they wisely retained a part in the country. Last summer the hunt was a failure; the Indians were dissipated with Yankee alcohol; and the past winter, had there been no stores to fall back upon, we should all have been involved in general ruin—our animals killed, and our families robbed of everything. None but those who have experienced similar circumstances can realize the relief that spring has brought us; and will it be believed, that in the midst of this general distress there are men so destitute of all humanity, as to smuggle into these Indian camps thousands of

gallons of alcohol, and, in some instances, receiving from the wretched Indian, articles of clothing in exchange for the poisonous drink, which had been given to these poor creatures to save them from freezing to death. Whatever the ingredients are which the trader mixes with the alcohol, the effects produced on the native are exactly similar to those witnessed in the dying struggles of the wolf, when killed by strychnine; first, a foaming at the mouth, then convulsions follow, and the body becomes black a short time after death. Scores, if not hundreds of the Plain Indians, have been killed in this way within the last two years.

It is a great relief to be able to turn to a more pleasing subject. In the midst of all our difficulties the Great Master has manifested His presence and power. Our services have been well attended. Our schools have been abundantly successful. Our missionary collections, when we remember the circumstances of the subscribers, were munificent. At Woodville, material has been collected for a comfortable parsonage. At Edmonton, our new church is fast advancing towards completion; and steps have been taken to add a kitchen and veranda to the parsonage. The Hudson's Bay Company have erected a grist mill at Victoria; the first watermill in the great North-West.

Thankful for past mercies, we are hopeful as regards the future. Our trust is in the Lord of Hosts!

From the same, dated Wesley Hill, Edmonton, May 28th, 1873.

According to previous arrangement, April 29th, I started for Bow River, and in the evening met my son at what is called the Forks of the Mountain Road.

May the 1st, at the foot of the Bear's Hill, we fell in with a party of Victoria Crees, most of them our own people. With these we spent some time in religious exercises; and after exchanging prairie news, we pushed on to Battle River, where we met another party belonging to the same place. The head man of the camp is one of the noblest specimens of a Christian native I have met with in this country. Our friend Noah invited us to his tent, where we made our supper on a yellow crane. With

these we held two services, and baptized two children; and were made acquainted with a fact demonstrating the power of Christianity on the native mind. An aged, blind woman visited our tent, who, some months previous, had been cast away by her inhuman children. They had long felt the old woman a burden, and, one morning while she was asleep, they all slipped away from the camp, leaving her, as they expected, to perish. Our good brother and his party found the unfortunate mother, and were taking the best care of her in their power.

On the evening of the 2nd we reached the north bank of the Red Deer River. For four days we had been travelling

through a country ready for the agriculturist; a rich black loam resting upon a clay bottom; abundance of the finest pasturage and the purest water. Once across the Red Deer River, and the traveller observes a change. Here the celebrated bunch grass begins, and the tough, level sod of the northern prairie disappears, and the soil is so loose that your horse sinks at every step, and wherever the Badger had thrown up the earth, we observed a mixture of limestone, gravel and clay. Springs and streams are abundant; and, although the climate has not been practically tested by the agriculturist, there is not a doubt but that, for stock raising purposes, it is one of the finest countries on the continent. In winter there is scarcely any snow; and in summer the horse-fly and the mosquito, so numerous in Manitoba and the Saskatchewan, are seldom seen south of the Red Deer.

Sabbath, the 4th, we spent at "Dog Pound Creek," where we enjoyed a magnificent view of the mountains. In the afternoon an old bull came down to the spring to drink, and not being disturbed, he fed beside our horses until the next morning.

Monday, the 5th, we travelled up the little Red Deer, a beautiful river, the banks of which are well covered with aspen and pine. In the afternoon we killed a bull and I caught a young calf, and we camped near to a large sulphur spring, where waggon loads of the mineral may be collected. It is also in this neighborhood where the natives find alun. I have seen them with specimens of it, weighing from six to ten pounds.

On the afternoon of the 6th, we struck the Stoney trail, and were a little discouraged to notice that they had passed some eight or ten days before our arrival. In the evening we camped on the bank of the Bow River, close in with the mountains. The prospect was one of the grandest I had ever witnessed, and Morleyville will yet become the favorite resort of the tourist.

Wearied with a hard day's ride, we selected a spot for our night encampment, where we could have a full view of the mountain sunset. Our camping equipage is very simple; we have no tent; a pair of blankets, a kettle and axe, a little flour, tea and sugar, and a piece of

oil cloth to protect us in time of storm, constitute our baggage. There being no game laws in force, and having studied the nature of wild animals as well as wild men, with the blessing of Providence we have no fear of starvation. Just as we had settled down for the night, a stranger made his appearance on one of the hills, and cautiously approached our camp. In this solitary, lawless land, a certain amount of suspicion marks the first meeting of all travellers; but here was one of our own good Stoneys; he had seen our camp smoke from afar, and made haste to inform us that his people had been waiting some nine days on the opposite side of the river, hoping the missionaries would pay them a visit. We at once packed up and moved to the camp, where we were received with a volley of fire-arms, and a hearty shake hands from young and old. Here we found 42 tents, 73 men, 82 women, 58 boys, 71 girls, 199 horses and 24 colts, and 169 dogs. A stranger might smile at us in placing the dogs on the catalogue, but the mountaineer knows how to make use of this kind of stock. The dog has to pack from 25 to 100 pounds. I saw some of them carrying an eight skin tent, that is, a tent made of eight moose or buffalo hides. We were at once conducted to the Bear's Paw's Tent, where we made a good supper on the flesh of a white swan; then we all united in singing a hymn in the Stoney language and in thanksgiving to our common Benefactor. But there was no sleep for the weary; the Stoneys were so overjoyed at our arrival, that prayer and praise were continued until morning.

On the morning of the 7th we moved out on to the plain and had a general meeting; after which, in company with the two principal Chiefs, we started on a prospecting tour. They had supplied us with a pair of first-class mountain ponies, and the object of our ride was to visit some fish lakes that lie in the bosom of these mountains; also, to inspect the timber and hay grounds, &c

Our mountaineers led us off at a good canter up hill and along precipices, then descending into valleys where the descent was almost perpendicular. At first I felt a degree of hesitancy in following these reckless fellows; but seeing that their horses carried them

safely over ground where a Canadian horse would have broken his neck, I whipped up, and for the remainder of the day kept along-side of our guides. In the afternoon we came to the great chasm in the mount through which the river rushes. From a very high Foot Hill we gazed on this prospect with admiration and wonder. Within three miles stood the grand old mountain; the wild goat and sheep sporting on its highest summit. At the foot of the hill, and in perfect ignorance of our presence, a band of buffalo were feeding on the richest pasture. To the right of us, and on the north bank of the river, lay the location which we have selected for our new mission.

In the rear of the plain there are large hills covered with valuable timber, and, from these elevations, scores of little streams run down into the valley. Further on beyond the first range of mountains there is a large lake which the old Indian tells us is bottomless, and the water so clear that salmon trout can be seen at a depth of thirty-five feet. In fact, I was surprised at the clearness of these mountain lakes and streams.

Late in the evening we returned to the camp, tired and hungry. At the evening service it was decided, that on the morrow we should pitch southward, our people having an engagement to meet the Kootings about the end of May. I had now ample opportunity for observing the conduct of this singular people. Twenty-five years ago they embraced Christianity, and though most of the old people have passed away, and they have only been occasionally visited by your missionaries, and for several years have been exposed to the destroying influence of whiskey traders; yet, with very few exceptions, they have been faithful to their religious principles. Many of them can read the

Bible. In every tent there is family prayer; they are passionately fond of singing. The week we spent with them was emphatically a camp-meeting. We retired to rest listening to the voice of song, and awoke in the morning to hear the Stoneys engaged in the same exercises.

Sabbath, the 11th, was a day of incessant labor. We baptized thirty-one children, and married one couple; and at midnight lay down to rest, grateful to God for blessing the day.

Monday, the 12th, at mid-day we left for the Saskatchewan, and crossed the High Water River, and on the 13th, with a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in fording the Bow River.

Expecting to meet some Stoneys, we made a straight course through the country to Woodville, and on the evening of the 16th reached Battle Lake, where we found eighty of our people. On Sabbath morning we preached to this camp; baptized four children, and then rode over to Woodville, where we found 200 waiting for us. In the evening we administered the Lord's Supper to about sixty communicants.

On Tuesday, at noon, I reached Fort Edmonton, grateful to God for all His mercies. In the last twenty-two days we have passed through some dangers and difficulties, rapid and dangerous rivers have been rafted, localities have been visited where, only a short time before, human blood had been shed, where the American whiskey trader and Blackfoot had met in deadly conflict. But through all our exposure the Lord has preserved us.

Six hundred and thirty-five Stoneys have been visited, and upwards of one hundred Crees, and, best of all, the presence of God has been strikingly manifested in our services. To His name we ascribe the praise.

From the REV. JOHN McDOUGALL, dated Woodville, March 6th, 1873.

Word has reached me that in two weeks a packet from across the mountains is to come to Edmonton and go on to Manitoba, thereby giving us an unexpected chance of communication with the outside world, from which we have

been in a sense shut out ever since my arrival in the early part of the winter—especially is this true as regards this place. The Indians came in early in the fall, and remained a long time (father visited them while here); but when

winter set in and no John, they were forced to pitch away to the plains, and, owing to the distance and scarcity of buffalo this season, they have been far out on the plain ever since. However, for the most part of the winter, we have had quite a congregation of comers and goers, while, among the few settled residents, we have a class formed which meets regularly; and our class-meetings and prayer-meetings are a great source of encouragement, and I am sure it would rejoice the hearts of the friends of missions in Canada if they could attend one of these humble gatherings, and listen to the earnest prayers offered, in Stoney and Cree, to Him who understands all languages, and, even here, grants His presence to those who come up in His name; then, if I or anyone who knows the past history of these worshippers were to point out murderers of all descriptions, individuals who had broken the law, not in one point only, but in every particular, men and women whose condition, both socially and morally, until the glorious Gospel reached them, was below the level of the brute creation, and, further, were we to attest to the best of our knowledge that the change now seen was real, not artificial, that in the course of some years' intercourse with some of these people, their lives and conversation had been consistent with their profession of Christianity—methinks, dear sir, were this to take place, it would evidence, without doubt, to the contributors to our Missionary Fund, that they were not investing in a non-paying concern.

I have been busy since I came home getting out timber and boards for a mission house at this place. This will materially facilitate the comfort of the mission family who may come here this spring.

This mission requires a grant of school-books, slates and pencils, writing material; for at present the people are poor, and all that has been done in the past, in this respect, has been at the expense of the missionary himself. Before long this mission will require a larger church. In the meantime, the people are delighted with the promise

of a church bell. I hope it will come on this summer without delay. As to missionary subscriptions, we can do nothing just now. The only ones who are able to give anything (the missionary and the Hudson's Bay Company's postmaster), have subscribed at Victoria. We may be able to do something in this respect if the Indians come in from the plains before I leave for our new field of labor, to which we intend to start as soon as it is possible with carts.

This undertaking will be attended with more or less risk of life and property; but our trust is in the Lord. It is unnecessary to mention to one of your experience in these matters, that to commence a new mission (especially one so isolated as Morleyville will be) there is a great deal of extra expense—a fact I fondly hope the Mission Board and Secretaries will take notice of.

The success of the mission would be greatly insured if a supply of axes, hoes, nails, and simple medicines could be procured and sent out; these things, in some cases, would have to be given gratis, but, for the most part, could be disposed of so as to defray expenses incurred in freight, &c. At the same time the Indians would be encouraged to till the soil, build houses, and change their present mode of life, thereby, keeping them most of the time at the mission, we would secure the attendance of their children at our school; for, after all, they are our greatest hope.

We are looking forward to the contemplated visit by yourself or some one else, deputed to take the tour of these North-West missions next summer. I hope you will come. I don't expect you would find much of the road as bad as between Frog Point and Morehead last summer. All being well, I would like to travel with you, and do what I could to make the travelling pleasant and comfortable. Father talks of going out with me as far as Bow River this spring, in order to help in selecting the most suitable site for the mission. I hope he will go.

RED RIVER DISTRICT.

From the REV. E. R. YOUNG, Norway House, March 31st, 1873.

I reached my home in safety on the 15th inst. We had a good Missionary and District Meeting in Winnipeg. I was very sorry that I did not hear from you in reference to Beren's River. Timothy Bear is still alive, but will never be able to carry on the work again. One lung seems to be entirely gone, and he is only kept alive by frequently drinking sturgeon oil, which seems to have all the good qualities of cod liver oil, without its disagreeable taste.

The people there are anxious about their future.

As I have not heard from you as to your intentions or wishes in reference to that place, I will place before you, in this letter, some of my thoughts as to that place and my future. I have now been here nearly five years and I really think it is time I were removed.

I am quite willing to undertake the establishment of the new Mission at Beren's River, provided I can go relieved of all my liabilities, incumbent in my work, on this large and important field of trial. I cannot think of going, and I do not think you will ask me to go, with these heavy loads upon me. I will candidly place before you my thoughts and ideas in reference to the future, and, as far as I can judge, the best plan to be adopted. If you can get a married man for Norway House, send him and his family along with Dr. Taylor. I will send my wife and children to Canada, but remain myself at Beren's River, during the summer, teaching the school and preaching as much as possible. In the fall, with your permission, I will go down to Ontario, and spend the winter under your direction, at as many Missionary Meetings as possible, advocating, as far as my ability will permit, the claims of these Indian Missions, especially that of Beren's River, where we now require fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, to put up a church and parsonage, with the necessary out-buildings, etc., etc. Oxford also needs new build-

ings. I think I could succeed in raising the amount without much affecting the general income. I could easily get away for the winter months, as most of the Indians would be off at their hunting grounds.

I hope this matter will at once occupy your attention, as there is a great deal to be done before we can really get to work in such a land as this. If you decide that the building must go up, I will have to send to York Factory for nets, tea, tools, etc. A large quantity of fish will have to be caught this coming fall in Pigeon River Bay. Four men will have to be employed to spend the winter a few miles up Pigeon River, in the woods, cutting down trees, squaring logs, cutting timber and boards, etc. These they will make into a big raft on the ice, and in the spring will float it down the river, and around to the place selected for the Mission Village. As every board will have to be cut by hand, and as a great number will be required, unless we can get somebody who can burn limestone, it will take the whole winter to get all the timber, boards, etc., cut. Limestone can be found within thirty miles of that place. The men can easily make themselves a log shanty, similar to the lumbermen's in Ontario. For a stove, they can have the one already purchased, and for provisions, besides the fish caught referred to, they can be supplied with flour, pork, etc., from Winnipeg.

I hope I would be able to obtain in travelling through your towns and cities, such things as glass, nails, hinges, &c., without cost. According to my plan, I would return early in the spring from Ontario, so as to get to Beren's River on the last ice, with dogs from Manitoba. I would then be present to attend to the bringing down of the raft, and to the building operations. By hard work we could get the buildings, especially the parsonage, so far advanced that it would be ready for my family late in the summer. Our days of labor will be few. Navigation

only lasts about four months, and unless we commence very soon, another year must elapse ere we can get to work.

I write these things after many consultations with gentlemen friendly to us, and competent to judge of the best plan to pursue. I place this matter candidly before you. I have no very great desire, personally, to undertake what I know will be exceedingly difficult to accomplish. I do so, however, because I believe that, with heaven's blessing, and your prompt assistance, the matter can be made to succeed. I do so, also, because I am now pretty well acquainted with the Indians of that place, and have in a slight measure acquired a knowledge of the Saulteaux (soto) Indians. They are very different from our gentle, quiet Crees. They are a proud, passionate, revengeful race; but just the people for us to go to with that Gospel which has won so many trophies among the Ojibway, Oneida, Muncey, Iroquois, Cree, and Stoney tribes. A few of them belong to the Cree tribe, but the great majority are Saulteaux (soto), a tribe among which we have, at present, no mission. Not only would the establishment of that mission save us from being *shut up* in the interior from Winnipeg, but it would give us the gate-way to a chain of posts running back to the east of Lake Winnipeg, Grand Rapids, Albany Ho., Front Lake, God's Lake, and Severn Ho. Tribes of Indians are at all these places. Deputations from some of them have been all the way to Norway House to see me. Many of them, although they have never had a missionary, or even a school teacher, are reading, in Mr. Evans' characters, the Word of God. This is no wild assertion. *I know it to be true.* "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to the harvest."

I visited Oxford in February. Met some of the Indians at this end of the lake, and a few at the Fort, and yet I could only get fifteen to come to the Lord's table. The mission is down very low. The native assistant is sick, or imagining he is. Now he thinks he has the dropsy, a short time ago he was sure he had consumption; and a little while before that he said he had

taken an over dose of quinine, and was going to die of apoplexy. He is a mystery to me. He has not been out of his house for months. I had a wretched journey to that place. The second night, after I had covered up my head to try and sleep a little, my sweatings came on me again, and I was soon almost saturated. Then I was seized with diarrhoea, and, of course, was obliged to get up. The night was bitterly cold; our camp fire had gone out, and we were in the forest, far from any habitation. I was very cold before I obtained any relief. I tried to get warm again by getting under my blankets, but they, having been wet by my previous sweatings, seemed as cold and stiff as sides of leather. I called my dogs close up to me, hoping that I might derive a little warmth from them, but found it impossible. I felt then that I knew how to sympathize with Jonah in his anguish, and, like him, "I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me." I roused up my men, who quickly made a fire, before which I stood, as close as possible, with my chest exposed, *naked*, to its warmth. While I was receiving this outward burning heat, I drank about half a bottle-full of pain killer, mixed with a little water. The cramps left me, a beautiful warmth came back, and I was saved. The memory of that night haunts me, and I suppose will as long as I live. When we reached the Fort, they told us that it was over forty degrees below zero that night. I do not wish to parade my sufferings before the world. God knows all about them, and if a single red man can be brought to the cross—

"All hail reproach, and welcome pain,
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain."

If a minister can be found to take my place, please urge them to bring a pious, intelligent lady friend to take charge of the school here, and be as a companion to the missionary's wife. The school will need, for next year, a fresh supply of school books: principally Wesleyan Catechisms, first and second books, slates, ink bottles, pencils, copy books, wall cards. We have a good supply of Testaments and Bibles. These books had better come

with Dr. Taylor, as I am sending no orders anywhere out of the country for anything.

We thank you sincerely for so promptly sending to our assistance Brother Semmens. He is beloved by us all. He has won golden opinions at the Fort among the whites, and the Indians at once felt to love a missionary, who was willing to travel the whole length of Winnipeg, in the depth of winter, to come to the assistance of their sick missionary, in giving

them the Word of Life. On account of his parents he seems to lean towards the white work; but I have not the slightest doubt but that he is, in every respect, adapted to the Indian work. He is also beloved by all. My light is eclipsed, but I am warmed and cheered by the brighter one that has dawned upon us.

I pray earnestly for guidance myself, and ask the Great Head of the Church to direct and bless you all.

From the REV. J. SEMMENS, dated Rossville, Norway House, April 18th, 1873.

Last time we wrote you we intimated that we were about to visit Cross Lake, where several bands of Pagan Indians usually reside. Since that, the trip has been completed. I had expected to go under the protecting wing of Brother E. R. Young on this, my first trip, for he is now considered an experienced voyager, but was disappointed. The sickness of our beloved Brother Memotas (an acceptable local preacher and faithful class-leader, since gone triumphantly home), made it necessary for one of us to stay at home, and Brother Y. remained, sending me off with the two Indians he had hired.

After making half a dozen portages, and crossing as many beautiful lakes, we reached the island, where ten or more of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants are lumbering, and we talked to them of the religion of the Bible, and tried to preach Christ and him crucified. Next morning we hurried on our journey; called at the fishery close by where many of our own Indians are securing food for their families at home; but as these returned regularly to N. H. on Saturdays, we exchanged congratulations and passed on. Here we came to one of the natural curiosities of this country; a broad, deep and rapid river rolls along here all winter without freezing over. The trees around were laden with ice crystals; and as the sun shot its first golden beams through the coated branches, the sight was inexpressibly grand. Across another lake, and then down into a deep, dark valley, and when we were at the bottom, the sun

shone full down upon us from the other side. I could not help but pray, "When I come down to the valley and shadow of death, shine thou into its gloom, O Lord!" It was late in the day when we reached our first village, if four or five miserable huts, with no chimneys, but some holes in the roof, and no floors but the ones nature laid; and no chairs, no tables, no beds but the ground, could compose a village. Here we found a few poor sheep that had strayed from Rossville. We talked to them of the Good Shepherd; administered the sacrament to such as are in good standing here; had a prayer-meeting with them and departed. In the evening of the next day, as we were nearing our second village, the "guide" threw up his hands and shouted, "The ice is poor here, stop your dogs!" He then took his axe and felt his way toward the shore. One place was so weak that the first blow sent his axe through into the water, and several times he found the ice too weak to venture. At length he found safer ice, and told us to "come on," and we, with fear and trembling, obeyed his command, and got safely over. Lord, when we are in danger of sinking, mark thou out our pathway of safety, and, though it be with fear and trembling, we will follow at thy bidding. At our second village we found a few Indians of the inland class, and talked to them of Jesus and his love, and can only pray that that which was sown in weakness may be raised in power. Here we found that the Pagans were far away in the woods, and that it would be useless to con-

tinue our journey further, and we returned, praying that the seed thus sown by the wayside may yield some harvest for eternity.

Last week was a glorious one at Rossville. A week of prayer for God's blessing upon the Easter services was announced, and the meetings surpassed even our highest hopes. Tuesday night an invitation was extended to seekers, and they came forward in a crowd, and filled the altar night after night throughout the week. We tried, through interpreters, to point them to the only and all-sufficient Saviour, and were rejoiced to see them so evidently under the Spirit's influence. They wept bitterly over the past; they pleaded earnestly for mercy and acceptance, and many of them believed for a present salvation. The attendance on these meetings grew, until the House of God was full of believers seeking for a fresh baptism, and sinners seeking the Saviour. As near as we can ascertain, about forty have been converted, and many more have been blessed with greater nearness to God. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory; for Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but thou only canst give the increase.

Sabbath was a high day to our souls. We had a prayer-meeting in the early morning, and then followed our Sabbath-school, afterward our morning service, next in order was lovefeast and sacrament combined. Truly God was with us in the last mentioned service. Such weeping and shouting, and general rejoicing I have seldom seen at home. Feeble old men tottering beneath the weight of years, infirm old women carried from their sick beds to the Lord's table, young men who had come hundreds of miles to be present at the service, young women who,

during the week, had given themselves to Jesus; all came forward to partake of the emblems of their dear Redeemer's broken body and shed blood. After the sacrament we had a prayer-meeting, which was the crowning service of the week, and, we believe, was a time of decision to many, and a time of blessing to all.

I add two lovefeast experiences:

ROBERT ATTINOW said:—I am happy in Jesus! My one desire is to get more of the love of God in my heart. I once dwelt in darkness, now my path is lighted about me, and I pray that this light may abound more unto the day of final redemption.

THOMAS WALKER said:—When your first missionaries came to us I felt myself a sinner and learned to love Jesus as my Saviour, and I have lived ever since sheltered in Jesus. Our ministers teach us the same religion to-day that was long ago taught us by others. When I go out into the forest I feel Christ is with me there as he is here, and I find comfort in prayer as I wander alone far away. Brethren, pray for me.

Now the Indians have scattered, some to their hunting grounds and some to their fisheries, and we are left alone almost, and shall be until open water. All have promised to return when the Dr. comes.

Your missionaries wonder that they have so little to do now that the people are away, and we dare not go beyond the village, where there is not work enough for one of us. We are trying to live near to God that we may be all the more prepared for our life work when active duties grow abundant again.

Winter still holds its own; ice as good as ever near the mission, but poor in places where the currents run.

MANITOULIN ISLAND.

DEATH OF THE REV. THOS. HURLBURT.

THIS valuable Missionary, whose whole life had been principally spent in the Indian work, closed his labors quite unexpectedly, at Little

Current, on the 14th of April, 1873. Two or three weeks before this he had a fall on the ice near his house, very early in the morning, from which it is supposed he became insensible, for on entering his room some time after he had dressed, he complained of chilliness, and gave but an imperfect account of what had taken place. From medical testimony he had suffered from concussion and paralysis of the brain, until HE whom he had so faithfully and efficiently served said unto him, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We give the last account he sent to the Mission Rooms concerning his work, marking a singular expression in the same by italics. The development of the shock in its fatal consequences must have been slow, for he wrote eight or ten lines to one of the Secretaries, apprising him of the accident and complaining of intense pain in his head, several days after the occurrence. He had "travelled" forty-three years; and from his general healthy and vigorous constitution the Society anticipated the benefit of his learning and experience for some years to come. His example and sudden removal admonish us to "work while it is day."

I am well and strong for 65, and like the work here, because "To the poor the Gospel is preached." All schemes and dreams of ambition are dead. *My life-work is almost done*, though still able comfortably to preach three times on the Sabbath, walking ten miles.

There is a large band of Pagans at the Messesanga River, some 75 or 80 miles up the lake, most degraded. I must try and visit them in the spring. I have a good boat, but it is too large for me to go alone, and when I take a man, board and wages cost \$1 per day. I must (D.V.) make myself a smaller and lighter boat, in which I can go alone and stay as long as I please without expense. I cannot travel about much in the winter; but I go every week to our Indian village, five miles up the lake, on snow-shoes; the ten miles a day being about as much as I can do comfortably. I go every Sunday morning, partly on snow-shoes,

to white settlements, one three miles and the other four, and preach in this village every Sabbath evening.

Our house and premises are *now* quite comfortable. I have about one-fifth of an acre in garden, and strongly and tastily fenced, and it produces a great abundance of vegetables for the family.

With my acquaintance with all the people and country, from 50 to 75 miles all around, I feel better prepared than ever to pursue my labors profitably and understandingly. I can travel by boat much better and faster than I can walk, making 25 miles a day by boat, and only 10 or 12 walking.

Our weather is cold, and the snow deep; but I have a good pair of snow-shoes, and good mooseskin moccasins, and am all right if the thermometer does not sink more than 20 degrees below zero.

MISSION TO JAPAN.

THE brethren designated to this foreign work of the Church arrived in safety at San Francisco. According to a letter from the Rev. G.

Cochran, dated there May 31st, 1873, they were disappointed in not meeting the commodious steamer *Japan*, which had been sent to China ten days before her regular time of sailing from San Francisco. Desirous, however, not to waste time, or incur additional expense by waiting at that port, they proceeded in the smaller steamer, the *Quang-se*. The Rev. D. McDonald, whilst in Virginia city, writes,—

We started from Hamilton Tuesday, 13th, on our way westward, and arrived here Wednesday morning last, at 5.30.

We had an exceedingly pleasant journey. The ever-changing scene completely beguiled the weariness of travel.

The letter of the American Consul passed our trunks through the customs all right. We were delayed in Chicago, as I did not succeed in procuring the half-fare pass in time to go on with the train. I found Mr. Thrall very courteous, and on hearing my explanation he readily granted the pass as requested.

Having learned in Chicago that Mr. Kemble, not Mr. Goodman, was ticket agent in Oneida, I concluded not to wait in Chicago for the Pacific express, but to go on by an evening train to Oneida, and remain there a night, instead of in Chicago, which would leave me ample time to arrange matters with the agent.

Aided by your letter, my passport, and the ticket for the ocean voyage, I

succeeded in making out a clear case, whereupon Mr. Kemble very politely granted passes through to San Francisco for \$140, greenbacks. I intimated that Mr. Cochran would call on him within a few days.

We have enjoyed our visit to this city exceedingly. I preached in the Presbyterian Church Sabbath morning, addressed a Sabbath school in the afternoon, and preached in the Methodist Church in the evening. I don't like the Methodism here as well as at home. The minister does not keep to the old land marks. He does not have service in his church on Sabbath mornings, but gives his time to the getting up of a sensational sermon for the evening—the audience greeting with cheers and clapping of hands anything witty, ludicrous, or outlandish from the pulpit. As I looked over the promiscuous gathering of last Sabbath evening I could not help thinking that the minister was missing a fine opportunity by not feeding the flock of God in the morning.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Legacy of the late Dr. John Brown, Toronto, by Messrs. James Brown and J. A. McLellan, Executors.....	\$200 00
"A humble follower of Jesus," Meadowvale, in fulfilment of a vow to consecrate one-tenth of his increase to the Lord, per John Macdonald, Esq.....	50 00
Rev. S. Sing, for Providence Church, Thunder Bay.....	5 00
Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D., towards the establishment of a French Institute.....	75 00
A Lady, left at the Book-Room.....	3 00
"A small token of sympathy with the physical privations of Indian Brethren," Cobourg, P. O.....	1 00
"A Friend," Winona, per Rev. W. J. Hunter.....	100 00
"F. A. Knapp," left at the Book-Room.....	2 00